Liberty

5¢

ARTHUR
SMITH

VILL
ering
RING
EACE?

The Private Life of **J. EDGAR HOOVER**

More dates than she can keep...

AND SHE USED TO BE A WALL FLOWER

*Plenty of "oomph," good looking clothes . . . but she would still be a wall flower if she hadn't been lucky enough to overhear a conversation between two girls at the office. It changed her entire life—gave her a cue she was quick to follow. No wonder men had dropped her cold after one or two dances. It's what usually happens when girls are guilty of this all too common fault.**

How's Your *Breath?*

You have a strike against you when you have halitosis (bad breath).* It's the fault no man forgives. And yet halitosis is so common that everyone may offend at some time or other—*without realizing it.* That's the insidious thing about it.

Why not take the delightful breath-sweetening precaution that so many popular men and women rely on—Listerine Antiseptic before social and business engagements.

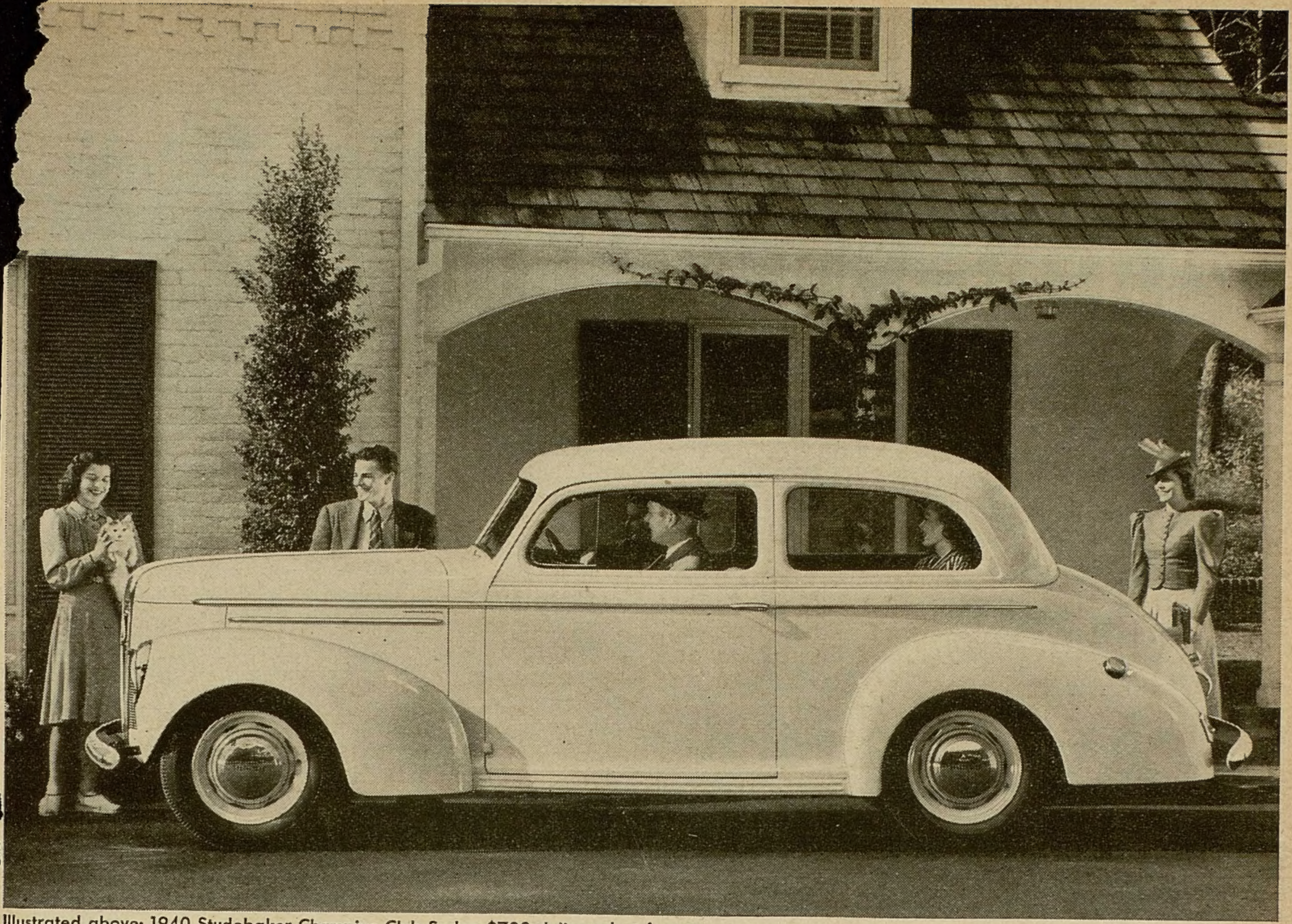
Some cases of bad breath are due to systemic conditions. But most cases, declare some leading authorities, are due to the fermentation of tiny food particles that tooth brushing has failed to remove from tooth, gum, and mouth surfaces.

Makes Breath Sweeter

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

Remember, when you want to appear at your best, rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. It may pay you rich dividends in friendship and popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

USE LISTERINE MORNING AND NIGHT FOR HALITOSIS ***(Bad breath)***



Illustrated above: 1940 Studebaker Champion Club Sedan $700 delivered at factory

Enjoy this distinction and save 10% to 25% every mile

STUDEBAKER CHAMPION

PRICED ON A LEVEL WITH THE 3 OTHER LARGE-SELLING LOWEST PRICE CARS

PRICES BEGIN AT $660

for a Champion coupe delivered at the factory, subject to change without notice

YOUR selection of a Studebaker Champion s no speculation but a real rift investment.

The 10% to 25% greater onomy which Studebaker mpion owners enjoy s that you steadily save 25% on gas, not to mention ced upkeep cost.

ve, too, on equipment, be- re's no extra charge for such sables as this Studebaker 's planar independent sus- finest hydraulic shock -slam rotary door ompartment hood lock, sealed-beam headlamps, steering wheel gear shift, foot-regulated hydraulic brakes, shockless variable-ratio steering.

Thousands of delighted owners say that no other lowest price car they've tried is so restful, sure-footed and steady, as this safe, easy-handling Studebaker Champion.

See your local Studebaker dealer now and go for a revealing 10-mile drive. Learn how easy it is to become a proud Champion owner, with your present car as part payment, on C.I.T. budget plan terms.

STUDEBAKER BEATS ALL OTHER CARS

in America's greatest gas economy classic!

CHAMPION AVERAGES 29.19 MILES PER GALLON

Studebaker cars, with low-extra-cost overdrive, finished 1—2—3 in the Gilmore-Yosemite Sweepstakes, against the pick of the nation's cars. The Studebaker Champion proved itself 17% to 29% superior in gas economy to the 3 other large-selling low price cars.

MARCH 16, 1940
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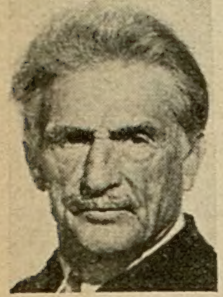
ART EDITOR

LABOR—SEVEN LONG YEARS


BERNARR MACFADDEN

It has taken labor seven long years to discover that the New Deal might be a rotten deal; that many of the various enactments its representatives have hastily created might be claptrap legislation and in many instances might ultimately affect the workers adversely.

There is not an intelligent workman who will not freely admit that labor's support of the government in the attack upon industries and business, the source of jobs, was a terrible and tragic mistake.

Let any worker put himself in the place of the owner of a business and suppose he had spent a lifetime in carefully husbanding his resources. Suppose he and his business were slandered and restricted, in many cases in a grossly unjust manner. Suppose laws of various kinds were made to interfere with promotion and management.

Now would he under such circumstances be inclined to add more capital to his enterprise to promote and increase his investment? Any one with a minute atom of intelligence would restrict his holdings and in every way avoid jeopardizing additional capital.

And it is exactly that procedure that has been adopted by executives in nearly every business, and such a policy has added millions to our unemployment records and, as previously stated, has taken billions of dollars out of industry.

Even John L. Lewis, the president of the C. I. O., who is supposed to have been the bosom friend of our President, has turned against him with caustic, bitter comments. He said in a recent speech: "As the current year opens, the Democratic Party is in default to the American people. After seven years of power it finds itself without solution for the major questions of unemployment, low national income, mounting internal debt, increasing direct and consumer taxation, and restricted foreign markets. There still exists the same national unhappiness that it faced seven years ago. Labor and the people are losing confidence. They fear for the future."

That viewpoint very clearly expresses the opinion of nearly every studious and intelligent citizen. Very similar opinions have been presented on various occasions on this page for several years.

Santa Claus at Washington has been handing out with a lavish hand the treasures which have been hoarded throughout the life of this country. A balanced budget was promised within a year or two after the beginning of the New Deal administration, but our national indebtedness has grown to colossal height, notwithstanding our huge national income through confiscatory taxes which have grown with giant strides year by year.

Even the President stated on a recent occasion that the United States Treasury is not a bottomless pit. It is not by any means impossible for us to spend ourselves into insolvency, and every intelligent American, whether he is a worker or otherwise, wants security.

We are a home-loving people. We want to feel that our children and our children's children will have the same privileges and the same freedom that we have enjoyed. We want the satisfaction of knowing if we make sacrifices year after year to acquire sufficient capital to maintain our dependents in comfort, that they will surely be able to enjoy the results of our efforts.

But with a government that is mortgaging everything, values of all kinds, increasing taxes year by year, no savings are secure, regardless of their nature or where they are placed.

Capital and labor are partners. They are bound together by mutual interest. When these two forces are antagonistic, there are losses on both sides.

In the World War billions of dollars were wasted, millions of lives were lost. Who won? It is stil a debatable subject, at least so the Germans believe.

Wages can be raised so high that they wil cripple or even destroy an industry. Hundreds o our business organizations had to close their door in the last depression because of the high cost o wages and raw material.

All that is needed between employees and employers is a fair, honest discussion. An examination of records should definitely indicate what ca be spent for wages, and if employees consid stability of any value, it is sometimes more to th ultimate interest to accept reduced wages rat than try to increase them, for increasing th may bring bankruptcy to employers, with the of jobs to employees.

Bernarr Mac

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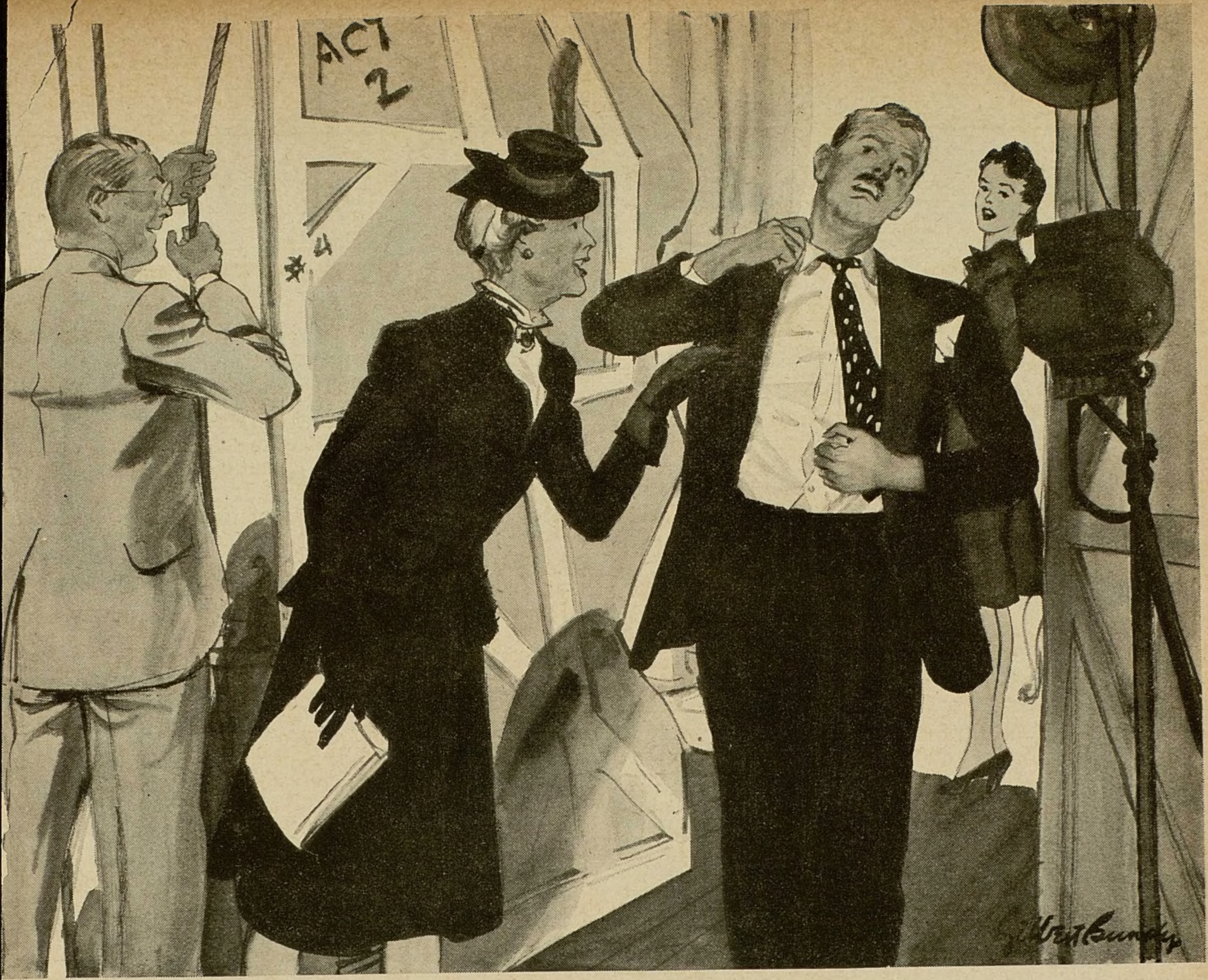


"Homer, darling . . . you brought down the house!"

MRS. GRIBBIN: Oh, Homer, I'm so proud of you! The way your voice choked as you bent over her—and that wild look on your face! *So* much better than rehearsal.

HOMER: *Khp! glmmph! Listen—(PUFF) —I've got to get out of this shirt. I can't breathe—I can't—*

MRS. GRIBBIN: Homer! You mean you weren't *acting* in that death scene?

HOMER: *Acting? I darn near* was *the death scene. (PUFF) Gladys, if you don't stop buying me those so-called "pre-shrunk" shirts, I'm going to divorce you!*

MRS. GRIBBIN: Why, aren't they what you like?

HOMER: NO! *I've told you time and again it's* SANFORIZED-SHRUNK *you have to ask for. And if you don't get me one pretty quick, I won't go on in the third act.*

MRS. GRIBBIN: Oh dear! What do I get? Shrunk-what?

HOMER: SANFORIZED-SHRUNK! *Patented process! Takes all the shrinkage out of the fabric down to a measly 1% by standard tests. Shirts can't shrink out of size!*

MRS. GRIBBIN: Homer, will you please stop shouting, and tell me where to go—

HOMER: *Anywhere! They sell this Sanforized-Shrunk stuff all over town—shirts, shorts, pajamas—all makes—at regular prices. Get one my size—and hurry!*

MRS. GRIBBIN: Oh Homer—I hate to!

HOMER: *Why?*

MRS. GRIBBIN: Once you get a Sanforized shirt on, you'll just talk natural—and ruin the whole play!

Your cue, Mrs. Gribbin! Other things besides shirts, shorts, and pajamas are Sanforized now. Look for the words Sanforized-Shrunk on these articles:

Women's Dresses

Children's Garments

Work Clothes, Overalls

Slip Covers, Draperies

Uniforms, Utility Dresses

Trousers, Slacks

For permanent fit...look for the words... SANFORIZED-SHRUNK

"IT'S MY FAVORITE BARGAIN"

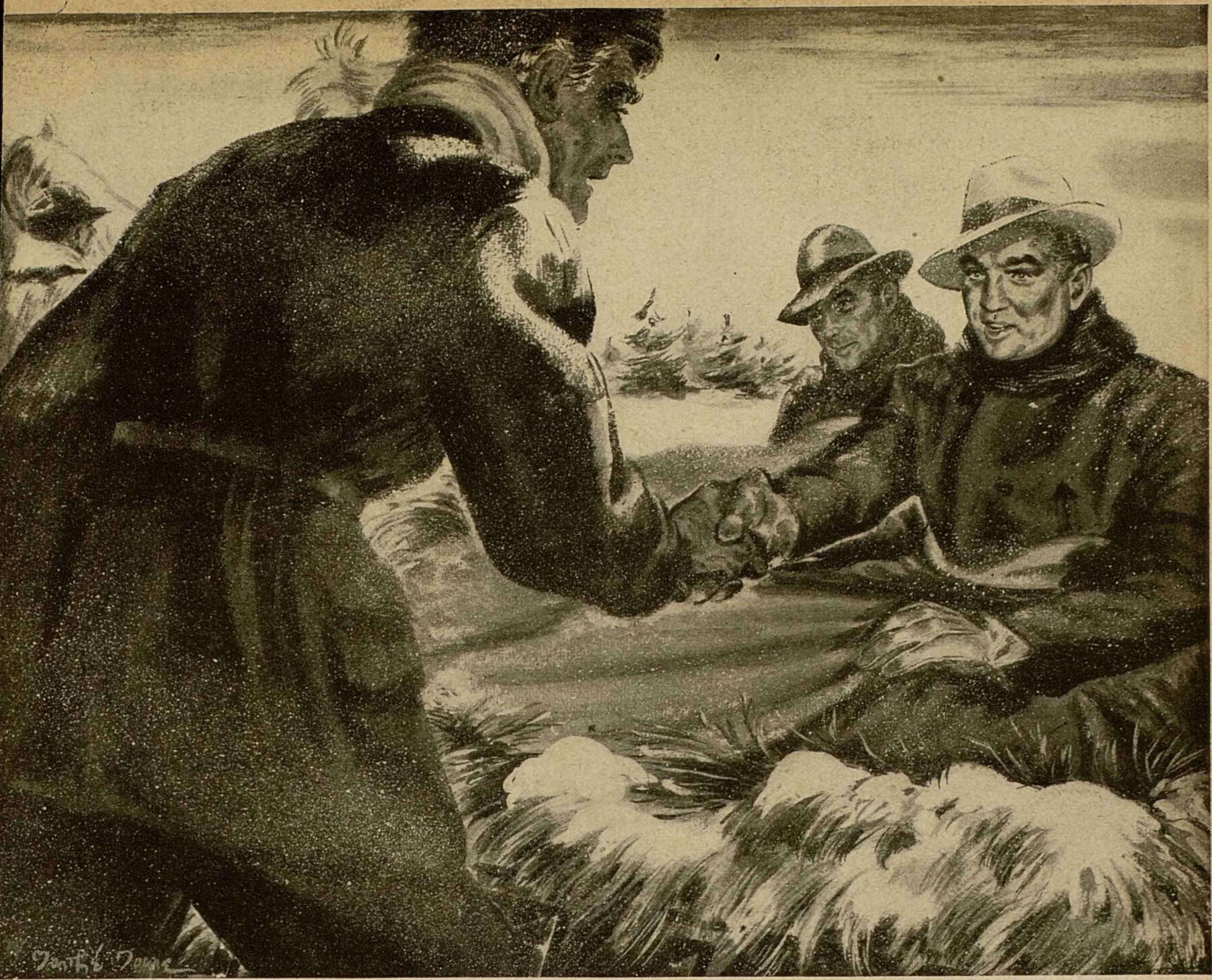
"A bargain," says the dictionary, "is an advantageous transaction."

Telephone service is like that.

Advantageous to you because it saves time, steps and trouble. Stands guard over the security of your home. Helps you to keep in touch with relatives and friends.

And does all of this as a real bargain should — at low cost. Pennies buy wings when you reach for the telephone.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



"Mr. Hoover, I didn't vote for you when you ran for President, but you are a good investigator!"

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF J. Edgar Hoover

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

You read about our No. 1 G-man, but do you *know* him? . . Here are illuminating facts

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHE MOORE

WHATEVER else may be keeping good Americans awake nights, two things that might well be doing so are not: armed plotters of revolution in our midst, and foreign secret agents—spies. Neither are worrying us gravely. Not because we are indifferent but simply because we know that our protection against some of the most dangerous of them has been, and is, in the hands of Director J. Edgar Hoover and his Federal Bureau of Investigation.

We became aware of the fact when, in New York City, his agents arrested members of a so-called Christian Front, and he assured us—and his word was all most Americans asked!—that among those members were ringleaders in a plot whose aims out-Hitlered Hitler. At the same time we learned that the F. B. I. was investigating their like in other cities; also, to our boundless reassurance and satisfaction, that wars and alarms abroad had been greatly increasing its activities against espionage.

This is, of course, a Presidential year. Some Americans here and there have begun to wonder if it isn't worth considering to put the entire task of safeguarding and piloting the nation in such hands as this man's. In fact, there are those who go so far as to say that John Edgar Hoover may be a leading dark horse at a Presidential nominating convention!

Whereupon up bob questions:

Which convention? Is he a Republican or a Democrat?

What kind of man is he, not as director—we all know about that—but in his spare hours? What are his home background, his hobbies? How is it he hasn't married?

And so on and on. In these articles Liberty is able to supply the timely answers.

Three years ago the Director of the G-men had been following for weeks a trail which led him by many and difficult stages from Chicago to Miami, across country to California and the Santa Anita Race Track, back to the frozen wilds of Minnesota and Wisconsin.

For days, in an icebound forest, on foot and by sledge, he had pursued the evidence which was to convict one of the most cold-blooded criminals of modern times—the perpetrator of the Ross kidnaping.

And now, as he was emerging into civilization with the big job under his belt, a giant woodsman, six feet six, approached his sleigh and stuck out a rough and reddened hand.

"Mr. Hoover," gasped the big fellow, "I didn't vote for you when you ran for President, but you are a hell of a good investigator."

How widespread is this confusion about the two Hoovers we do not know. It is inevitable that it should exist; inevitable also that, during the dip in ex-President Hoover's popularity which came with the depression, it should have been of small service to the head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, who is not related to him.

However, John Edgar Hoover, a man without any political affiliations and without any party machine to push him forward, has steadily grown in popularity and prestige. The classic illustration of the latter is the incident which is said to have happened while Associate Justice of the Supreme Court Frank Murphy was head of the Department of Justice and, as such, Mr. Hoover's boss. One evening the Attorney General returned to the Department for a little overtime work, and was stopped at the outer door by a guard.

"But," he explained, "I'm Mr. Murphy."

"I don't care who you are," the guard said. "You couldn't come in here if you were J. Edgar Hoover himself."

THROUGHOUT the country Edgar Hoover's looming prominence is doubtless due chiefly to his dramatic exploits in the field; but in Washington, where the man is known for himself as well as for his deeds, his fame rests on a more lasting foundation.

To begin at the beginning, we find that he was born in the shadow of the Capitol dome; also in the shadow of a great injustice. No citizen of the District of Columbia may vote. But, on the other hand, no ward heeler ever tried to tell him how to vote, no district leader undertook to school him in methods of growing rich at the taxpayers' expense.

Not that young Hoover needed especially these protective deprivations. His classmates at Central High School and George Washington University, where he was known as "Speed," testify warmly to the fact that his character was formed early and on solid rock.

"Speed," laughs actor Billy Gaxton, fraternity mate and long-time friend, "chastised us with his morality."

Nevertheless, the fact that, as a young man, he did not join any political organization and did not serve any political master undoubtedly helped him to avoid those associations and obligations which plague even the best intentioned citizen who enters public life through the ordinary channels of political preferment.

This unique aloneness has enabled him to serve his country in positions of steadily increasing usefulness under such various Presidents as Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Herbert Hoover, and Franklin Roosevelt.

It has made him today, just as it did two decades ago, the logical choice to lead the forces of law and order against foreign agents, spies, subversists, and saboteurs. Even if he were not officially in the government service, he would volunteer for this fight. He is determined to rid the country of dangerous alien termites.

"This is a time," he recently stated in a public address, "when we must think straight and not be misled by the exotic and Utopian pratings of those whose allegiance is pledged abroad. Call it Communism, Fascism, or what you will—it is un-American. To stem the insidious machinations of such enemies, to thwart their plans, to preserve our traditions and ideals, is a sacred and supreme task."

IN that spirit Edgar Hoover has again undertaken this biggest and most important of investigative jobs. His G-men used to get about thirty-five spy cases a year. Now they get many more than that number every day. It is the Bureau's fastest growing business, and, as such, the Director's chief concern.

Hoover's re-entry into this field naturally does not increase his popularity with Communists, Bundists, or the various "Fronts" whose members hoard guns and ammunition and manufacture bombs against the day when a Stalin or a Hitler gives the word to blow up our railroads and bridges and destroy our factories.

These people don't like Edgar Hoover because he knows the truth about them and is not afraid to tell it. For example, he has said:

"It is unfortunate but true that there has come into being a subsurface element, shifty, malicious, and dishonest, which with wanton effrontery seeks to turn a great melting pot into a catchall for the things that could never fuse with our ideals.

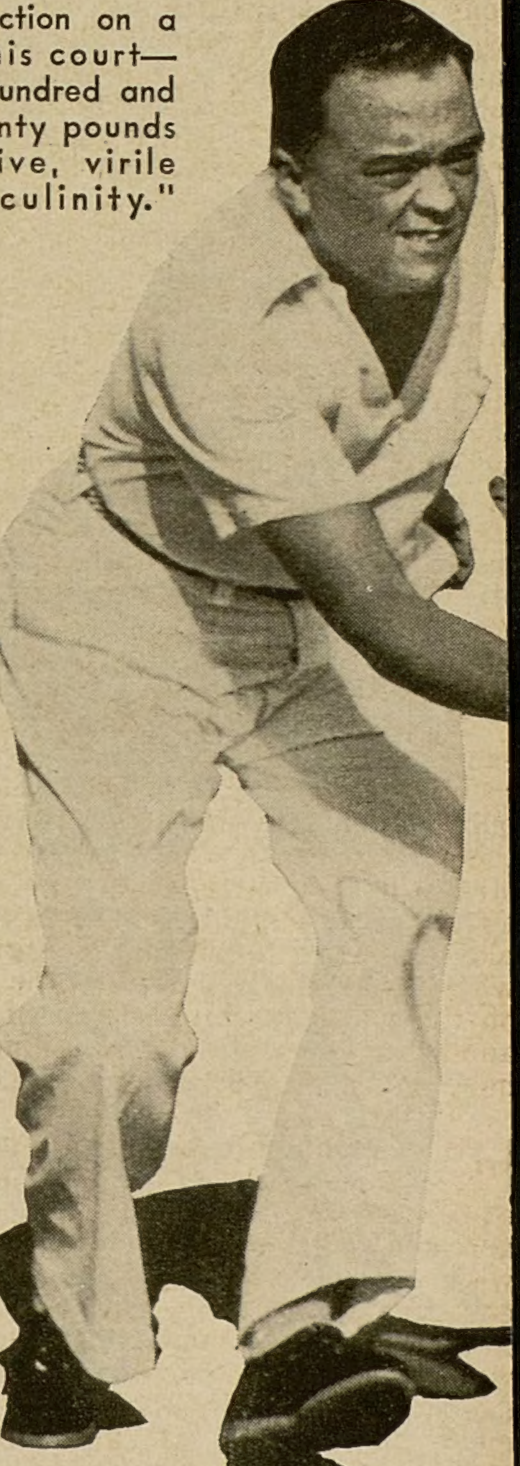
"It is America's sad plight in this hour of world chaos to have become the jousting ground for all those subversive groups which work against our national interests, even our national existence."

There is nothing hysterical about Edgar Hoover when he talks thus of the perils which beset his country

Twenty years ago, when Attorne General Mitchell Palmer and othe high officials were being accused o being "Red-baiters," the youthfu special assistant in actual charge o espionage prosecutions went quietl about his work, as one observer expressed it, "with dignity and calmness, and with that lofty spirit o charity to all and malice toward none —a high attribute to attain in an office with so one-sided an obligation."

Even Emma Goldman, so-called "Queen of the Reds," when she stepped aboard the ship which was to carry out the sentence of deportation which the young prosecutor had obtained against her, turned to him and said: "Mr. Hoover, you gave me a square deal."

But, of course, the fact that Hoover gives these government-baiters a square deal is no reason, in their minds, why they should give him one. And it certainly has not succeeded in endearing him to those in high places allegedly sympathetic with these promulgators of alien doctrines. For example, the subversive radicals and their friends are not exactly Hoover boosters.



In action on a tennis court—"a hundred and seventy pounds of live, virile masculinity."

In spite of Edgar's " lofty spirit of arity to all and malice toward ne," he is, before all, a realist. He ows, from his files, that a great any criminals come from abroad; d he knows, too, that it is easier d cheaper and a whole lot wiser to ep them out of the country than it to catch them once they get in. oreover, he has the machinery that n keep them out.

For eight years now the G-men ve been quietly exchanging fingerrints of crooks with law-enforceent organizations in different parts the world. The exchange is now oing on with eighty-nine foreign ountries, territories, and possesons. The plan, which was Hoover's vn, has already shrunk the crimial world to the proportions of a local olice precinct, because the moment n American crook is arrested in any f these countries—or one of their rooks is arrested here—his identity s known and his deportation can be ffected.

All Hoover needs to make this mahinery apply to foreign crooks and ndesirables *before* they cause troule here are their fingerprints. Aparently, however, there are some ho would consider this a violation f freedom or something. Anyway, liens — including spies, saboteurs, ravelers on fake passports, and ther violators of the law—are still dmitted to this country without unergoing the simple test of fingerrinting.

Edgar also grew himself some nemies among a few theorizing ocial workers by co-operating with ublic agencies who suggested that heir applicants for government argess be fingerprinted just the same s all government civil-service emloyees. In Richmond, Virginia, here local officials tried out the idea n their own hook, over half of the pplicants for relief were found to ave police records.

HOOVER doesn't say that we should let a man starve because he is an x-convict or has previously been rrested, but he does believe that if we are going to feed him in preference to a lot of other people standing in line who have no police records, we at least ought to know what we are doing. Hoover insists that society has a right to know of the previous criminal activities of those who seek positions of public trust as law-enforcement officers, or those who come in contact with children as playground or recreational directors.

Apparently the Communistic agitators do not feel the same way Hoover does about this or about anything else. They have a marching song which goes something like this:

The Hoover boys are on their way,
Herbert C. and Edgar Jay;
Edgar's witch hunt soon begins,
While Herb sends snowballs to the
Finns.

Well, a man is known by the enemies he makes. There are a lot of chaps serving life sentences out on " the Rock " who don't like Edgar Hoover, either!

But to get back to our portrait of an American:

He was born on January 1, 1895, in a two-and-a-half-story gray stucco house with a high white veranda across the front and high lace-curtained windows that still look out on old Seward Square.

Here, in Precinct 5, Southeast Washington, where the babe was born, the man still lives—alone except for his books and his mottoes, his paintings, his pottery, his teakwood tables, and his bronzes.

The elder Hoover, Dickerson N., was head of a division in the Coast and Geodetic Survey. After forty years in the service of his government, he died in 1921, the year his son became Assistant Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. From that year until February 22, 1938, the date of his mother's death, John Edgar was not only the head of the Seward Square household but its sole support.

DURING his Central High School days he served as choir singer at the Church of the Reformation. He later embraced the Presbyterian faith. The pastor of his boyhood church, Dr. McLeod, was one who believed that sportsmanship and training in athletics were important in the making of a Christian gentleman.

Hoover got that idea too, and has held to it ever since. He has been cited " for leading all government executives in the furthering of sports and recreational policies among the rank and file of Uncle Sam's employees." Also, as every sociologist and crime-prevention student knows, he has been ever in the forefront of such wholesome movements as the Boys' Clubs and Boy Scouts.

" I always wanted to be an athlete," he once said, " but I weighed only a hundred and ten pounds in my first year at high school. In fact, I was the smallest kid in the rear rank of my cadet company. I wasn't much bigger when I was captain of cadets as a senior. Biff Jones (later famous West Point footballer and coach) and I buddied around together all the time. It always drew a laugh from our friends to see the big powerful Biff accompanied by a scrawny youngster half his size.

" When I entered my present work I had to find something that would enable me to get the most amount of exercise in the least possible time. I tried golf, and found that my nerves wouldn't stand it. Missing the ball continually was too much for me. But I discovered that I could play tennis for three quarters of an hour and get all the exercise I needed."

On his infrequent nights off, he loves to take in a wrestling or boxing match. Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney are among his close friends. Prized possessions prominently displayed in his office are boxing gloves presented by Jim Braddock and Barney Ross. His favorite outdoor sport to watch is baseball.

" I am always interested in major-league games," he said, " and I know many of the players intimately, but I get just as much pleasure out of watching my own men. Physical condition is paramount in this organization. There are frequent inspections for every one, and all are required to take forty-five minutes of physical exercise daily. But sports have another great benefit here. A man who has taken part in athletics knows how to lose as well as win. That quality is invaluable.

" Most people don't know it, but F. B. I. agents meet failure about nine tenths of the time. That doesn't mean we don't get our man eventually, but there are thousands of angles that must be investigated with infinite patience. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of these tips will lead up a blind alley. It takes nerve and poise to keep after a criminal when trail after trail grows cold. But sports teach a man to take defeat and dig in all the harder."

Cadeting may not have been as alluring as sports, but Edgar gave it all he had. " Eleven companies are going to drill for that flag," he announced in true G-man style, " and the hardest fighting company is going to win." What he lacked physically he made up vocally—witness this quip from the school paper:

Citizen to C. H. S. Pupil: Is that noise a lion coming roaring down the road, or is it an approaching thunderstorm?

Pupil: Oh, no, sir. It's just Hoover counting cadence for his company.

AND the senior classbook, after noting that J. E. Hoover, '13, was valedictorian of his class, leader of the school debating team, and " a gentleman of dauntless courage and stainless honor," went on to say that " Speed is one of the best captains of one of the best companies that have ever been at Central."

All this extracurricular activity, plus working as a messenger in the Congressional Library while studying law nights at George Washington University, doubtless added greatly to his character build-up, but it worked disastrously on his poundage. When, in 1919, " that slender bundle of high-charged electric wire " was appointed Special Assistant to the Attorney General of the United States, he weighed just 119 pounds.

Nowadays we seldom think of J. Edgar Hoover as a lawyer. He is, however, a Bachelor of Laws and a Master of Laws, as well as the recipient of six honorary doctors' degrees in law and one in science from leading colleges and universities. He has been admitted to practice before the bar of the United States District Court, the United States Court of Claims, and the United States Supreme Court.

Looking back, it becomes apparent that in those early days his vision extended far into the future. The developments in the F. B. I. have resulted from years of careful study and foresight.

At twenty-five he was given the assignment to prosecute the deportation proceedings against several alien agitators under the authority of the wartime laws. His efforts soon began to show results. Emma Goldman and her associate Alexander Berkman, with scores of others, were soon in custody. Growing frantic, the radicals resorted to every possible subterfuge to avoid being forced to leave the America which they preached against. Deportation orders were issued as a result of Hoover's efforts.

He also represented the Department of Justice in the prosecution of Ludwig C. A. K. Martens, the Russian designated Soviet Ambassador to the United States. He was successful in having a deportation warrant issued.

It was on the basis of a brief prepared by Hoover under the direction of Charles Evans Hughes, Secretary of State, that the United States decided, after the war, to withhold recognition from Soviet Russia. At this time Hoover was not yet twenty-seven years old.

His activities in the administration of the Espionage Act brought to his attention for the first time the work of the Department's Bureau of Investigation, which had been established in 1908 but had had, except during the war years, a rather desultory existence. Hoover was quick to see its dormant possibilities, and his appointment in 1921 as Assistant Director of it was a "natural."

"In those days," he told me once over green-turtle soup and a hamburger, his favorite dishes, "no one ever let on he was connected with the Bureau. He'd have been ashamed to. Everybody'd have set him down as a political hanger-on or a crook."

THERE were plenty of both in the Bureau in pre-Hoover days. A big bare room outside the Director's office was known as the "Buzzards' Roost." Here the agents used to sit with their feet cocked up on the table when they should have been out hunting criminals.

For three years Edgar Hoover fought an apparently losing fight to put the Bureau on a clean efficient business basis. Harding was President, Daugherty was Attorney General, William J. Burns was Director. Then Harding died and Coolidge came in; Daugherty gave way to Harlan Fiske Stone, now Justice Stone of the Supreme Court; Burns resigned and Hoover got his chance, first as Acting Director and then as Director.

The first thing he did was to replace all the political hangers-on with men of education and character, either members of the bar or experienced accountants. "I want the public to look upon the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice as a group of gentlemen," he announced; "and if the men here engaged can't conduct themselves as such, I will dismiss them."

"But you can't run a government bureau that way," one senator said.

"I *am* running it that way," Hoover retorted.

He was fortunate in those first years, and so was the nation, in having as Attorney General so forthright a person as Harlan Stone. Several years ago he told me of an incident which happened in his first year as head of the Bureau. One of the agents he had inherited was the relative of a political boss, and was assigned in the East. There had been one or two rather suspicious matters arising out of the relationship; however, the young man was able and efficient. Hoover decided to give him another chance by transferring him to a Far-Western office.

IMMEDIATELY a congressman came storming in to demand the agent's return to the East. Hoover told him that the transfer would have to stand. Whereupon the congressman rushed out with the statement that he was going over the Director's head to the Attorney General. Presently Stone called Hoover on the phone and asked him to come into his office. The congressman was there.

"What are the facts in this case, Mr. Hoover?"

The Director related them briefly, giving names, dates, and places. The Attorney General frowned ominously.

"Mr. Hoover, I'm not sure you did the right thing about that man."

The congressman was beaming.

"I'm not sure," continued Mr. Stone, "that you shouldn't have fired him."

Another of Edgar's first callers was a powerful political leader who wished to place one of his followers in an agent's job. Finding that the man had no qualifications whatsoever, the young Director tactfully informed his distinguished visitor that he was sorry but he could not accommodate him because his nominee had not been admitted to the bar.

Instead of getting angry, as Hoover had expected, the great man departed quietly, only to appear a few days later with a certificate showing that his constituent, who had never studied law in his life, had just been admitted to the bar. It happened that Hoover recalled that there were states which did not require law-school attendance! The applicant not only didn't get the job, but the rule was immediately bulwarked to require that applicants who were not accountants must be members of the bar *and* graduates of a recognized law school.

Little by little, experiences like this taught Edgar Hoover how to tighten the regulations, until today eighty-six per cent of his agents have had adequate legal training or are expert accountants. The balance are either scientific specialists or men who have proved their worth by long service. None are political appointees. Only one thing counts—merit.

Now, there are a lot of people wh do not like that kind of attitude t ward public office, and these peop do not like John Edgar Hoover. Som politicians have done their darnede to get him out of office and suppla him with a stooge.

"When the Democrats come in," h laughs, "they say I'm a Republica and when the Republicans come i they say I'm a Democrat. The fac is, I have never had the privilege t vote one way or the other."

Politicians used to take an unhol joy in sniping at the Director. Cer tain ones deplored the cost of runnin his organization. This has a changed today. Hoover finds hi greatest boosters among members o Congress, who have respect and confi dence in him.

"Over a five-year period," he tell them, "every dollar spent in operat ing the F. B. I. has brought in ove six dollars in fines, savings, and re coveries."

For nearly sixteen years he ha gotten along with both Democrati and Republican Congresses, which i more than can be said of mos Presidents. Summoned before a Congressional committee, he is, in appearance and manner, the exact antithesis of the professional political officeholder. The alert face below the close-cropped slightly curling thick black hair is round and young and firm of flesh. The compact body, with shoulders of a light-heavyweight boxer, carries no ounce of extra weight—just a hundred and seventy pounds of live, virile masculinity. His movements are quick and incisive, his mental reactions trigger-fast, his words few and to the point and like machine-gun fire.

I HAVE dwelt on his complete disassociation from political influences and political aims because, until we understand this most unusual quality in a public servant, we cannot understand anything about him.

This spiritual isolation, this utter irrelation to the petty, scheming, wire-pulling, job-grabbing world around him, which is the man's outstanding quality, is best expressed in a remarkable document to which he and every other G-man has subscribed, and to which, he hopes, every law-enforcement officer in the land will ultimately affix his signature—"the F. B. I. Pledge."

It is a little long, but I am going to ask you to read every word of it, because—well, because it is the full-length portrait of a kind of American we all like to see in public office.

That pledge — that "G-men's Bible," as it might be called—will be in Liberty next week. So will everything that throws light on the fascinating question why Edgar Hoover hasn't married—he who received by mail 500 proposals as the result of just one news story about him! And everything else you could ask to see in the home background of any looming piece of "Presidential timber"!

Goering "being happy" with his "Leader sent by God."

WILL *Goering* BRING PEACE?

He's sitting at home, biding his time, says a wise observer, to fill Hitler's shoes—and end the war!

BY RENÈ KRAUS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

HERMANN GOERING is sitting this war out. The regiments that the Field Marshal sets in motion are tin soldiers; the fire-spewing tanks are children's toys. That is, his private war is taking place on the roof garden of his country house, Carinshall, near Berlin, where the world-famous German toy industry has set up a "genuine lifelike scene of the war" 225 square yards in area. Here the Marshal sits at moments of domestic leisure, showing the children of his household what a war really looks like. "These are the moments of rest and relaxation in his life," Goering's Chief of Staff and official biographer Erich Gritzbach says.

Otherwise, however, apparently Nazi No. 2 takes no part in the war. During the last few months he has appeared only in his numerous light-opera uniforms, never in the regulation dress of the soldier, which today even little Goebbels wears.

Goering's real air armada has not struck a blow. "I am too humane to bombard London," he declared at a diplomatic reception to the foreign journalists. It is odd, but even in wartime, busy man though he is, he attends all the diplomatic functions. He calls even on the Lithuanian envoy and on the Minister from Iran.

"I have given Goering orders to take care of a five-year war," Hitler says. Nevertheless, Nazi No. 2 still has time on the side for his numerous hobbies. Especially the theater. As Prussian Prime Minister, one of the dozen high offices of state that he holds, he is in charge of the State Theater in Berlin, and he is his own manager and producer there.

Now that the guns are speaking, he has fallen silent in public. Before, he thundered-and-lightninged two or three times every week. His meetings were always jammed full. Admission was cheaper than to the movies. "Kind of stupid but somehow refreshing," was the general opinion. Just before the march into the Sudetenland, he did, to be sure, make a speech that took the listeners' breath away. "Rather death than any compromise!" he shouted. True, when he collapsed next day, it was not a heroic death but a slight inflammation of the ankle.

Today an altogether different Goering is being dished up to the Germans and to the world. He has spoken in public just once since the outbreak of the war. He talked almost entirely about peace. Oh, certainly—he said to the profoundly war-sick German people—you can have peace any day. You have only to part with the Führer. But that, of course, you will never do. Nor I either. I least of all. Rather die with Hitler than be happy without Hitler. A man sent by God—that is what the Leader is.

If it is infamous of him to describe his Führer as the sole obstacle to peace, at any rate it pays. Have you noticed how the tune in London has changed? It is no longer "Destruction of Nazism!" Today it is "Destruction of Hitlerism!" In other words, Nazism minus Hitler might be acceptable. Naturally, that means Nazism under Goering.

Acceptable—in the United States Hans V. Kaltenborn, the radio commentator, thus described the Marshal. Even Jules Sauerwein, France's ace reporter, thus designated him some time ago in a dispatch to the New York Times. The neutrals want peace at almost any price. That goes without saying. The belligerents? Remember those two officers of the British Intelligence Service who were kidnaped from Venlo and taken to Germany? There they have since been made away with. Those men, London declares, went to Holland's German frontier to receive reasonable peace proposals. From whom? All Whitehall is whispering: "From Goering, of course."

The fate of the two has not permanently scared off the "bridge builders." Goering has never quite broken off his connections with London. The outbreak of war snatched two of his closest associates, Dr. Wohlthat of the Reich Economic Ministry, and Dr. Brinkmann, vice-president of the Reichsbank, away from secret negotiations with high quarters in England. Today the thin air line from Berlin to London goes via Rome.

Hermann Goering remained true to the Axis when Hitler swung over to Moscow. Mussolini, of course, is preparing his country for war. But he does not mean to fight until he is sure which side is going to win. Until then he will keep close to the edge of the war—with Goering, his only friend in Germany, by his side.

Only recently Goering was ready to visit Italy. His trip was officially announced. Then Hitler stepped in. If Goering wanted to go to Rome, he must visit Moscow first. And so the journey had to be called off. Goering pays for his power by crawling before the Führer at critical moments.

Up to this moment Goering has not lifted a finger to help the friendship with Communism. He is the only anti-Bolshevik in Germany. This the world realizes, and it takes him for a man of order—whereas in reality he is an unbridled anarchic individualist. World opinion also thought Germany was the bulwark against Bolshevism. It was fatally late in realizing that no other nation is constitutionally so receptive to Communism. No measure since Hitler's seizure of power has been so popular among his people as the alliance with Russia.

Hitler himself is raw material for Bolshevism. He is antisocial, like all his associates—even von Ribbentrop, who in London, as ambassador, muscled into high society, or tried to.

ONLY Hermann Goering is an exception. He says yes to this best of all possible worlds, in which there are more castles, women, hunts, and decorations than can be enjoyed in one lifetime. He is against world revolution. And so people take him for a conservative.

A tiger is conservative too when he has eaten all he can hold. Goering would have no objection to this simile. There is always a tame lion cub running around in his house. He regards himself as the incarnation of Nietzsche's "blond beast," perhaps with the slight difference that his hair is dark brown.

He once startled a dinner party with the confession: "I am a borzoi!" A borzoi: the *slim*, overbred Russian greyhound, the last aristocrat.

Signor Bernardo Attolico, royal Italian ambassador to Berlin, however, cried, "A Borgia!"

"A bourgeois!" Goering laughed at the top of his lungs. Then he said:

"No, people just think I am!"

The two gentlemen soon settled on "Borgia." But any of the International Wise Guys' Brigade will still whisper in your ear that deep down in his heart Goering *is* a bourgeois, a conservative, a man who holds with the generals, a last representative of the old Prussian ruling caste, a heart of gold beneath a rough exterior. He even disapproves of the Jew-baitings —but don't say that too loud!

This whispering propaganda is sent into the world from Berlin, and with Hitler's knowledge. It is the second string to Germany's bow, kept ready in case there should be a slip-up along the Maginot Line. It reaches farther than all of Goebbels' loudspeakers. My grocer on East Seventy-second Street knows that this fellow Goering is really a swell guy underneath: he is just waiting for the right moment.

My grocer knows Goering's picture from countless cartoons. Most of them are unfriendly. Even so, you see a fat middle-aged man with a perpetual good-humored smile, enjoying such innocent things as decorations and costumes. You can't be really angry at him.

But if you look Hermann Goering himself in the face, as I have, your own good humor will desert you. His face has no real smile on it. Not unless he happens to be signing death warrants. On Unter den Linden, in the heart of Berlin, he looks through the stream of people as if they were disembodied shadows.

Hermann Goering is a dead man. That is why he clings to life with such fierce avidity. That is why he squeezes each second dry. That accounts for the grotesque excesses of his Caesar mania. He is burned out. His huge skull with its square heavy face looks like a death mask.

Traces of an old splendor survive in his bloated countenance. He must have been a handsome young man. He is not, indeed, the heir of the old Prussian ruling class that Americans think him, but the son of a civil servant who won a modest career in the colonial service. Still, he comes of a decent family, and in the little city on the Bavarian-Austrian frontier where he spent his youth he was considered a young man about town. "He was not slow in learning that girls are there to be kissed," his official biographer boasts.

THE wild lips of his early years have become thick and blurred. Probably now they exist chiefly for cursing. If he does not happen to be playing the part of kind uncle to all the world, his hard brutal mouth is shut with contempt for humanity.

He knows that his left profile photographs best. From that side his chin still juts as it did when he was a lieutenant. As such, he was one of the most feared flyers of the World War. He paid the price that many aviator heroes had to pay: he became a drug addict. Three times he was in mental hospitals being treated for the habit. Since then the iron lines between his nose and his mouth have slackened. If you look for them today in Goering's much photographed face, you will find only the furrows and wrinkles—which his barber tries every morning for an hour to rub out with powder and face cream.

Ammy Goering, nee Sonnemann, is his second wife. Her maiden name is identical with that of a Jewish patrician family in Frankfurt am Main, her native city. Naturally, all Germany draws its own conclusions from this fact, which would scarcely be noticed in any other country. She is quiet, unobtrusive, nearer forty than thirty, ash-blonde, a bit on the voluptuous side, enchanting in her late motherhood—her daughter is only a year old. She was a provincial actress understudying the great classical parts until Goering brought her to his Berlin State Theater and gave her all the roles in the classical repertory. But that was only a brief period of splendor. By order of Hitler, the Goerings became a very happy married couple—even though Ammy knew and knows perfectly well that she is only an understudy again.

For Goering lives by the worship of his dead first wife, Carin. His bombastic château in the Schorfheide district is named after her. Her memory is perpetuated throughout Germany by countless pictures and books. She is the first saint of Nazism.

The legend of Tristan and Isolde has come to life again among the German people. It has Hermann flying to the Northland to fetch home his blonde bride. In reality, Hermann's flight to the Northland was no Viking raid. On the contrary, he was a regular pilot for the Svenska Lufttraffick, flat broke after the World War. Count Eric von Rosen hired him and his machine for a few days and took them to his castle. There Goering met Carin, the count's niece, who was married to a Swedish lieutenant. He took her away from the other man, and they were married.

Carin is depicted as a hypersensitive, delicate young woman and a religious visionary. In her new marriage she knew nothing but exile. After the Hitler putsch of 1923, Goering roamed as a fugitive through half a dozen European countries, with Carin always at his side. It was too hard on her. She had constant lung trouble, and died of a heart ailment. Goering was not at her deathbed. Hitler had just summoned him to a conference in Berlin.

There can be no doubt that those years of poverty and exile marked Goering for the rest of his days. When he bedecks himself with jewels like a prima donna, eats off golden plates, it is all bitter memories being overcompensated. In exile he lived on an allowance from his wife's family. Later his political career was made possible by German airplane and machine factories to which he brought orders from the republic, usually not without personal concessions. His most important customer was the Deutsche Lufthansa, in whose offices there was a young Jewish secretary. His name was Ewald Milch; today he is General of the Flyers, Goering's right hand, Secretary of State, and probably the only Jew high up in the Third Reich. Officially he is described as the "Aryan adopted child of Jewish foster parents."

Well, Goering is not one of the wild anti-Semites. My grocer knows that.

HE is precisely as fast color a monarchist as he is a liberal. The widespread wish dream about Germany's monarchist generals and their connection with Goering is doubly wrong: neither the generals nor Goering care about the restoration of the Hohenzollerns. As for him, if the question of monarchy comes up, it must be his monarchy, his very own. His moment will come whenever the German people, after a stupendous exertion of strength in war, begin to swerve and stagger. If he steps to the front just one heartbeat too soon, the Führer will still bar his path; and with Hitler he will never struggle. If he comes too late, Germany will have fallen, and the world will no longer need a reconciliation emperor, a compromise emperor, who would bring back the good old days.

THE END

Mr. Fitts and, below, the opening article of the series he answers.

THE LID OFF LOS ANGELES

Beginning an astounding story of corruption and vice in a great city—and a stirring battle against them

BY DWIGHT F. McKINNEY and FRED ALLHOFF

PART ONE—A DICTATORSHIP OF CRIME

BURON FITTS *Defends* LOS ANGELES

Liberty gives both sides! Without comment, here's a reply to The Lid Off Los Angeles—by the county's famous District Attorney

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

I SPEAK in behalf of the reputation of a great city. I am the District Attorney of the county in which that city, Los Angeles, is situated. I have held that office for twelve years, during three terms of incumbency. And, as attorney for the people of Los Angeles, I feel I have a peculiar right to speak.

I was brought up in Los Angeles. I went through grade and high school, college and law school, in Los Angeles. I have watched Los Angeles grow from little more than a pueblo to the great metropolitan center of western America it has become today—a city with a population of a million and a half. The urban center of a county with a population of nearly three million. A county with a population in excess of that of many states of the Union, and with a territorial extent as great as that of some states.

For almost the whole of my life—I was born in Texas—I have been identified with Los Angeles. I have seen it become the movie and radio center of the country, the center of the nation's aircraft industries. I have seen it become the base of America's naval might. Boy and man, I have watched Los Angeles forge forward to a commanding position in the cultural and economic life of the United States. I am proud of my city—very proud of it.

That is why I must speak in behalf of its reputation when I see it unjustly assailed; when I see my city proclaimed to the nation and the world as a sinkhole of official corruption and iniquity, in a manner which I consider inaccurate and uninformed, in a manner which leaves wholly out of account certain fundamental civic decencies and a number of positive civic values which I affirm Los Angeles possesses as perhaps few cities in this country possess them.

Before I go any further I wish to express my respect and admiration for a great American magazine—Liberty. In giving me this opportunity to present the case *for* Los Angeles, after the presentation of the case against us in its series of articles The Lid Off Los Angeles, Liberty shows itself again to be the guarantor of fairness which the American public has come to understand and expect it to be.

Also, before I go any further I wish it understood that I am not speaking merely in defense of my office or of myself as the public officer charged with the responsibility for fighting official corruption in Los Angeles County. In so far as I appear to defend myself or my office, I am thinking first of the good name of Los Angeles.

By the very nature of his job, the District Attorney of a large metropolitan jurisdiction becomes a man who is damned if he does, and damned if he doesn't. I've certainly come in for my share of such damning during the past twelve years! I've been accused time and again, covertly and openly, of taking bribes to dismiss or throw cases. I've been indicted for perjury by a grand jury hand-picked to get me, and acquitted by a jury that couldn't be hand-picked. I've been shot at and wounded almost in the doorway of my own home. Threats to my life have become almost routine.

It's been one long fight, not only against the forces of actual crime and corruption but against the forces of personal and political selfishness. But—in the words of the soldier ditty during the World War, in which I served in France as an infantry officer—" here we are again! " Here to go on fighting 'em and beating 'em.

I've been District Attorney long enough to have no illusions about crime. Crime will always be with us, as long as human nature remains what it is. The warfare of society against the antisocial never ends. During my three terms my office has prosecuted over sixty thousand persons for various sorts of crimes. The crime rate has kept pace roughly with the growth in population of the city. That was something to be expected; my office has steadily grown, in personnel and in efficiency, to cope with it.

What has been difficult to cope with, however, have been the efforts of self-seeking politicians and self-styled reformers to hamper and discredit the work of my office and of the other law-enforcement agencies of the city and county, in order to accomplish their own personal aggrandizement.

Undoubtedly other District Attorneys have had to cope with these White Knights and Fair-Haired Boys, but I question if any other District Attorney ever had such a motley assortment to cope with as I've had. I have nothing but respect and admiration for *sincere* political reformers. All progress in government has come out of their efforts. But I hate a hypocritical one as I hate poison. In the war between society and the criminal, no quarter can be given and there is no room for selfish obstructionism; and on our local front, here in Los Angeles, it has been these hypocritical obstructionists who have been lending aid and comfort to the enemy.

I'm not personally acquainted with the authors of the Liberty articles entitled The Lid Off Los Angeles. They did not call on me or on any one in my office for assistance; why, I'm sure I don't know. However, they are undoubtedly sincere men, and unquestionably felt they were being given the truth by whomever they did call on for their data. By Mr. Clifford E. Clinton, possibly, or by some of his entourage.

Their first article deals in part with the Councilman Carl Jacobsen morals case. Happening to have been the prosecutor, I am astounded by what must be either a complete lack of knowledge on the part of the authors' informants, or deliberate misstatement of facts by these informants. I am especially astounded by a melodramatic tidbit: The blood of a syphilitic prostitute, it is recounted, was to be injected into Jacobsen's veins in order to prevent his release from jail on bond. When, in heaven's name, could that have been thought possible, when Jacobsen *never was behind the bars of a jail?*

In the next article I'm personally referred to, incidentally, as a hawk-nosed wounded war veteran, and as a shrewd political opportunist whose big chance came when I prosecuted and sent to prison my own boss and predecessor in the District Attorneyship, Asa Keyes.

I'LL have to admit the nose and the war record. As for the rest, of course I prosecuted my former boss and predecessor in office! I prosecuted Asa Keyes for the same reason my office has prosecuted over sixty thousand other persons during the past twelve years. It was my duty—one of the hardest I've ever been called upon to perform, to be sure—but my duty. If that be shrewd political opportunism, make the most of it!

I do not assert that crimes of the nature referred to in The Lid Off Los Angeles never occurred, or that the municipal corruption referred to never existed. Los Angeles has been no freer from its share of crime and corruption than has any other great American urban center. But these things in themselves are not what form a city's reputation. A city's reputation is based upon the manner in which these things are coped with by the authorities legally responsible for coping with them: the sheriff's office, the police department, the courts, and—in this case—my office. And as attorney for the people of Los Angeles I resent the implication that our law-enforcement agencies were doing so little about municipal corruption, and doing that little so reluctantly, that a private citizen, a St. George by the name of Clifford E. Clinton, was obliged to don his shining armor and rout the dragon!

I'm not at liberty to refer to the merits of the Kynette case, involving the activities of the so-called police Spy Squad and the bombing of Harry Raymond. Kynette won a new trial on appeal, and that case is pending before the Supreme Court of the state. I can say this, however, and do say it unequivocally: *Clifford E. Clinton had no more to do with the investigation and prosecution of that case than the man in the moon!*

The prosecution of that case was headed by my chief deputy, Eugene D. Williams, and no individual or group of individuals unassociated with my office or with the other regularly constituted agencies of law enforcement had any part whatsoever in the obtaining of evidence, the solution, or the prosecution of that case.

NOR am I at liberty to refer to the merits of the Joe Shaw case. The appeal of the defendants in that case is also pending. But again I can and do say unequivocally: *Clifford E. Clinton had no more to do with the investigation and prosecution of that case than the man in the moon!* The prosecution of the Shaw case was also headed by Mr. Williams.

I'm at a loss to understand Mr. Clinton—either the man or his motives. During his year's service on the 1937 County Grand Jury he, in my opinion, seriously hampered the work of that body by his attacks upon his fellow grand jurors and his publicity tactics.

In another of the Lid Off Los Angeles articles, mention is made of an affidavit charging that one of Clinton's former fellow grand jurors on the 1937 Grand Jury had sought to collect $2,300 from a Los Angeles gambler. The affidavit also hinted that this grand juror was the man to see when any one was planning to open a gambling or bawdy house in the Central Avenue Negro district. Mr. Clinton, indeed, did produce such an affidavit. And at the same time he produced an affidavit by one Simms which said that this particular grand juror was "generally reputed to be and known as the man with whom all arrangements would have to be made concerning any illegal concessions or privileges respecting vice, liquor, gambling, etc."

But how do you account for this? Less than two weeks ago this man Simms requested through his attorney an investigation of the matter by the present Grand Jury, and presented another affidavit to the effect that he and the maker of the 1937 affidavit respecting the $2,300 had been paid for making the 1937 affidavits.

What's the answer? I'll tell you what I think it is—straight from the shoulder: I don't believe Clinton is sincere.

In the sixth and final article in the Lid Off series, the authors have this to say:

" The Shaw machine, a bribe taker, was kicked out. *But the underworld, a bribe giver, so far has been immune.*

" Los Angeles needs a dose of what Thomas E. Dewey gave New York—diligent, unfettered prosecution. Neither Clinton nor Mayor Bowron thinks that Los Angeles' District Attorney Buron Fitts will supply it.

" On his record, the District Attorney—who while in office has been shot and indicted—is no Thomas E. Dewey. His career has been erratic, but it has shown flashes of brilliant prosecution. It was Fitts' office, it must be remembered, that prosecuted and convicted Kynette and Joe Shaw. Those were *notable and hard-fisted convictions* of two men who, some observers claim, were largely responsible for returning Fitts to office during his last campaign.

" Critics of Fitts charge that political expediency and public sentiment would alone have forced the prosecution of Kynette, and that Joe Shaw was a down-and-outer anyway. *They point to the fact that after those convictions there were no attempts to uncover evidence of other crimes.*"

All the italics above are mine. I put the words " notable and hard-fisted convictions " in italics for the reason that they are all that really matter, out of that entire quoted paragraph, so far as the actuality of law enforcement in Los Angeles is concerned. The rest of that paragraph is obviously directed at me personally, and at my office. It's the kind of stuff I'm used to, even if it's the kind of stuff that, in increasing doses through the years, has given me a feeling of loneliness.

AS for the sentences, " But the underworld, a bribe giver, so far has been immune," and, " Critics of Fitts . . . point to the fact that after those convictions there were no attempts to uncover evidence of other crimes "—

As for these, any one who reads today's Los Angeles newspapers or listens to local news broadcasts knows what utter poppycock these observations are! As I write this, another major prosecution of a group charged with corrupt practices is going on, full blast. Out of deference to the trial court, I cannot comment publicly on the merits of this case. But I can state emphatically that Clifford E. Clinton has had no more to do with this current prosecution than the man in the moon! And that *we* are no more pulling our punches in it than we've pulled them in any of the thousands of cases we've handled in the

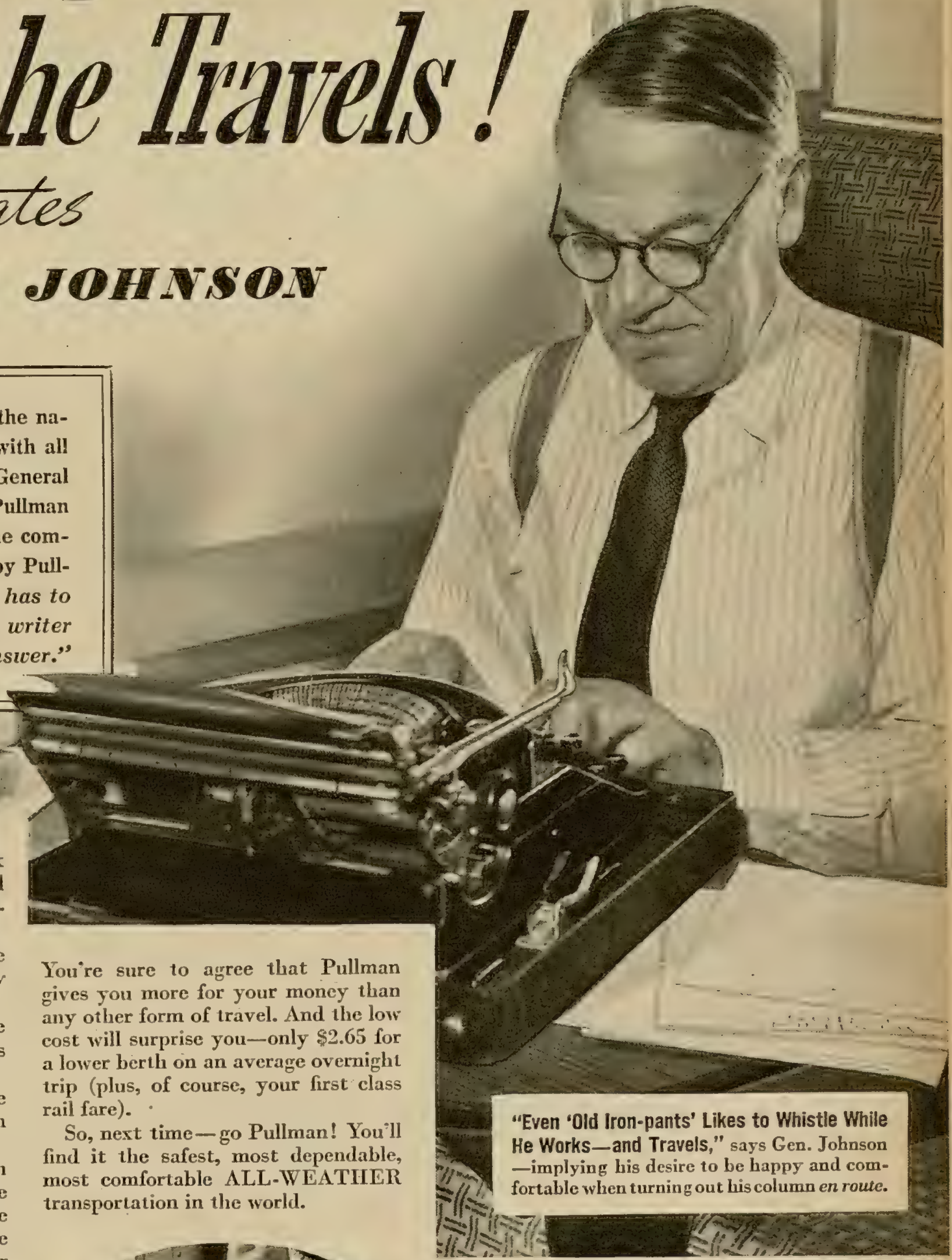
(*Continued on page 16*)

"Old Iron-pants" has to Work While he Travels!

states

GEN. HUGH JOHNSON

A columnist and commentator on the national scene must keep in touch with all parts of the country. That is why General Johnson is so frequently seen on Pullman trains. He is enthusiastic about the comfort and modern service offered by Pullman. He says: *"For a man who has to work while he travels—as any writer must—a Pullman is the only answer."*



"Even 'Old Iron-pants' Likes to Whistle While He Works—and Travels," says Gen. Johnson —implying his desire to be happy and comfortable when turning out his column *en route.*

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SAFEST, MOST COMFORTABLE WAY TO GET THERE QUICKLY...

Go Pullman

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(*Continued from page 14*)

last twelve years. Whatever the obstructionists may say about political expediency or a crying need for some prosecuting Moses to lead us out of a "wilderness" of corruption, the hard fact remains that those charged with crime are being prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

What else matters? What more can any reasonable, fair-minded, disinterested critic ask?

Now let's turn to the actual public record. Let's really take the "lid" off Los Angeles and see what's actually beneath it besides the several crimes and unquestionable instances of municipal corruption recounted by the authors in their articles.

In all probability, no section of the United States holds so many attractions for the criminal as southern California, and Los Angeles in particular. This is a beautiful country; we enjoy an unsurpassed year-round climate; people have come here from all over the world to live; this is not only one of the leading industrial and agricultural centers of the nation but has become the nation's playground. There is great wealth here; perhaps nowhere else on earth are living so many well-to-do retired citizens. I don't have to go into detail about Hollywood and its fabulously salaried workers, except to remind you that Hollywood is not a city but simply a district in the city of Los Angeles that overflows into the surrounding county.

ALTOGETHER, a happy hunting ground for the kidnaper, the racketeer, the confidence man, the extortionist, and every other sort of criminal.

Incidentally, the great bulk of our felonies have been committed by persons from other states. Some of the most bizarre murders in the nation's criminal history happen to have been committed here in Los Angeles. Some of them have had an Edgar Allan Poe quality about them—the Hickman case, for instance, or the Dyer case, both of which stunned the nation. Or a nightmare thing like the James case, the case of the barber who drowned his wife after ineffectually trying to kill her with rattlesnakes. And we have had our share of kidnapings, too.

Heaven knows I'm not boasting of these things! I'm neither proud of them nor do I view them as symptomatic of any essential degeneracy in our population. They were simply terrible crimes that occurred in our midst, as terrible crimes have occurred, and will continue to occur, in the midst of every American urban population.

But—and this is a big "but," and I'm proud of it—the records show that our percentage of felony convictions in 1938-39 was 80.2—the highest percentage of felony convictions obtained by any major District Attorney's office in America.

The records show that during the past twelve years we have never had an unsolved kidnaping in Los Angeles, that not a penny of ransom has ever been paid, and that my office has secured either the death penalty or life imprisonment for every kidnaper. They show that out of forty-one first-degree homicides in the past two years, thirty-nine have been solved and convictions obtained; that during the calendar year 1939 we obtained 143 convictions for rape and 369 convictions for robbery.

The records show—and here I come to the thing of which, perhaps, I'm proudest of all—that Los Angeles is by far the whitest spot in the nation, so far as gangsterism, racketeering, and organized crime are concerned.

And I'll stake my reputation, and the entire personnel of my office will stake theirs, on this statement: There is not a business house, industry, or private citizen in Los Angeles paying a nickel in tribute to a mob for so-called protection!

Please don't think I'm arrogating all the credit to my office. Far from it! To the office of the Sheriff of Los Angeles County, Eugene Biscailus, and to the Police Department of the city of Los Angeles, headed by Chief Arthur C. Hohmann, is due the credit for the brilliant, hard-hitting criminal investigation which has enabled us to hang up this record. The Lid Off Los Angeles to the contrary notwithstanding, I give it as my considered opinion that no two more efficient law-enforcement agencies exist in the country.

I'm proudest of our record against gangsters and racketeers. I could name potential racket after potential racket which we have scotched. Our policy has been to stop them before they could get started. And when they do try to start—and plenty of racketeers have thought they could get away with rackets in this Promised Land—our policy has ever been to hit them with arrests and prosecutions that will echo throughout the nation's underworld. I am very proud indeed to say that throughout that underworld we have the reputation, here in Los Angeles, of being tough where organized crime is concerned. The records speak for themselves.

GAMBLING and prostitution? Of course they exist in Los Angeles, as they exist in every large city in the country. There are two schools of thought about these evils. One school would recognize them as ineradicable, human nature being what it is, and would have them quasi-legalized and kept under strict police supervision. The other would have them stamped out as the great destroyers of the moral fabric of a population.

There is no question but that their effects on the moral fabric of a population are deleterious. But what would you? How far did this nation get in enforcing the prohibition amendment? Perhaps the army, navy, and Marine Corps, supplementing the police agencies o nation, might be able to assist police agencies effectually in pa tially wiping out all forms of vice. But what would we have? Military law? Summary courts? Gestapos and Ogpus? No, thank you! Not in the United States of America!

No; we can only do our best in the enforcing of certain sections of our penal codes. The thing that we have to crack down on is *organized* vice. I can say, without fear of contradiction by any one who is in a position to know, that gambling and prostitution are highly disorganized and spotty in Los Angeles. Would-be "vice overlords" have, of course, arisen from time to time, but we've never let them get beyond the "would-be" stage. I could tell you of instance after instance where, upon learning that a known Eastern "big shot" or "gorilla" had arrived in our midst, we have invited him to leave. Invariably these gentlemen have accepted our invitation with alacrity!

IN my quotations from the final Lid Off article you will have noted the reference to Thomas E. Dewey—a great prosecutor, who as District Attorney of New York County is accomplishing a Herculean task, and who deserves all the credit and honor the nation is according him for it. A man who is coping in his great city with never-ending crime problems just as we are coping with them here.

I am quite certain that Thomas E. Dewey understands what we have been up against here and what I'm trying to say in defending thus the reputation of my city. His office and my office work in the closest kind of harmony and liaison. Mr. Dewey recently told John Klein, my chief of detectives, that whenever he had anything he wanted attended to in Los Angeles, our office was the point of immediate and primary contact, because he knew we would get results for him. I am happy to add that our requests for assistance have invariably been met with equal responsiveness and effectiveness by Mr. Dewey's great organization in New York. As a matter of fact, there is never a time in our office when some work on some sort of local investigation is not being carried on for Mr. Dewey's office.

I am quite certain that he does not feel that "diligent, unfettered" prosecution is Los Angeles' crying need today. I am quite certain that he understands what I mean when I say that the only "fettering" we have to contend with is the fettering of half-baked uninformed criticism—the sort of criticism that has prompted me, in this article, to rise to the defense of my city.

It doesn't hurt to take the lid off Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. America, if only you wait until the steam clears away to see what's really there!

THE END

BAGDAD Begins

BY ROYAL BROWN

READING TIME • 28 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

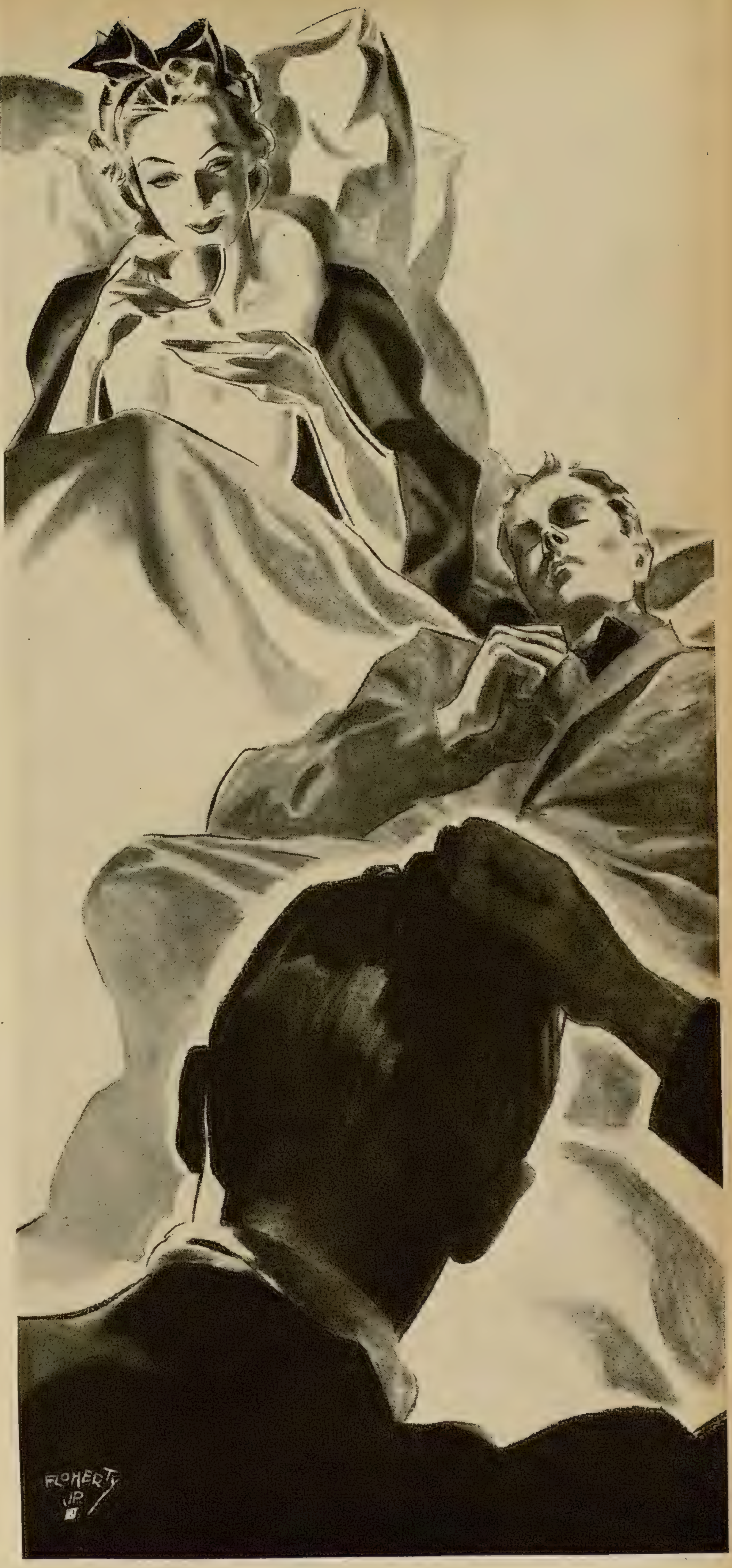
IN Boston it was raining. One of those cold gray March downpours that put overshoes on a girl's disposition even though she refuses to put them on her feet. But that night, which was a Friday, Breckenbridge Reed called Deborah up and assured her that it was snowing in New Hampshire and that they would have a swell week-end skiing. Deborah said she hoped so, but privately she doubted it. She was only twenty-four, but of late there had been moments when she wished she could return to the scene of her comparative childhood.

Go back to Smith, for instance, and hear a few Dartmouth boys assure her that she had a cute nose and a lovely voice.

So far as the business of being feminine was concerned nowadays, Deborah felt she was running definitely into the red. Take her birthday —or leave it . . . Deborah wished she had. She had celebrated it the preceding Tuesday, if you call *that* a celebration. Deborah didn't. She wasn't, she hoped, a material-minded wench, but the flowers Breck had sent her had given her emotional hay fever.

Not because they weren't expensive. An orchid corsage and three dozen blush roses, my dear! They were lovely, they were choice. And there was a card impeccably correct. As Breck's card *would* be. That lad did himself well. He was the casual tweedy type. He wore his clothes negligently but they were beautifully tailored; and in a moment of clairvoyance Deborah had visioned him turn-

The blithe, sparkling tale of a heart's enchantment and a damsel in distress



He found his voice: "And I thought that you were a nice girl!"

ing before a tailor's mirror, critical of eye.

On the card was written:

All of the best to one of the best.
BRECK.

And that was like him, too. He was one of those gifted young men who can intimate all manner of thrilling possibilities, seem touched with mad audacity, without really ever committing themselves in any way.

"And certainly not in writing," Deborah had told Deborah on her birthday.

Nevertheless, she had thanked him, and sweetly. And had gone to a party with him. Given by Breck . . . but not for her. A brawl he was throwing for a man he hoped to sell insurance to some day. She had met a nice man there. Which was fortunate. He was married; but just the same, like imperious Caesar turned to clay, he stopped a hole to keep the wind away.

For Deborah. Who otherwise might have spent the evening holding her own hand. While Breck donned the shining armor of his charm for the benefit of a brunette who, Deborah admitted, *was* effective.

The brunette didn't seem to have much to say, but she didn't need to. Breck could talk for two any hour of the day or night. He was telling her, on a ten-to-one bet, all about the insurance business. Which meant that he was admitting how good he was at it.

SHE, Deborah, could view Breck that way. Almost as if she were married to him. All he had needed, as Deborah's twenty-fourth anniversary had passed into history—or if it had just decided to go to blazes, that would be all right with Deborah—was a new audience.

"*You* must be an appreciative listener," he had assured her, Deborah, in that intimate flattering voice of his, the first time they had met. "I seldom talk so much about myself."

And she had believed it! Felt uplifted, almost schoolgirlish! She, Deborah Noyes! The smartly tailored, superefficient—and reasonably decorative—private secretary to the general manager of a string of chain stores.

"The hell you don't!" Deborah might have retorted, on the night of her birthday, if he had said anything like that to her then.

Instead, on the way home at three in the morning, he had said what she had guessed he would say:

"Did you see that brunette I got sidetracked with? And yet they say blondes are dumb!"

Deborah had yawned. There were a hundred things she might have said in answer. But all she said was:

"I felt sure she wouldn't appreciate you—too egocentric."

He hadn't gotten it at all. He had just reached for her hand, turned on his charm.

"There aren't many girls like you," he had assured her, in that tone that had once made Deborah's heart turn flip-flops.

But *not* just then, thank you. She had had — heaven knew why, she didn't—a facial and a wave for the occasion just ended, and she had worn a frock that had made a married man forget that he had a wife. She should have felt uplifted—but she didn't. Though:

"In fact, you're one in a million," Breck had added.

"Now I should purr," Deborah had said—but not to Breck. This was what they had drifted into. What had started like a courtship with no traffic lights had become a yawn. Her mother couldn't understand any of it. At first she had considered Breck simply perfect. She had regarded him with that expression that even modern mothers wear when they hear the distant tinkle of wedding bells.

AS time went on and the tinkle remained as distant as ever, she had changed her mind. And though she proclaimed herself broad-minded she didn't approve at all of Deborah going to New Hampshire with him.

"Do you mean you're afraid his intentions aren't honorable?" Deborah had asked. "Don't worry! He can't compromise me without compromising himself, and he'd never do that."

"It isn't as if you were engaged," her mother persisted. "Why should you waste time on him, go places with him, always be at his beck and call?"

"I sometimes wonder myself," Deborah admitted. "Perhaps the answer is that some men are like gardenias. And, after all, Breck goes awfully well with an evening frock—and a girl does need something like that in her life."

"I'll meet you at the North Station—the train leaves at eight thirty-two," Deborah's gardenia told her, over the phone, this March night.

"With ski boots on—not bells, I suppose," Deborah replied.

"Well, we don't want to waste time," he reminded her.

They arrived in New Hampshire just after twelve. It was to be some sort of a convention and there was more than skiing to it. Breck *was* a good insurance man. He had explained to her that you picked up good prospects at such affairs.

"I see," she had said. "You hope to drum up business. What am I—your little drummer girl?"

"You help," he admitted — and wasn't *that* sweet of him!

In New Hampshire it *had* snowed. From the train Deborah had looked out at clean candid slopes of new snow. At two o'clock, on skis freshly waxed, she stood looking down one. It looked like an anthill gone crazy. And why not? Who wasn't?

"Where in the devil is my red base?" Breck had demanded irritably—referring, Deborah knew, to a ski wax.

She had no idea, nor was she really interested in its whereabouts. But she knew that he was masculine and that a man will ask such questions. Her boss often did.

"Where in the devil did I put that New Britain memo?" her boss would demand irritably.

As he spoke, presumably, to no other woman than her and his wife. They were, however, both well paid for it. But how, Deborah wondered, did Breck get that way? Or, for that matter, how did she get this way?

This was Saturday. She might have lain abed late. Instead, here she was, at the top of a snow-clad hill, with skis on her feet. Because she loved skiing? Not at all. Simply because Breck loved skiing. "You'll love it too," he had assured her.

Last year. In February. When she had practically been his valentine. Even in ski pants she had felt like something laced and befrilled as he had told her she'd soon get the knack.

Only she hadn't.

"Good heavens," Breck had said, a minute ago this March afternoon. "Can't you even make a simple snowplow? I've shown you times enough."

No husband could have said it better, Deborah felt.

He had added, "Watch me!"

Deborah refused to. Let the other girls do it. *They* thought he was grand. Well, he was, Deborah supposed—he had some of the godlike assurance of a professional ski instructor. But why should she watch him demonstrate a snowplow—and not for her sole benefit? Personally, she would have given three cheers if he had taken a nose dive. But he didn't.

So Deborah deliberately looked elsewhere. At another man. He was young and one of the most attractive men Deborah had ever seen. Not just because he was long and wide of shoulder or had close-cropped fair hair or because his ski suit was as sweetly molded to him as it was obviously new.

MY hero!" Deborah decided as she watched him battle with skis that were having St. Vitus' dance. And added, as he sat down, "We have so much in common!"

He managed, with great exertion, to almost regain his feet, and then a ski slid out from under him and he sat down again.

"A man I could fall for," Deborah decided frivolously. "If only for the way he falls for me!"

Again he was up, and this time was downhill, imperiling life and limb. Not only his own but others'. He all but collided with Breck, who expertly side-stepped him, on his way back up the slope. Deborah breathed the crystal air, looked at the distant mountains, and was moved to poetry:

"I think ski-nuts
Have the brains of peanuts."

Ski-nuts toiled up and down the slope. They couldn't all be manufacturers and their wives lodged at the Pemi for the convention. Some of

(Continued on page 21)

Greater than its players . . . more than entertainment . . . THE BLUE BIRD is one of the most beautiful pictures ever made, a human drama of ageless appeal.

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in TECHNICOLOR

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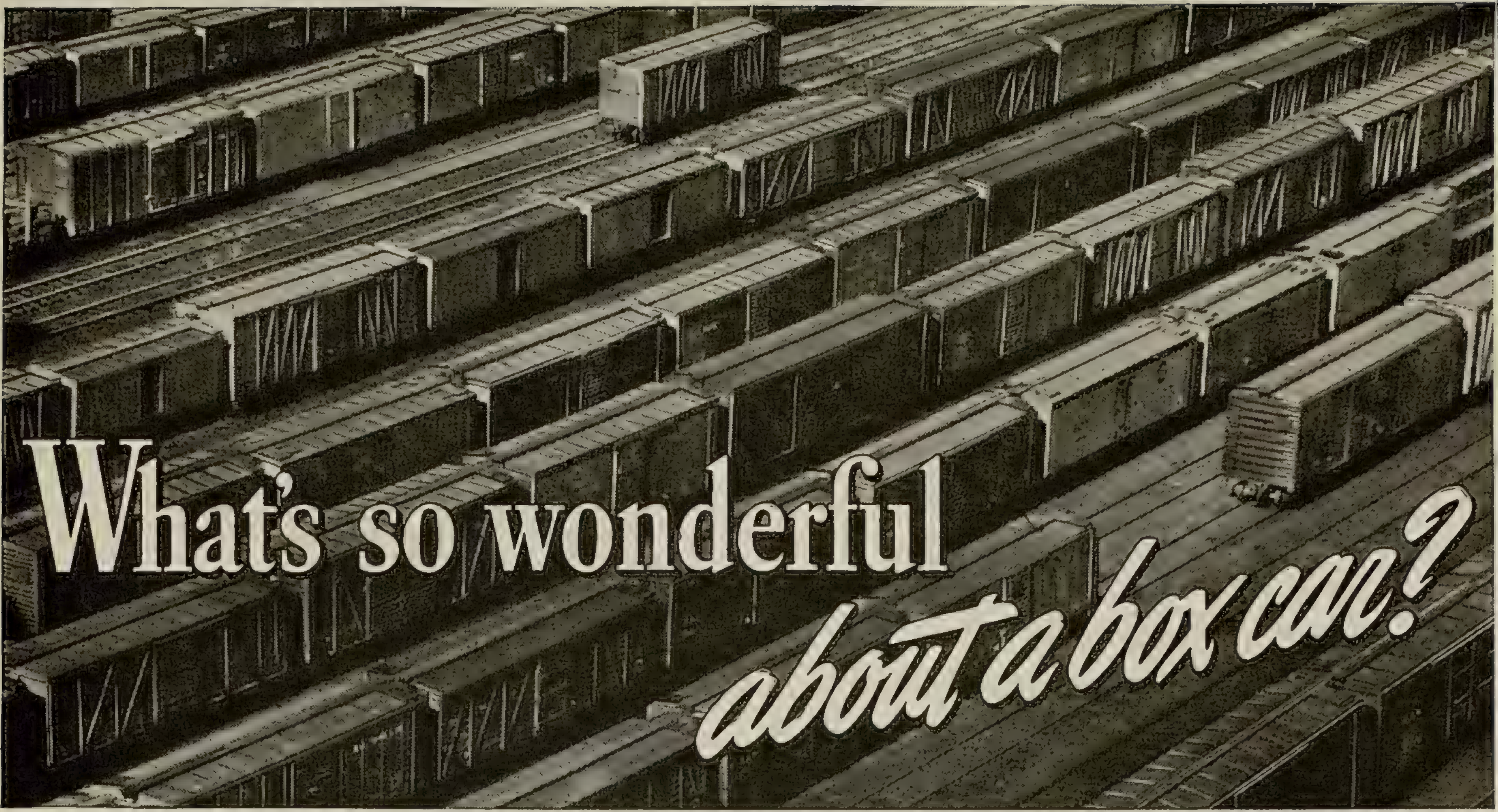

What's so wonderful about a box car?

MAYBE you've stood on a station platform recently while a freight train thundered by and thought, "It looks just the same as it did when I was a boy."

And you're pretty much right. Freight cars haven't changed much in appearance.

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Every freight car in America can be used on every railroad — and is equipped with standard parts so that repairs can be made in any railroad shop — or by emergency crews anywhere.

That surprise you? You haven't heard anything yet.

The real wonder of these freight cars is what they do *en masse.*

There are some 1,700,000 of them in operation — and the railroads know the exact location of every one, every hour of every day, in the United States, Canada, Mexico and Cuba.

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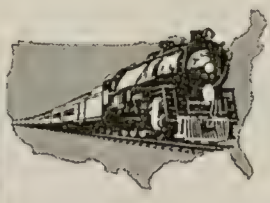
These cars are marshaled together into trains — hauled across the continent—run through classification yards—sorted and put back together in new combinations — until they reach their final destination—all with such precision that no one gives the whole process a second thought.

The measure of that smoothness is found in this fact — that *the railroads today could handle the all-time peak traffic—1929—with 350,000 to 400,000 fewer cars than they had then.*

All of which means that America has a railroad system to handle any *operating* problem that comes its way.

The only problem of the railroads is lack of earnings — and the best cure for that is a fair chance to earn a living and meet other forms of transportation on equal terms.



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A FAIR FIELD
NO GOVERNMENT FAVOR IN TRANSPORTATION

Association of AMERICAN RAILROADS Washington, D. C.

(Continued from page 18)

m were too young. Most of them ooked like pretzel designers using themselves for models. One of the instructors was superb, though, and a very tall girl with flaming hair and beautifully cut skiing clothes aped him with great intentness.

"That redhead isn't bad," Breck remarked, rejoining Deborah.

"You might tell her so," Deborah suggested. "If so, I'll see you again at dinner—or shall I?"

To herself she added, "Miaow!"

If the redhead wanted him, she could have him. Deborah suspected she'd get him anyway. She was coming toward them now. Her hair *was* beautiful; whether she was, Deborah could not decide. But she looked definitely socialite, and Deborah had her all summed up.

ONLY there must have been something wrong with her arithmetic.

A man said, "Hi, Reddy!" and the redhead smiled. Breck got another smile from Reddy, a reply to his opening gambit. But it soon became apparent even to the cynical Deborah that Reddy was not playing any ski-hill Delilah to any male Samson. She was too much interested in skiing.

"I love it!" she told Deborah. "It's like roller coasting. I was always mad about that, and they'd never go often enough."

She had paused beside Deborah at the top of the hill. With Breck at the bottom. And *that* practically made history. Hitherto, when Breck spotted a girl, they became Siamese twins for the rest of the afternoon or evening.

To Reddy, obviously, a man was just a man; but skiing was almost a religion. She brought an evangelical fervor to it, seemed anxious to spread the light to benighted heathen who had yet to see it.

She had long greenish eyes, but there was warmth in them; and if she was socialite, she was sweet too. To Deborah.

"Be a panther," Reddy urged. "That's what one of the instructors always says. You prowl uphill like a panther."

Deborah tried prowling. "But I doubt if I'm ever shot for a panther."

Snowplowing was easy, Reddy assured her.

"You mean it looks easy," Deborah retorted.

It did — maddeningly so. You placed your skis in a snowplow V and kept them that way. That was all there was to it. The out was that Deborah's skis had epilepsy or something. Nine times out of ten they crossed and she sat down.

The tenth time she fell forward and sprained her ankle.

Nor was that wholly her fault. She had tried to stop in a hurry, and stopping in a hurry wasn't the best thing Deborah did. Not on skis. The reason she had to stop in a hurry was that her hero was loose again, and though Deborah had no objection to meeting him formally or even informally, she didn't care to meet him while traveling at what seemed to her a tremendous speed on skis.

He went on his way, not too happily, still struggling with his skis. Deborah tried to rise, and gave up. Her ankle really *was* sprained. She wasn't being dramatic, angling for sympathy. Breck didn't say she was, of course. But beneath the surface was an irritation that Deborah sensed. She was spoiling his afternoon. He wished she'd get up and ski.

Only she couldn't. He had to take her back to the Pemi.

The doctor said genially, "You got off easily—only a bad sprain. Last week I had a broken leg and fractured pelvis."

Breck said, "I suppose I might as well go back and ski—there's nothing I can do here."

He glanced at Reddy, who had come back with Deborah too. But Reddy stayed. She'd been skiing all winter anyway, she told Deborah. She got Deborah a cocktail from the bar. She talked about Miami and Magnolia, Florence, Italy, and Sun Valley, Idaho. She was a Scheherazade in ski pants. She was very young, but whether her face was childish or knowing was another riddle.

THE early dusk set in; from downstairs came the bedlam of returning skiers.

"Everybody getting tight, even the convention group. It's going to be wild," Reddy reported happily.

She went off, Breck came in. "Feeling any better?" he asked.

"My ankle feels swell," she told him.

He let that go. The king was in no mood to be amused.

"No chance of your getting down to dinner, I suppose," he said.

"Not a chance," she replied. "You can make that other date of yours final—if it isn't already."

Before he could answer that one, Reddy reappeared, bearing a short house coat fashioned of green brocade and lined with white fur.

"But it's much too grand for just dinner in bed—and I'll probably go to sleep early," Deborah protested.

"Silly!" said Reddy cryptically. "Where's your lipstick?"

And that was the beginning of a sequence of events that would have filled Deborah's mother with horror. It certainly horrified Breck. He drifted in a little after nine.

"I just thought," he began, "I'd drop in and—"

He stopped there, framed by the doorway. Looking like a maiden aunt now. But the very tall dark young man who looked something like Clark Gable, and who had a line you could have hung all the ladies from Helen of Troy to Wallis Simpson on, remained unabashed.

Deborah didn't even know his name. Reddy never bothered to introduce anybody. She just brought them in. To keep Deborah amused.

They all carried glasses and some of them seemed to need glasses. But they were all swell. Just what a girl with a sprained ankle needed of a Saturday night. To make her forget the pain and ward off the complications, like an inferiority complex.

This one had a brandy-and-soda in one hand and Deborah's hand in the other. He glanced at Breck—then back to Deborah.

"If it's your husband, darling," he said to Deborah, "you can tell him I'm the doctor taking your pulse. Otherwise, ask him what the hell he's doing here!"

Breck looked murderous, but Deborah just smiled.

"Having a good time?" she asked him sweetly.

"Swell," said Breck stiffly. "I just dropped in to see if you were all right—"

"Kind of you," Deborah acknowledged.

"Always the Boy Scout!" said the tall dark man pleasantly.

Breck said, "I see you don't lack for company!"

"He can still see!" the tall dark man applauded. "Shall we buy him a drink?"

Deborah said to Breck, "I don't—and trust you don't."

Breck said nothing. He just went away.

"You wouldn't tell me that you were engaged to anything like *that!*" the dark young man protested earnestly.

"Silly thing!" said Reddy.

Whether she meant Breck or the dark visitor, Deborah wasn't sure. But presently she took the latter away and brought another. She evidently knew everybody except the manufacturers and their wives.

DEBORAH'S night in bed began to take on an Arabian Nights quality.

"There's a man here from New York who is loud laughter," Reddy reported, shortly after ten. "He's already called Honolulu, Miami, and Sun Valley. When his Honolulu call came through, the girl in the office went to get him, and he was so drunk he just tried to get her to sit in his lap. Then she got him started, and he landed in the kitchen. After she rescued him from there, he disappeared into the bar—"

"You're making it up!" Deborah protested.

"I'm not *that* gifted!" Reddy retorted.

Even then Deborah didn't quite believe it; but it was well she had been prepared, for hardly had Reddy left when the door opened. Through it came a fat man in white pajamas. He looked like an outsize cherub.

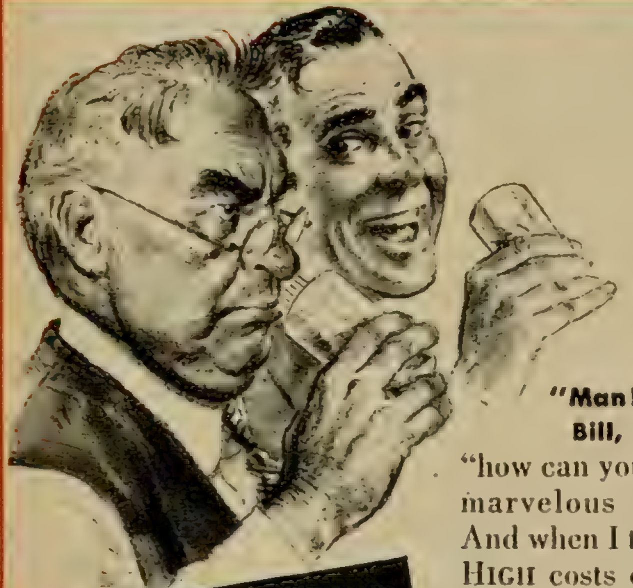
"Is Mac here?" he asked.

"Not unless he is under the bed," Deborah replied, entering into the Bagdadish spirit of the evening. "I haven't looked there recently."

She should have known better. He proceeded to look under the bed.

1

"$32 saved on my income tax! How did you do it?" I asked. Bill smiled. "Oh, you overlooked things." So I set out TEN HIGH—the whiskey with No Rough Edges—and said, "Here's one thing I haven't overlooked. I'm going to Double My Enjoyment of your good news!"



2

"Man!" exclaimed Bill, after one sip, "how can you afford such marvelous whiskey?" And when I told him TEN HIGH costs only about a buck a pint, Bill smiled and said, "Thanks, pal! We've shown each other how to save money today!"

GET THAT TEN HIGH SMILE

I'M TICKLED, MISTER, THAT I TRIED TEN HIGH—THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES." YOU'LL GO FOR IT, TOO!
Hiram Walker's
TEN HIGH
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

90 proof
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STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY · STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

Double your enjoyment with Ten High

"He isn't there!" he reported finally, sole

"*I'm* disappointed, too!" Deborah assured him.

He caught sight of the telephone. "Oh—a telephone" he said. "I've been looking for one for the longest time. Do you mind if I use yours?"

Deborah said she didn't. He took off the receiver.

"I want the Monarch of Bermuda, wherever she is. . . . What? . . . Why, the Monarch of Bermuda is a boat. She's at she— I mean at sea. I want to talk to Mrs. Horace Johnson. She's a she at sea too."

He hung up, looked gravely at Deborah. Then he said, "May I say you are very beautiful?"

"You may sing if you wish," Deborah assured him. Instead he bowed. "I'm so glad to have met you. Good-by!"

He started for the door. The telephone rang.

"Your call," Deborah told him.

"My call," he repeated vaguely. Then he flashed a cherubic smile at her and said, "*You* talk to her. I've forgotten what I wanted to say."

And with that he went out.

With visions of the Monarch of Bermuda hanging on the other end, Deborah picked up the phone.

"Oh, *that's* all right," the transmitter reassured her. "This is just the switchboard girl talking. I didn't think he really wanted the call."

REDDY came in. She had a man with her. He was young and still one of the most attractive men Deborah had ever seen; in fact, she realized that she had been hoping Reddy would dig him up, so she could decide if he looked as plausible at second glance as he had at first—on the ski hill that forenoon, where he had fallen for her several times and she had fallen for him—once.

"I don't know his name," Reddy began, "but—"

"Timothy," said the young man, in a voice that was vague but nice too.

Reddy flashed her gaminesque smile at him. Then she said to Deborah, "He's got the bluest eyes you ever saw!"

Deborah looked at Timothy. "Let me see them."

He stepped over to her obediently, and opened his eyes wide. They were the blue one sees once in a lifetime.

"They *are* beautiful!" Deborah told him.

He said very courteously, "I'm glad you think so."

And, with that, he slumped down on the bed beside her and went instantly to sleep.

"What fun!" said Reddy. She prodded Timothy. "Get up!"

There was no response. "I didn't dream he'd pass out that way," Reddy apologized. "He's really awfully sweet!"

Deborah looked down at the rumpled head, the wide shoulders. He was all of six feet but he looked, at the moment, like a relaxed baby.

"Where did you find him?" Deborah asked Reddy.

"At the desk," said Reddy. "He said somebody stole his bed—"

"Stole his bed? Is he as bad as *that?*"

"Oh, but somebody did," Reddy told her. "The place is simply jammed. Some of the lunatic fringe who came late swiped the bed in his room. The manager has sent for more cots and mattresses. They'll be here soon."

She glanced at Timothy. He never stirred.

"I'll get the night watchman," she said then. "He'll take care of him until his bed comes."

Deborah surprised herself. "Let him stay here until then—I'll take care of him."

And if she couldn't explain that even to herself, how could she hope to explain it to Breck?

She didn't even try. The door opened and there was Breck. His mouth was open as if to speak. Instead, his eyes opened wider.

"You really *should* knock before entering," Deborah told him. "Where are your manners?"

He found his voice: "And I thought *you* were a nice girl!"

"But now you know how good I am," Deborah retorted unabashed.

"I never dreamed," Breck began afresh, "that you'd ever—"

“Darling,” Deborah protested, “if you *must* deliver a sermon, *do* rub the lipstick off your cheek first!”

“Lipstick?” he repeated, raising one hand to his cheek.

“The other cheek—*there!*” said Deborah. “Now you're just smearing it all over! And speaking of morals, where did you get branded? She wasn't a prospect, was she?”

He gave her an infuriated glance.

“*Now* I know how you'd look when the bills came in,” Deborah remarked. “At any girl you might marry—”

“I'll never marry you!” he assured her forcibly.

“My first refusal—how can I bear it!” Deborah retorted frivolously. “But if your intentions are not honorable, what are you doing in my room at this hour of the night? I—”

But Breck was going, and his backward glance was certainly something to remember him by. Without regret.

Reddy came back, glanced at Timothy. “The lamb!” she said. “He came up with that wild bunch from Concord; but he can't be a member in good standing—*they* never pass out on their feet that way.”

She looked at Timothy again. “I just wanted to be sure he wasn't bothering you. The cots and mattresses will be here any minute.”

She went out again. And with her, this time, went all sense of reality. The sequence of events that had seemed merely fantastic, Bagdadish, now seemed incredible. She was, after all, Deborah Noyes, and no one knew better than she that Deborah Noyes was a nice girl.

“In spite of all my efforts to overcome what is a considerable handicap these days,” she reflected.

A nice girl might sprain her ankle and lie abed in a strange hotel. She might even, as a result of something that seemed lifted from the movies, find herself, at midnight, waiting for a strange man to be removed from that bed.

But if she were really nice, surely she'd be shocked!

Deborah was not shocked. The lamp on the table beside her bed shone on Timothy's fair close-cropped hair. In spite of his length, his width of shoulder, he looked curiously defenseless. He looked as Reddy had said—sweet: a lamb. A weak one? Deborah thought of his eyes: their vivid blueness, the clarity of their whites. He certainly couldn't drink much often.

Inexplicably the belief made her very glad.

“Perhaps his wife is wondering where he is,” Deborah put on the brakes for Deborah.

She caught her breath. He was stirring. His eyes opened and he looked at her, briefly bewildered. His amazing eyes were cold sober, startled into what she had suspected must be their customary keenness.

It was rather an awful moment, but not in the way Mrs. Grundy would have preferred it to be. Deborah was properly ashamed—but only that she had not had the wit to powder her nose while he slept.

Mrs. Grundy would not have approved of her at all. Yet Timothy must have. For, after a long moment, he said slowly:

“So I didn't dream you, after all!”

He rose and looked down at her. He made her feel shyer than she ever had before in her life. For a moment there was silence. Then:

“I can't tell you how sorry I am,” he said. “I came up for skiing, and after dinner I had several drinks—and I'm just a two-drink man at the most. I realized the extras were a mistake, and was on my way to bed when I discovered that somebody had stolen my bed. And after that—”

The door burst open. Reddy.

“What fun!” said Reddy. “The mattresses came, but somebody dropped a cigarette on one and it caught fire and—”

Reddy paused. “Oh, my!” she said. “But am I superfluous!”

She was—or was she? What would Timothy have said next? He might have spoiled it all. Spoiled what? A man coming in and passing out cold on her bed? No; there was more to it than that. At the least, this would be something to remember.

And abruptly he made it very memorable. He bent his fair head, took her right hand, and kissed it.

“One of the ski instructors downstairs has that habit,” he told her, as his eyes met hers again. “It seemed to me silly and affected—but I can't

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think of a better idea at the moment."

And that was his exit line.

Reddy breathed, "And they told me he was a farmer!"

"A farmer?" Deborah echoed out of a rosy daze.

"They said he had one, near Portsmouth," Reddy explained. "They must have been kidding. Or have I been wasting my time on men who just sell bonds or real estate?"

As she lay there at three, awake but still blissfully dreaming, Deborah told herself that in the morning she would be sane again. In the morning the March sun beat down on wide expanses of snow. Its reflected light was as hard and sterile as that of an operating room when Deborah opened her eyes to it.

The unfamiliar room became familiar. She glanced at her wrist watch. Ten thirty. She discovered a note beside her pillow, and snatched at it. But it was from Reddy:

"Forgive me for running away to ski. They'll give you your breakfast whenever you ring for it, and I'll be back before one."

EXPERIMENTALLY Deborah thrust one slim ankle, and then one not so slim, out of bed. She could stand on the bandaged one, even hobble, with the aid of furniture. Perhaps that wasn't wise, but a great need spurred her.

Her lipstick and all those first aids to a girl's sense of well-being were on the bureau, below the mirror.

The mirror was as uncompromising, as unflattering, as the March sun. But this and that helped. She rang for breakfast. It came on a tray. On the tray was an envelope. On the envelope was a rose.

The forefinger that tore the envelope was almost feverish. And then, after all, it was just from Breck:

"Have gone skiing. Hope your ankle feels better this morning. I'll look in on you at noon and discuss plans for getting you home. I hope you'll be able to take the train with me."

So Breck was going to be a perfect gentleman. Even if it killed him! If she had been very much in love with him, she might have clung to the idea he had sent the rose. But she knew better.

"The waitress put it on," she assured herself.

Breakfast in bed soothes the feminine ego, but Deborah's was not uplifted. Last night she had been in Bagdad; this morning she was back in New Hampshire. Everybody had gone skiing. At noon Breck would appear, arrange for her return home.

"In the aloof manner of a police matron about to escort a wayward girl to a home for incorrigibles," decided Deborah, spurning egg and bacon and concentrating on the coffee.

Tomorrow was Monday. And tomorrow T. B., who was her boss but whose lungs were O. K., would rave and rage because his trusty slave was A. W. O. L.

She could never get to work with that ankle. The coffee should have been indigo to match her mood. Because:

"He probably doesn't even remember where he was," she had decided.

She was no longer thinking of Breck. Or her boss.

The door opened tentatively. A bellboy appeared. He carried a florist's box. In it were gardenias arranged as a corsage. And a card.

"Accept my apologies and forgive me if you can," this read.

On her birthday Deborah had received blush roses. But they hadn't put roses in her cheeks. Gardenias did.

"Has he gone?" she asked the bellboy breathlessly.

He grinned. "Oh, no—he's down in the lobby. He—"

But Deborah demanded paper, a pencil. He produced both. She wrote:

"Your floral offering is much appreciated—but shouldn't an apology be made in person?"

She read that and felt shameless, absolutely transparent. So she added:

"Come up anyway for a moment if you're not off to the ski hills too. I'm horribly bored."

She didn't look bored when he came in, however. He gave her a swift glance, matched her welcoming smile with one almost as breathless.

"I hoped you'd ask me to come up," he said with complete candor, "but I didn't dare suggest it myself."

No better beginning than that could have been contrived. After that they got along easily and swiftly.

He did have a farm. "It's been in the family for generations," he explained. "I studied agriculture at Cornell. Would you care to see it?"

"I'd love to, sometime," she said.

"I mean today. You could drive with me as far as Portsmouth—"

"But my ankle!" Deborah reminded him.

"I can carry you to my car. If you'll just get ready—"

He didn't mean Reddy. But Reddy came in as if cued.

"A snow train just came in, and snow-trainers get in my hair—but literally," she announced. "What are you doing?"

"Writing a note," said Deborah, and handed it to her.

SWEET of you to be so concerned about my getting home," Deborah had written Breck, "but Timothy Dwight is driving me to Portsmouth. I'm going to stop off and see his farm, and then he'll put me on the five-o'clock train and wire for a taxi to meet me at the station. So don't worry—just have fun!"

Reddy grinned. "How you must have hated to write that," she remarked. Then, looking at Deborah, she added, "And am I a Cupid!"

Reddy helped dress her, then went to see if Timothy had his car ready. She returned breathlessly.

"And am I goggle-eyed!" she announced. "This farm is something you must look into exhaustively. Any farm that can produce a car that takes seven minutes to pass a given point must be something in any girl's life! It's a honey!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Deborah.

"You'll see!" Reddy prophesied.

Deborah did. Timothy carried her down through the lobby. The lobby was full of skiers, with the female of the species much more deadly than the male.

It was evident that the skiesses suspected an act.

"If somebody yelled fire and he dropped her, she'd move fast enough," one girl remarked very distinctly.

The car *was* a honey. A coupé obviously almost new. Timothy deposited Deborah in it and Reddy wrapped a robe about her knees. Then, as Timothy returned to the Pemi for something, Reddy smiled her gaminesque smile.

"Add advantages of a sprained ankle," she remarked. "Let me know how it comes out, won't you? And you might keep in mind that, though yet to be a bride, I can give references on being a bridesmaid!"

In that there was no venom certainly, yet it left Deborah self-conscious. She had, she knew, simply leaped at Timothy's suggestion that he drive her down, and she wondered what he thought of that. And her.

She glanced up at him as he slipped into the seat beside her. He was, more than ever, the most attractive man she had ever met.

THE car started, began traversing the plowed road lined with banked snow. He glanced at her. There seemed to be a question in those breath-taking eyes of his. A question and something more—or was there?

All he said was, "Comfortable?" but it was like a caress.

"Very," said Deborah.

And yet, she wasn't. She was deliberately steeling herself. She wasn't going to let herself be fooled again.

So she said, "Tell me some more about your farm!"

"It's very old and rather lovely—and I hope you'll love it," he replied. "But I've decided not to take you there today."

Deborah's eyes widened. "Not today?"

He smiled, shook his head. "I'm not trying to rush you, really—but I hope you can be rushed." He hesitated a fraction of a second and then added deliberately: "I've got to see your mother. To tell her that you were discovered in bed with a strange man, and that I feel it is up to me to make an honest woman of you."

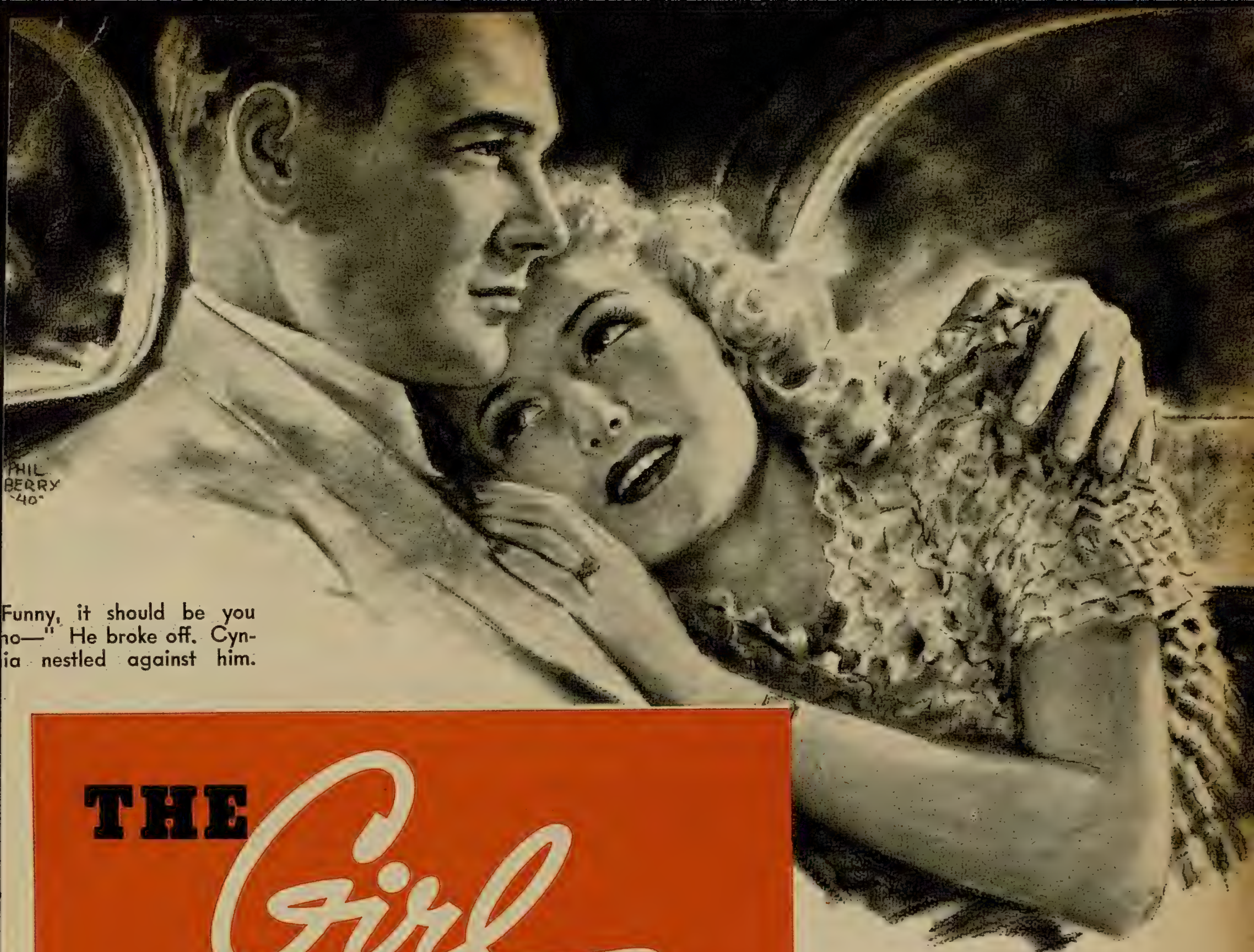
In spite of herself, Deborah blushed. But she recovered swiftly. "Are you sure it can be done?"

His amazing eyes held hers and his free hand reached for hers. "Damn sure—and for keeps!"

"Goody, goody!" said Deborah.

Meaning that she felt damn sure Bagdad had not ended, but just begun.

THE END



Funny, it should be you o—" He broke off. Cyn- ia nestled against him.

THE *Girl* NEXT DOOR

BY ERIC HATCH

Author of My Man Godfrey

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WHEN his money dwindles to the point where he has to sell his horses and rent his Long Island estate, Bradley Norton drinks a great deal of brandy and prepares to shoot himself. He is saved by the arrival of Cynthia Carlton, whose father owns the place next door to his. Cynthia is nineteen and has been in love with Bradley ever since she was flower girl at his wedding ten years before. She hates his wife, Florence, who has left him but who won't give him a divorce. She hates her much more when Bradley tells her that even the rent he is to receive for his house must go to Florence to make up the thousand dollars a month he agreed to give her when they separated, and that he will be left absolutely penniless.

Cynthia takes Bradley and his terrier, Jane, to her house. They are discussing the things a man who has never worked might do to earn a living when William, the Carltons' butler, announces there is a man outside who has asked permission to leave a midget on the lawn. Cynthia and Bradley investigate and discover that the "midget" is a racing car and that the man, George Sykes, is a mechanic who wants to sell it. The driver was killed in a crash. William takes a fancy to the car and offers to buy it.

PART TWO—A RESCUE . . AND TROUBLE AHEAD

THE deal transferring ownership of the red racing car to William was accomplished with dispatch. Back in the living room, his morale completely shattered, William joined Cynthia and Bradley and George Sykes in a drink and proudly wrote a check for a thousand dollars. The car had originally cost many times that, but it had killed two men and none of the drivers would touch it. Sykes, broke, was on his way down the island to Mattituck to hole up at his uncle's house until he could get a job. William promptly gave him the job of head mechanic. Then he turned to Bradley.

"Mr. Norton," he said, "you'll train her yourself, won't you, sir?"

Bradley, who understood perfectly what William meant, answered in kind.

"Sure, I'll school her for you." And then, seriously, "You mean you actually want me to race her?"

He was thinking hard. Up until now he hadn't really thought William planned to do more than own the thing as a pretty toy. In the back of his mind he'd only hoped he would get a chance to drive it in a race. He'd done some pretty fancy things with his own trick cars—he'd even driven the Mercedes in a road race in France. It shouldn't be hard for

Brilliant, gay, captivating! Don't miss this lively novel of love and laughter him to catch on to the midget technique. Then an idea came to him that lifted the whole business out of the realm of fantasy. He spoke to Sykes.

"George," he said—they were all old friends now—"can a man make a living driving one of those things?"

George smiled a little grimly.

"He can if he's good," he said, "and if he don't get—hurt."

"Bradley!"

Bradley turned. Cynthia was looking at him with the fear that had been in her heart showing now in her eyes. She was twisting a wisp of handkerchief and her lips were parted in excitement.

"Bradley—don't be a fool! George told us none of the regular drivers would touch that car!"

BRADLEY NORTON smiled at her. It was swell having a pretty girl begging you not to do something because it was dangerous.

"Cynnie," he said, "remember—a little while back—when you were trying to think of things I could do for a living? You said yourself I'd have to find something nobody else wanted to do."

She didn't answer.

"I think I've found that something," said Bradley.

"Do you mean this, Bradley? I mean, you're serious?"

"I'm plenty serious," said Bradley. "It's a lot more respectable than being a dog walker."

Both of them were unconscious of the stares of Sykes and William.

"You said your life belonged to me now, Bradley."

"I know. I told you I'd give you a bill of sale. But I've got a chance, Cynnie, to start making something of myself on my own instead of sponging a job off some friend. Don't try to stop me."

Cynthia was vaguely proud. This sort of talk, coming from the last of the Nortons, was a pleasant surprise.

"What I was leading up to," she said, "was that if you're going to be a race driver you've got to be the best race driver that there is." She smiled back at him. "I won't settle for less."

"Hear, hear!" said William.

"I could use another shot of that Scotch," said George.

At the word Scotch, William immediately snapped back into character and stayed that way until he had served the drinks. When he became a human being again, it turned out he had something on his mind—namely, that whereas it might be all right for somebody else's bright red race car to stay outdoors all night, it was out of the question for his bright red race car not to be properly stabled. The fact that the Carltons' garage was much too small, and that George Sykes explained at length why a little dew wouldn't hurt the car at all, made no difference. Finally, looking at Bradley, he said, "Very well, young George, I'll leave it up to her trainer; but I'll say now, if it's my last speech, that I'd sooner leave my old mother, if I had one, out in the damp than that poor pretty thing, *and* I'll add that I wouldn't sleep a solitary wink from the worry of it!"

Bradley and Cynthia laughed and gave in. It had occurred to them that possibly William had in mind that the Carltons *père et mère* would in all probability be none too pleased if they came home and found the place all cluttered up with their butler's whimsies. They locked the terrier in the house, then the four of them climbed into the sedan; William in front with George, and Cynthia and Bradley in the back with their feet tangled up in spanners and pliers and other tools that literally covered the floor. The sedan had no sooner lurched out of the driveway than Cynthia began to suffer from hot and cold flashes. In the darkness of the back seat, Bradley took her hand.

"Cynnie," he said, "it's pretty wonderful to have somebody care what happens to you. You care a lot, don't you?"

"Oh, Bradley! You know I do." Her voice was almost a whisper.

"Funny, it should be you who—" He broke off. Cynthia nestled against him. It was something of a shock to Bradley to find that Cynthia's hand in his and Cynthia's shoulder against him were making him forget all the worries that such a little while ago had crushed him by their weight. Even having her breathe on his chin seemed pleasantly exciting. He knew that there actually couldn't be anything exciting about having Fred Carlton's daughter breathe on his chin, but tonight there was.

"I'm glad you came," he said.

"I had to." She breathed extra hard, sighing. "Maybe it was—was ordained like that. Maybe it was all planned out years ago for us to . . ."

Dangerous ground. She stopped.

"Ordained for us to what, Cynnie?"

HER voice wasn't a whisper any more when she answered. The spell had passed. They were driving under the floodlights of Bob's Garage. The spell had been made of moonlight.

"Ordained for us to be driving to Bob's Garage with William and George and good old number forty-four hanging on the back."

Bradley looked at her but didn't say anything for a moment. She moved to her corner of the seat and he said, "I'll go dig up Bob," and got out of the car. George got out too, and started to unhitch the trailer. Bradley went on into the garage.

"Hi, Bob!" he called.

"Ain't got time now," a voice answered him from behind a big old-fashioned tow car. He walked around the car and saw Bob McCail, tall and gray and built like a blacksmith, trying to crank it with his left hand. His right, Bradley saw, was in a sling and had a bandage around the wrist. Bob looked up.

"Oh, it's you! Say, Bradley, give me a hand, will you? Been a bad smash down the turnpike. They need me bad."

"A smash! That's a shame," said Bradley. He took Bob's place at the crank and spun it.

"How about drivin' her for me, Brad? I ain't much use with this flipper."

"Sure," said Bradley, and spun again. The old engine coughed once, then roared into full life.

Bradley and Bob climbed into the cab and he backed it out of the garage. Alongside the sedan he stopped.

"Accident up the road," he said. "Bob's got a bum arm. I've got to drive." He turned to Bob. "Which way?"

"Toward Huntington. 'Bout five miles down."

Bradley nodded and they rolled off.

"What's the smash?" asked Bradley.

"Don't know," said Bob. "Cop just said hurry up. One guy was dead—he didn't say about the other."

Bradley didn't say anything. He was sorry Bob had told him. Now he'd have to think about how the dead man would look until they got there, and remember how he looked all the rest of his life.

PRESENTLY they saw lights in the road ahead, and a line of cars and people standing around with blank faces. A traffic cop waved his arm and pointed toward the left side of the road.

They drove with a lurch over the ditch at the edge of the road and into a field. There was another crowd here, their faces not so blank. Looming ugly and monsterish in the glare of the wrecker's headlights was what had been a big convertible sedan, upside down, its top crushed to splinters. Beside it lay the body of a man. He lay on his back, with his legs twisted out of shape and one arm under him. Bradley tried not to look at him, but he couldn't help it, and when he did he was doubly shocked. It was Farney, the man he'd said wouldn't give up a thousand a month to marry Florence. He was sort of sorry he'd said that about him. Farney looked as though he'd known he was dying.

The traffic cop had followed them into the field. He leaned into the cab now and said, "Snap into it, mugs. There's a woman pinned inside there. Get your hook onto it."

Bradley's face turned as white as the dead man's. In that second, when he knew who the woman must be, he forgot a lot of things and remembered so many things he thought he'd forgotten. He remembered the first time he'd met her and the things they'd said and a whole sequence of things about that. But especially he remembered the wedding, and especially he forgot the hurt and bitterness of the years that followed it.

He had the chain on now, around the rear springs, and pulled it onto the hook and yelled at Bob to hoist.

able tightened on the crane, and dley got down on all fours to awl under as soon as the wreck fted enough. The cop said, "Watch yourself! It ain't funny if these babies drop on you."

After that, things were confused to Bradley. Before the side of the car was more than a foot off the ground he was under it and had found Florence. He saw that, as sometimes happens in accidents, she was immaculate. Her blue evening dress was barely deranged, and her hair lay in smooth dark waves back from her white forehead.

"Blast you!" he muttered. "It's just like you to be beautiful—even now."

Her eyes were closed. He was glad of that. It would have been awful to have had to remember them staring at him—like Farney's. Then he thought he saw her breathe.

"Hey, bud! Look out! She's droppin'! The cable . . . ."

Bradley heard the chain scrape on the spring. He bent over and put his hands under his wife's shoulders and pulled desperately. The cop took hold of his ankles and pulled. He felt the wet grass slide under his stomach, and prayed. A second later he was clear, and a split second after that the last strand of the winch cable snapped and the car flopped back onto the ground. It landed two inches from the bottom of the woman's shoes. Bradley sat up and ran his hand across his eyes. He was sweating like a prizefighter and felt dazed. He heard the whine of an ambulance siren, felt a gentle hand on his shoulder. He supposed Cynthia must have arrived. Then he heard her speaking. She sounded as though she were talking to herself:

"He couldn't save his own life, but he could save hers."

He remembered how Cynthia hated Florence. Cynthia'd been so nice to him that night. Funny—this was the second time he'd looked at death that night. Awfully decent of Cynthia to have saved him. Lord, how she hated Florence! And she had been wonderful to him.

"I don't know whether she's alive or not," he said.

It was almost as though he were apologizing to her.

CYNTHIA CARLTON'S father sat at breakfast, steeped in peace. He was one of the few drinking men in the country who enjoyed breakfast. He found it both peaceful and stimulating. He liked looking through the open French windows of the dining room at his lawn and his pasture, his paddock and his stable. He liked reading his paper and twirling his full gray mustache and pretending he was living a hundred years before his time. He could only do that in the early morning before his modern wife and very modern daughter came into his life again.

He was on his second cup of coffee before he began to realize that this morning was different from other mornings. It was when he noticed for the first time that William was talking to himself. This was a false note; but not being a scolder by nature, he merely coughed loudly and reprovingly as William himself would cough at anything untoward.

"As Heaven's my judge, 'twould have been best for all had he left her there, and so it would."

Fred Carlton looked up sharply. If the man must talk while he served, at least he could talk rationally and let his master join in. Carlton joined in.

"Why would it have been better?" he said.

"Because, with Miss Cynthia just beginning to do nicely, so to speak, sir, it seems a bit of a shame to have her bumped clear off the course first time round."

FRED CARLTON looked at his butler again. He was used to informality in William on occasion, and to austerity. He wasn't used to out-and-out fiddle-faddle.

"William," he said, "have you any idea what you've been talking about all this time I've been breakfasting?"

William looked outraged.

"I've said not a word, sir. It's not my place."

Fred Carlton smiled.

"I didn't say you'd *said* anything. I just said you've been talking. Actually, you've been talking Greek—all about how it would be better if somebody left somebody some place, and so it would. *Who?*"

William realized he had been talking aloud, and was covered with momentary confusion. Then he decided to pretend he'd never denied it.

"Why," he said, "I was referring to Mrs. Bradley Norton. It seemed a pity Mr. Bradley had to go rescue her—just then."

With that, he picked up a couple of plates and scurried out of the room. Fred Carlton stared at him—then, puzzled, stared out of the window.

His next jolt came a minute or so later, when Bradley Norton, followed by his terrier, strolled into the room, said, "Morning, Fred," dropped into a chair and nonchalantly helped himself to scrambled eggs and coffee. For Bradley to walk in without ringing the doorbell was natural. For him to walk in and start eating scrambled eggs was not. Carlton didn't quite like it.

"Oh," he said. "Just dropped in for breakfast, eh?"

Bradley looked at him in surprise. He thought, of course, Carlton knew that he and George Sykes had slept there. He'd thought he must have known when he found Cynthia sleeping with her mother, and he couldn't know that Carlton had said good night to his wife in the hall and gone straight to his own room.

"A fine way to greet a house guest," he said. "A fine thing! Here I am, living on your bounty, and you say, 'Just dropped in for breakfast, eh?'"

Carlton laughed. He could joke,

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too. "I haven't any bounty," he said. "The government took all my bounty years ago."

The terrier ran out onto the lawn, and Bradley contentedly set to on breakfast. The night's sleep and waking up in a happy house had taken the fine edge off the horrors of the night before. He felt well and strong. It seemed to him almost impossible that such a few hours ago he had thought life was over. Life still looked as if it might be bumpy, but the gates to a new world had opened for him—a world where he could take out of life anything he put into it, whereas in his old world all he could take out was what his grandfather had put in. He felt this day a little as though he had been born all over again. He didn't feel exactly as though Cynthia were his mother, but he did feel that she was largely responsible for it. He had thought a lot about Cynthia this morning. It was natural, with all her things around him; her aged Teddy bear and an equally aged woolly dog and her combs and brushes and toilet things on the bureau, and her pictures. He laughed softly and looked across the table at Carlton.

"Y' know, Fred," he said, "it seemed awfully funny to me—waking up there in that room with all the things Cynnie's had since she was a kid and with my feet sticking out over the edge of her ridiculous bed."

Fred Carlton's coffeecup dropped to his plate with a crash. His face flushed turkey-cock red and he shook all over. He thought of the things William had said, and he thought of horsewhips, and then he saw that he was doing his daughter a grave injustice. He calmed himself and managed to speak almost normally, but his hurt showed in his voice.

DON'T you think, Bradley," he said, "it would have been—rather nicer—to have invited me to the wedding?"

Bradley frowned.

"What're you talking about?" he said. "There wasn't any wedding. Why . . ."

"There wasn't *even a wedding!*"

"Hey," said Bradley. "You're all excited."

"He says I'm excited! Tells me he's ruined my only child and *then* says I'm excited! Heavens, man," he shouted, "are you a monster?"

Bradley got it. He too shouted.

"No, I'm not a monster. You haven't any guest room!"

"What excuse is that, sir? You ruin my only child, and *then* say it's my fault because I haven't any guest room. What do you think I am, sir?"

Carlton's anger was catching.

"I think you're an old man with a mind like a sewer," said Bradley. "It's part of your stuffy tradition that if a man sleeps in your daughter's room that means she was there too. I'm ashamed of you!"

Carlton's sheer surprise at this brought him to himself. He felt suddenly very much ashamed.

"I—I apologize, Brad," he said. "I was jumpy. William had—upset me. Some things he said, and then your saying what you did right on top of it."

"I apologize too, sir," Bradley said. "I shouldn't have said what I did."

Then he told Carlton about the night before, omitting, of course, such tender passages as there had been between Cynthia and himself. To Bradley's surprise, Carlton approved thoroughly of the automobile-racing idea. Bradley had thought he would say something about it being no sport for a gentleman and start staring out the window. But when he came to the part about Florence, Carlton's face hardened.

"Of course," he said, "you had to rescue her; but I see what William meant."

BEFORE Bradley could do any research on this, Mrs. Carlton swept into the room like a fresh summer breeze on the beach at Newport and put an end to serious conversation. Mrs. Carlton was lovely-looking, and with her waved gray hair intelligent-looking, but the truth of the matter was she had never grown up, and so, though she had borne a babe and been an excellent mother, one simply didn't talk to her about grown-up things. A few of Cynthia's beaux had tried it from time to time, and had gone away with the sensation that Isabelle Carlton had been pulling their legs. It had seemed out of the question to them that any woman old enough to have gray hair could, for instance, actually think that the French Popular Front was a slangy description of the Mainbocher corset.

She kissed her husband, kissed Bradley, just stopped herself from kissing William, who was holding her chair, and prattled happily of her day's plans.

Then Cynthia came in and said, without preamble, "Brad, have you called the hospital?"

"Who's having a baby at *this* time of year?" said Mrs. Carlton. "Why, every one's in the country."

"It was an accident, mother," said Cynthia, and to Bradley's utter discomfort Mrs. Carlton laughed and said, "It so often is—you know—the accident of birth—"

Carlton smiled at his wife. He liked her the way she was. It was like living alongside the fountain of youth. He said, "Better telephone, Brad"; and then hopefully, though he didn't mean it to sound that way, "Maybe she's kicked the bucket."

"As Bradley left the room he heard Isabelle say, "I *love* that song, Fred—of course it's dated now, but it had such oomph. 'Old man Mose, he kicked the bucket—I do believe he kicked the bucket—oh-oh-oh, buck-buck-bucket . . .'"

"Mother!"

"'Old man Mose is daid!' I do love it."

Cynthia looked unhappy.

"Mother," she said, "Florence Norton was in an accident last night.

ey rescued her. She—she was t half killed, I guess."

Oh!" said Isabelle Carlton. "What pity!" Then for the first time she caught the significance. "Oh!" she said again. "Florence *Norton!* Why, Cynthia, if she—then you . . ."

"Isabelle," said Carlton, "William's bought a racing car."

Isabelle Carlton's train of thought took the switch and headed up the new track at full speed.

"William!" she said. "A racing car! Why, whatever for?"

"Bradley's going to drive it," said Cynthia.

"Where to?" asked Isabelle. She paused, thinking, But what's that got to do with Bradley having to telephone a hospital?

It was explained to her while Bradley, with strangely mixed emotions, telephoned. Again the wedding memories danced in his mind, but now they were mingled with the memories of the bitter years. He didn't consciously wish Florence was dead; he just wished she hadn't been born. He was put through to a nurse, who told him she was getting along as well as could be expected. He wasn't satisfied. Presently the nurse out of curiosity said, "Who *is* this?"

Bradley felt funny.

"This—this is—her husband," he said, and hoped they were talking in the dining room so Cynthia and her father wouldn't hear him say it. He knew it was absurd to feel that way, but he couldn't help it. A moment later the head doctor was on the wire and told him Florence was going to live, and Bradley was glad, because when you want somebody to die you feel fierce if they actually do. Then the doctor said, "She asked for you, Mr. Norton. I know how things are, but I think in a week or so—she'll have to be very quiet till then—you'd best come in and see her. I believe she has something—important—to tell you."

"Yes," said Bradley. "Thank you; I will."

HE hung up and walked wearily back to the dining room. It seemed to him that fate was acting in a very scurvy fashion. He had a hunch that for some reason—maybe because she'd been knocked whacky—Florence was going to try to come back to him. If she did, his code demanded that he take her back. He felt a little like an innocent man about to receive a life sentence for somebody else's crime.

Cynthia took one look at him and said, "She's—all right, isn't she?"

"Yes," he said; "she's going to be all right."

Fred Carlton looked as though he'd heard the worst possible news. So did Cynthia, for a second. Then she shook herself the way a dog shakes off cold water.

"Brad, let's go down to the garage and look at the midget. George is here. Can we use the car, father?"

"Sure," said Carlton. And then, "What's wrong with Brad's car?"

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
CHUBBINS, DID YOU EVER HEAR OF A BALLROOM 500 FEET UNDERGROUND?
OH, DADDY, YOU'RE FOOLING
I'LL SHOW YOU. THIS 'WONDERLAND CAVE' IS ONE OF THE SHOW PLACES OF ARKANSAS. LET'S GO IN
JUST IMAGINE—MUSIC AND DANCING 'WAY DOWN IN THE EARTH—AND ISN'T IT COOL HERE, DAD?
PARDON ME, SIR—IS IT ALWAYS THIS COOL DOWN HERE?
YOU BET! SIXTY-TWO DEGREES, DAY IN, DAY OUT. THIS CAVE IS NATURALLY COOL—AND ALWAYS THE SAME
I SEE YOU'RE A MAN WHO APPRECIATES COOLNESS IN HIS **SMOKING,** TOO
WELL, WHEN I HEARD HOW MUCH COOLER PRINCE ALBERT SMOKES, I DIDN'T LOSE A MINUTE. A COOL SMOKE SURE IS MILDER AND TASTIER, TOO
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*
AND THERE ARE OTHER REASONS WHY P.A. IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING TOBACCO
YOU BET THERE ARE! THAT P.A. CRIMP CUT PACKS A HEAP EASIER—AND IT SURE GIVES SMOOTHER, EASIER DRAWING
PRINCE ALBERT

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TONGUES PRAISE PRINCE ALBERT FOR **COOLER SMOKING.** THERE'S NO EXCESS HEAT TO STEP UP BITE AND FLATTEN FLAVOR
NOW I CAN ROLL SMOKES WITH THE EXPERTS—**FAST, SLICK,** AND **FAT.** THAT **P.A. CRIMP CUT** IS A PRIZE FOR ANY ROLL-YOUR-OWNER TOO!
MILDER SMOKING, **RICHER TASTE, EASY PACKING** AND **DRAWING,** BETTER **CAKING**—I GET 'EM ALL WITH PRINCE ALBERT!
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Bradley grinned. "I thought you knew," he said. "I haven't got a car."

"He hasn't got anything," said Cynthia, "except us and Jane."

Bradley gave her a woeful smile.

"You said it, Cynnie. But don't forget William, *and* don't forget I *have* got a job."

He'd forgotten about the job himself. Now, as he thought of it, the world looked brighter. Florence might want to be taken back as the wife of an Eyston or a Malcolm Campbell maybe, but not as the wife of a midget chauffeur. He grinned so broadly as he went to the door to whistle Jane, that Carlton asked him what was funny. He didn't say.

At Bob's Garage, George Sykes had the racing car in so many pieces that had William been there he probably would have wept. But George was singing to himself and covered with grease and seemed thoroughly happy. He greeted Bradley and Cynthia like old friends, and scarcely looked up from his work except to point to his sedan.

"Some clean overalls in there," he said. "Better put 'em on—that's a pretty suit you've got."

"I think so too," said Brad. Then he and Cynthia inspected the almost jewel-like parts of the midget. But Cynthia, who was dressed in white, felt uncomfortable surrounded by so much grease. She saw, too, that Bradley was itching to start getting himself smeared with it. So, telling him to come for lunch or dinner or both, she took herself off, and Bradley got into George's sedan and put on the overalls. They had SYKES' RACING TEAM printed on them in big block letters. He wondered, when, as, and if they ever got around to racing, what dainty phrase William would want him to wear. He had just started helping George pull the clutch when Bob McCail, who had been selling gas, came up to him.

"Mornin', Brad," he said, and grinned. "You don't look much like the last of the Nortons."

Brad answered his grin.

"Maybe I'm the first of the Nortons," he said.

"You *are* the first I ever saw do any work," said Bob. He lowered his voice. "Say, Brad, c'm over here to the wreck a minute. There's somethin' I think you ought to see. I found it this mornin'—on the floor under the glove compartment. I think you ought to see it."

Bradley followed him across the garage to where the convertible lay, twisted and horrid. The sight of it made Bradley's stomach turn over. Bob opened the door on the mess of splinters and torn steel that had been the driving compartment, reached in and picked up a wallet. From the wallet he took a folded piece of paper. In the dim light it looked as if it might be a letter or a bill of some sort. He held it out to Bradley.

"Course," he said, "it ain't my business, Brad, but I got a idea this little piece of paper—this is Farney's wallet—just might get you a divorce. It ain't pretty, but with a little sleuthing you could . . ."

He stopped because Bradley had taken the paper from him. He was standing staring at it, still folded. Bob guessed his reaction.

"For Pete's sake," he said, "*I* know you were born a gentleman, but can't you forget it just long enough to give yourself *one* break?"

"No," said Bradley.

"Listen," said Bob. "Seems to *me* there's some times when bein' a gentleman's pretty selfish. You just care what you think of yourself, just like as if you look in the mirror to make sure your shirt's clean. Have you thought how somebody *else* might think?"

"Who?"

"If you don't know, I won't tell you. C'm on, Brad, be a cad just this once."

Bradley shook his head. Without unfolding it, he tore up the paper.

"Thanks just the same, Bob," he said. "But I guess you understand."

"There goes a thousand bucks a month," said Bob. "To say nothin' of— You got me beat, Brad. What you going to do now? How you going to live, huh?"

"I'm going to drive the midget on the circuit, if we ever make it go again. George tells me a man *can* live that way."

"And what about till then?"

"There," said Bradley, "you have me."

They were walking back toward the midget. A car stopped at the gas pumps outside and began honking.

"H'm-m-m," said Bob. "H'm-m-m." Then he chuckled. "Say, Brad, you're a pretty good mechanic, at that—I remember your workin' on that cut-down Mercedes you had. I got a bum flipper. You wouldn't want to work for me, would you?"

"Why not?" Bradley grinned.

"You could live in that bungalow I got back there on the pond—you and Sykes."

"It sounds like heaven," said Bradley. "Do I also get paid cash money?"

"Sure," said Bob. "Hundred a month?"

Bradley held out his hand. They shook. The car outside honked violently, a long discordant blast.

"Get out there an' see what that feller wants," shouted Bob. "What in heck you think I'm payin' you for—to look at?"

"Oke," said Bradley. He hurried toward the arch of the doorway. Bob, grinning, watched him go.

FLORENCE NORTON, lying in her hospital bed, looked at the sunlight pouring through her window and at the flowers banked high around the walls of the room, and wondered if she looked anything like a Madonna. Florence's conscience was so very guilty that she thought only by looking very, very holy and innocent could she hide it from Bradley. She thought, if she was careful, she get him to take her back for long enough to condone legally an thing damaging that might hav turned up in the crash.

If she could only make him feel that she was alone in the world with no one to turn to, appeal to his silly code, he would have to take her back. She must, of course, be careful not to give the implication that she was alone in the world only because the boy friend had knocked himself into the middle of next week. She must, too, find out if he knew anything before she wasted too much high voltage on him.

She didn't want to go back to Bradley. She had been miserable married to him—bored.

BRADLEY, on his way to the hospital, was dreading the things he thought Florence was probably planning to do to him. He had been finding considerably more happiness in his new life than he had thought existed. He was wrapped up in getting the midget ready to race, and the friendship that had grown between George Sykes and Bob McCail and himself was a kind of friendship he had never known—the deep strong thing that comes among men who work together.

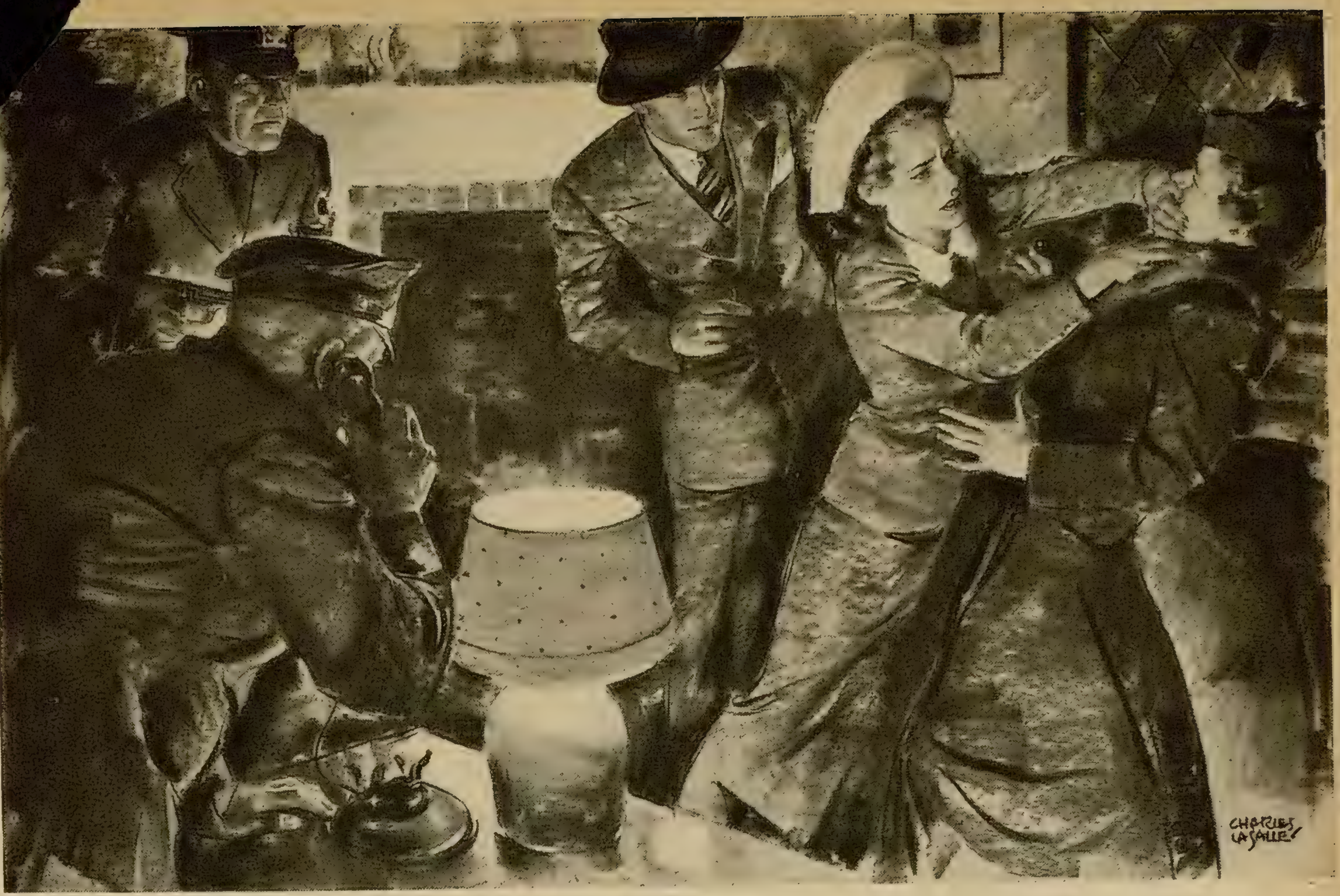
But more than either of these things—there was Cynthia.

Cynthia had walked into the emptiness of his heart and had stayed there. She had adopted Bradley. With a charming disregard of what any one, including her family, might think, she was with him all day long, helping sometimes with the work on the race car, sitting in the garage's office lousing up Bob's bookkeeping, decorating the sway-backed bungalow by the pond. She had her father and mother on the verge of a mental breakdown, but they were helpless to do anything about it.

What Bradley had come to feel for her is hard to describe as love. It was more what one feels for the sun and the moon and the stars, a sense of knowing how awful everything would be if they were suddenly taken away. She was something to think about when he went to sleep and nice to remember when he awakened, like good news or a check that you know is coming in the morning mail.

He was desperately afraid of losing this thing, afraid of Florence discovering he had it and out of spite wanting him not to have it. And so, after he parked George's sedan in front of the hospital, he walked toward the building as slowly as a schoolboy on his way to the opening of school, and he walked even more slowly toward the room where he was told Florence awaited him.

Will Brad's code force him to take his wife back even though he doesn't want her? Or will Cynthia somehow manage to outmaneuver her? Find out what happens to Florence's little plan—and how Brad finds himself in a spot. In next week's Liberty.



That scream never came out. Sheila leaped at her, caught her throat, covered her mouth.

MONEY and the Woman

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

I KNEW in a flash then why Sheila hadn't been indicted for murder. If they'd done that, she wouldn't have been entitled to bail. They indicted her, but they left it so she could get out, and began doing the same thing I'd been doing: watching her, to see if she'd make some break that would lead them to Brent.

Next day I made up my mind I had to see her. But how to see her was tough. I figured on it a while, and then I went down in the kitchen to see Sam.

"You got a basket here?"

"Yes, sir, a big market basket."

"O. K. I tell you what you do. Put a couple of loaves of bread in it, put on your white coat, and get on over to this address on Mountain Drive. Go in the back way, knock, ask for Mrs. Brent. Make sure you're talking to her, and that nobody else is around. Tell her I want to see her, and will she meet me tonight at seven o'clock, at the same place she used to meet me downtown after she came from the hospital. Tell her I'll be waiting in the car."

"Yes, sir. Seven o'clock."

"You got that all straight?"

"Just leave it to me."

Now swiftly, surprisingly the curtain falls on a vivid drama of human hearts

BY JAMES M. CAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

For an hour that night I shook anybody that might be following me. At San Fernando I cut over to Van Nuys, and drove in to the hospital from there. It was one minute after seven when I pulled in to the curb, but I hadn't even stopped rolling before the door opened and she jumped in. I kept right on.

"You're being followed."

"I think not. I shook them."

"I couldn't. I think my taxi driver had his instructions before he came to the house. They're about two hundred yards behind."

We drove on, me trying to think what I wanted to say. But it was she that started it.

"Dave?"

"Yes?"

"We may never see each other again after tonight. I think I'd better begin. You've—been on my mind quite a lot—among other things."

"All right. Begin."

"I've done you a great wrong."

"I didn't say so."

"You didn't have to. I felt everything you were thinking in that terrible ride that morning in the ambulance. I've done you a great wrong, and I've done myself a great wrong. I forgot one thing a woman should never forget. I didn't forget it. But I—closed my eyes to it."

"Yeah, and what was that?"

"That a woman must come to a man, as they say in real estate, with

"A SONG TO WRITE AND I HAD A HEADACHE!" says

COLE PORTER

"MIDNIGHT... AND THE SONG WOULDN'T 'JELL'—

"I TOOK BROMO-SELTZER...

"MARVELOUS RELIEF!

I WENT BACK TO MY MUSIC...

THE SONG CLICKED! I GET **MORE** ALL-ROUND HELP FOR HEADACHE WITH **BROMO-SELTZER**

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EMERSON'S
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BROMO-SELTZER

a clear title. Without encumbrances. But I had to come with encumbrances, terrible encumbrances. I had to be bought."

"I suggested that."

"Dave, it can't be done. I've asked you to pay a price for me that no man can pay. I've cost you a shocking amount of money, I've cost you your career, I've cost you your good name. On account of me you've been pilloried in the newspapers, you've endured torture. You've stood by me beautifully. You did everything you could for me—before that awful morning and since — but I'm not worth it. No woman can be, and no woman has a right to think she is. Very well, then, you don't have to stand by me any longer. You can consider yourself released, and if it lies in my power, I'll make up to you what I've cost you. The career, the notoriety, I can't do anything about. The money, God willing, some day I shall repay you. I guess that's what I wanted to say. I guess that's all I wanted to say. That—and good-by."

I THOUGHT that over for five or ten miles. It was no time for lollygagging. She had said what she meant, and I had to say what I meant. I made up my mind I was going to hit it on the nose.

"Sheila?"

"Yes, Dave."

"I did feel that way in the ambulance."

"There's no need to tell me."

"But that wasn't the main thing."

". . . What was the main thing?"

"I wasn't sure, I haven't been sure from the beginning, and I'm not sure now, that you haven't been two-timing me."

"What are you talking about? Two-timing you with whom?"

"Brent."

"With *Charles?* Are you crazy?"

"No, I'm not crazy. Now you can put it on the line. Were you in on this thing with Brent or not?"

"Dave, how can you ask such a thing?"

"Do you know where he is?"

". . . Yes."

"That's all I want to know."

I said it mechanically, because, to tell you the truth, I'd about decided she was on the up-and-up all the way down the line, and when she said that, it hit me between the eyes like a fist.

"I know where he is," she went on, "and I've known a lot more about him than I ever told you. Before that morning, I didn't tell you because I didn't want to wash a lot of dirty linen, even before you. Since that morning, I haven't told anybody because—*I want him to escape!*"

"Oh, you do!"

"I pulled you into it, when I discovered that shortage, for the reason I told you: So my children wouldn't grow up knowing their father was in prison. I'm shielding Charles now, I'm holding out on you, as you put it, because if I don't, they're going to grow up knowing their father was executed for murder. I won't have it! I don't care if the bank loses n thousand dollars or a million doll I don't care if your career is ruin —I might as well tell you the truth, Dave—*if there's any way I can prevent it, my children are not going to have their lives blighted by that horrible disgrace.*"

That cleared it up at last. For one second I wanted to tell her I was with her, I didn't blame her, that I loved her for it. But then something came over me.

"You may as well learn that your children aren't any better than anybody else," I said.

"I'm sorry. To me they are."

"They'll learn, before they die, that they've got to play the cards God dealt them, and you'll learn it too, if I know anything about it. What you're doing, you're ruining other lives, to say nothing of your own life, and doing wrong, too—to save them. O. K. Play it your own way. But that lets me out."

"Then it's good-by?"

"I guess it is."

"It's what I've been trying to tell you."

She was crying now, and she took my hand and gave it a little jerky shake. I loved her more than I'd ever loved her, and I wanted to stop and put my arms around her and start all over again, but I didn't. We were done, and I could feel it that she had called the turn. We'd never see each other again.

HOW far we'd got I don't know, but we were somewhere coming in toward Westwood. She had quieted down and was leaning against the window with her eyes closed, when all of a sudden she sat up and turned up the radio. I had got so I kept it in short wave all the time, and it was turned low, so you could hardly hear it, but it was on. A cop's voice was just finishing an order, and then it was repeated: "Car No. Forty-two. Car No. Forty-two: . . . Proceed to No. Six-eight-two-five Sanborn Avenue, Westwood, at once. . . . Two children missing from home of Dr. Henry W. Rollinson. . . ."

I stepped on it hard, but she grabbed me.

"Stop!"

"I'm taking you there!"

"Stop! I said stop. Will you please stop!"

I couldn't make any sense out of it, but I pulled over and we skidded to a stop. She jumped out. I jumped out.

"Will you kindly tell me what we're stopping here for? They're your kids. Don't you get it?"

But she was on the curb, waving back the way we had come. Just then a pair of headlights snapped on. I hadn't seen any car, but it dawned on me this must be a car that had been following us. She kept on waving, then started to run toward it. At that, the car came up. A couple of detectives were inside. She didn't even wait till she stopped before she jumped on the running board.

"Did you get that call?" she cried.

"What call?"

"The Westwood call, about the children?"

"Baby, that was for Car Forty-two."

"Will you wipe that grin off your face and listen to me? Those are my children. They've been taken by my husband, and it means he's getting ready to skip to wherever he's going—"

She never even finished. Those cops hopped out, and she gave it to them as fast as she could. She said he'd be sure to stop at his hide-out before he blew; that they were to follow us there; that we'd lead the way if they'd only stop talking and hurry. But the cops had a different idea. They knew by now it was a question of time, so they split up. One of them went ahead in the police car, after she gave him the address; the other took the wheel of my car, and we jumped in on the back seat. Boy, if you think you can drive, you ought to try it once with a pair of cops!

All the time she kept holding on to my hand and praying: "Oh, God, if we're only in time! If we're only in time!"

We pulled up in front of a little white apartment house in Glendale. Sheila jumped out, and the cops and myself were right beside her. She whispered for us to keep quiet. Then she stepped on the grass, went around to the side of the house, and looked up. A light was on in one window. Then she went back to the garage. It was open, and she peeped in. Then she came back to the front and went inside, still motioning to us to keep quiet. We followed her, and she went up to the second floor. The cops had their guns out by now. She marched right up to a door and rapped. It opened right away, and a woman was standing there. She had a cigarette in one hand and her hat and coat on. I had to look twice to make sure I wasn't seeing things. It was Church.

"Where are my children?"

"Well, Sheila, how should I know?"

Sheila grabbed her and jerked her out into the hall. "Where are my children, I said!"

"They're all right. He just wanted to see them a minute before he—"

She stopped when one of the cops walked up behind her, stepped through the open door with his gun ready, and went inside. The other cop stayed in the hall, right beside Sheila and Church, his gun in his hand, listening. After a minute or two the cop that went in came to the door and motioned us inside. Sheila and Church went in, then I went in, then the other cop stepped inside, but stood where he could cover the hall. In the middle of the floor were a couple of suitcases.

The cop that went in first walked over to Church.

"All right, Fats, spit it out."

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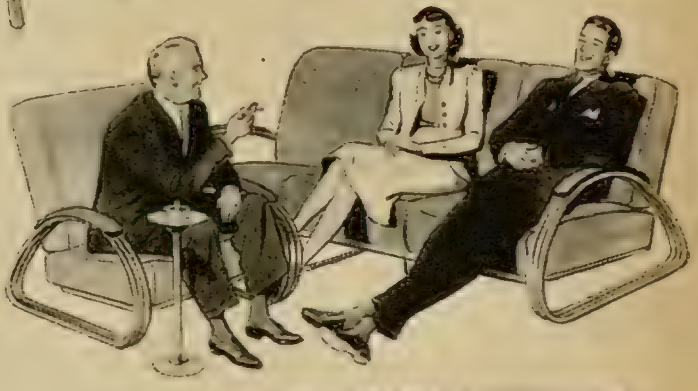

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Southern Pacific's
"Californian" and
"San Francisco Challenger"

"I don't even know what you're talking about."

"Where are those kids?"

"How should I know?"

"You want that puss mashed in?"

". . . He's bringing them here."

"When?"

"Now. He ought to be here by now."

"O. K. Open them suitcases."

"I have no key. He—"

"I said open them!"

SHE stooped down and began to unstrap the suitcases. The cop poked her with the gun.

"Come on, step on it, step on it!"

When she had them unstrapped, she took keys from her handbag and unlocked them. The cop kicked them open. Then he whistled. From the larger of the two suitcases money began tumbling out on the floor, some of it in bundles, with rubber bands around them, some with the paper wrappers still on, showing the amounts. That was the new money we had had in the vault, stuff that had never even been touched. Church began to curse at Sheila.

"It's all there, and now you've got what you want, haven't you? You think I didn't know what you were doing? You think I didn't see you fixing those cards up so you could send him up when they found that shortage? But you haven't got him yet, and you haven't got those brats! I'll—"

She made a dive for the door, but the cop was there and threw her back. Then he spoke to the other one.

"Jake!"

"Yeah?"

"He'll be here for that dough. You better put in a call. No use taking chances. We need more men."

"Cripes, I never seen that much dough."

He stepped over to the phone and lifted the receiver to dial. Just then, from outside, I heard a car horn give a kind of a rattle, like they give when they're tapped three or four times quick. Church heard it too, and opened her mouth to scream. That scream never came out. Sheila leaped at her, caught her throat with one hand and covered her mouth with the other. She turned her head around to the cops.

"Go on. Hurry up. He's out there."

The cops dived out and piled down the stairs, and I was right after them. They no sooner reached the door than there was a shot from a car parked out front right behind my car. One cop ducked behind a big urn beside the door, the other ran behind a tree. But I didn't duck. The car was moving now, and I meant to get that guy if it was the last thing I did on earth. I got to a car that was parked about fifty feet up the street, and crouched down in front of it, right on the front bumper, so that the car was between him and me. He was in second now, and giving her the gun, but I jumped for the running board, and caught the door handle.

What happened in the next ten seconds I'm not sure I know myself. The speed of the car threw me back, so I lost my grip on the door handle, and I hit my head on the rear fender. I was still wearing a bandage from the other cut, so that wasn't so good. But I caught the rear door handle, and hung on. He must have thought I was still up front, where I hit the running board, because inside the car he began to shoot, and I saw these holes appear in the front door one by one. I saw three holes, one right after the other.

But then I woke up that there were more shots than holes, that some of those shots were coming from behind. That meant the cops had got in it again. I was right in the line of fire, and I wanted to drop off and lie in the street, but I held on. Then these screams began coming from the back seat, and I remembered the kids. I yelled at the cops that the children were back there, but just then the car slacked and gave a yaw to the left, and we went crashing into the curb and stopped.

I got up, opened the front door, and jumped aside quick. There was no need to jump. He was lying curled up on the front seat, with his head hanging down, and all over the upholstery was blood. But what I saw when one of the cops ran up and opened the rear door was just pitiful. The older of the kids, Anna, was down on the floor moaning, and her sister, the little three-year-old, Charlotte, was up on the seat, screaming to her father to look at Anna, that Anna was hurt.

Her father wasn't saying anything.

IT seemed funny that the cop, the one that had treated Church so rough, could be so swell when it came to a couple of children. He kept calling them Sissy, and got the little one calmed down in just about a minute, and the other one too, the one that was shot.

The other cop ran back to the apartment house to phone for help and to collar Church before she could run off with that dough, and he caught her just as she was beating it out the door. This one stayed right with the car, and he no sooner got the children quiet than he had Sheila on his hands and about five hundred people that began collecting from every place there was.

Sheila was like a wild woman, but she didn't have a chance with that cop. He wouldn't let her touch Anna, and he wouldn't let Anna be moved till the doctors moved her. I figured he was right, and put my arms around Sheila and tried to get her quiet, and in a minute or two I felt her stiffen and knew she was going to do everything she could to keep herself under control.

The ambulances got there at last, and they put Brent in one, and the little girl in the other, and Sheila rode in with her. I took little Charlotte in my car. As she left me, Sheila touched my arm.

"More hospitals," she shuddered.

"You've had a dose."

"But this—Dave!"

BEFORE they got through in the operating room it was one in the morning, and long before that the nurses put little Charlotte to bed. From what she said to me on the way in, and what the cops and I were able to piece together, it wasn't one of the cop's shots that had hit Anna at all.

What happened was that the kids were asleep on the back seat, both of them, when Brent pulled up in front of the apartment house, and didn't know a thing till he started to shoot through the door at me, where I was stretched out on the running board. Then the oldest one jumped up and spoke to her father. When he didn't answer, she stood up and tried to talk to him on his left side, back of where he was trying to shoot and drive at the same time. That must have been when he turned and let the cops have it over his shoulder. Except that instead of getting the cops, he got his own child.

When it was all over I took Sheila home. I didn't take her to Glendale. I took her to her father's house in Westwood. She had phoned him what had happened, and they were waiting for her. She looked like a ghost of herself, and leaned against the window with her eyes closed.

"Did they tell you about Brent?"

She opened her eyes.

"He died. On the table."

She closed her eyes again, and didn't speak for a while, and when she did it was in a dull, lifeless way.

"Charles was all right, a fine man—until he met Church. I don't know what effect she had on him. He went completely insane about her, and then he began to go bad. What he did—I mean, at the bank that morning—wasn't his think-up, it was hers."

"But *why*, will you tell me that?"

"To get back at me. At my father. At the world. At everything. You noticed what she said to me? With her, that meant an obsession that I was set to ruin Charles, and if I was, then they would strike first, that's all. Charles was completely under her, and she's bad. Really, I'm not sure she's quite sane."

"What a looking thing to call a sweetie."

"I think that was part of the hold she had on him. He wasn't a very masculine man. With me, I think he felt on the defensive, though certainly I never gave him any reason to. But with her, with that colorless, dietitian nature that she had—I think he felt like a man. I mean, she excited him. Because she is such a frump, she gave him something I could never give him."

"I begin to get it now."

"Isn't that funny? He was my husband, and I don't care whether he's alive or dead—I simply don't care. All I can think of is that little thing down there—"

"What do the doctors say?"

"They don't know. It's entirely

her constitution and how it develops. It was through her abdomen, and there were eleven perforations, and there'll be peritonitis and maybe other complications—and they can't even know what's going to happen for two or three days yet. And the loss of blood was frightful."

"They'll give her transfusions."

"She had one while they were operating. That was what they were waiting for. They didn't dare start till the donor arrived."

"If blood's what it takes, I've got plenty."

She started to cry and caught my arm. "Even blood, Dave? Is there anything you haven't given me?"

"Forget it."

"Dave?"

"Yes?"

"If I'd played the cards that God dealt me, it wouldn't have happened. That's the awful part. If I'm to be punished—all right, it's what I deserve. But if only the punishment *—doesn't fall on her!*"

THE newspapers gave Sheila a break, I'll say that for them, once the cops exonerated her. They played the story up big, but they made her heroine of it, and I can't complain of what they said about me, except I'd rather they hadn't said anything. Church took a plea and got sent over to Tehachapi for a while. She even admitted she was the one that brought in the spider. All the money was there, so Dr. Rollinson got his stake back, and the bonding company had nothing to pay, which kind of eased off what had been keeping me awake nights.

But that wasn't what Sheila and I had to worry about. It was that poor kid down there in the hospital, and that was just awful. The doctors knew what was coming, all right. For two or three days she went along and you'd have thought she was doing fine, except that her temperature kept rising a little bit at a time, and her eyes kept getting brighter and her cheeks redder. Then the peritonitis broke, and broke plenty. For two weeks her temperature stayed up around a hundred and four, and then when it seemed she had that licked, pneumonia set in. She was under the tent three days, and when she came out of it she was so weak you couldn't believe she could live at all. Then, at last, she began to get better.

All that time I took Sheila in there twice a day, and we'd sit and watch the chart, and in between we'd talk about what we were going to do with our lives. I had no idea. The mess over the bond was all cleared up, but I hadn't been told to come back to work, and I didn't expect to be. And after the way my name had been plastered on the front pages all over the country I didn't know where I could get a job, or whether I could get a job. I knew a little about banking, but in banking the first thing you've got to have is a good name.

Then one night we were sitting there, Sheila and myself, with the two

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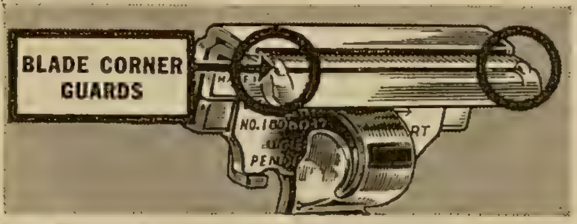
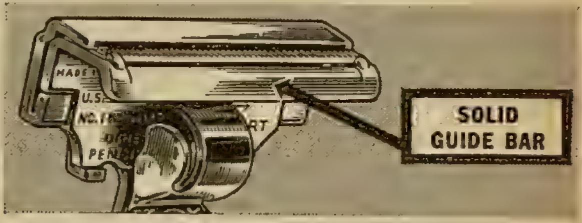
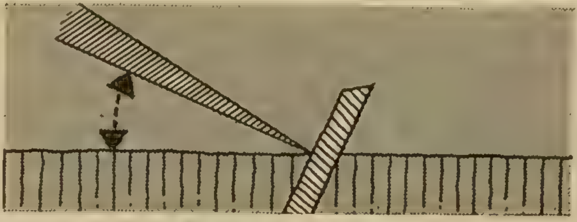


BLADE CORNER GUARDS . . . Among the most important contributions to safer shaving are Schick Injector's corner guards which shield your face against nicks and scratches from sharp blade corners. These blade corner guards also help prevent blade vibration.



SOLID GUIDE BAR . . . Schick Injector perfected the solid "toothless" guide bar which controls the "action" of the skin in front of blade edge; avoids nicks and scratches by *flattening* the skin for a *level* blade stroke. You can even shave against the grain in comfort!



NATURAL SHAVING ANGLE . . . In the Schick Injector, the angle between the blade and face is the smallest of any popular razor. Just right for the average man's whiskers according to a leading research institute!

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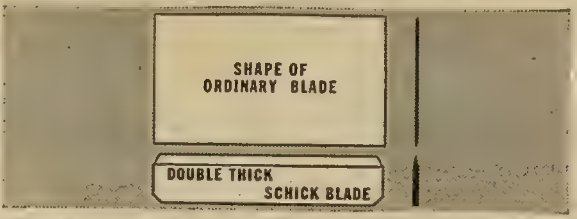
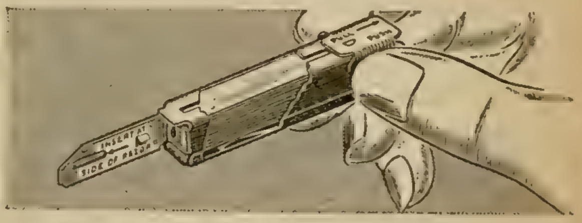
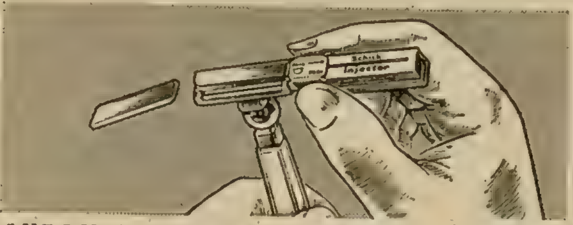


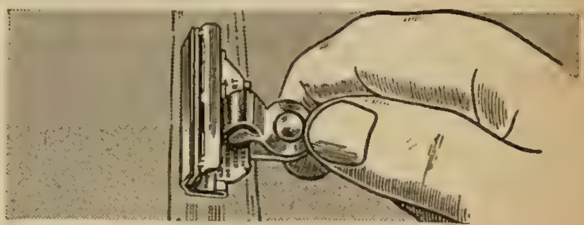
DOUBLE THICK BLADES . . . Schick Blades are just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades—3 times thicker than tissue-thin ones. Able to take a really thorough sharpening at the factory! Your face is entitled to the best uniform quality blades you can buy.



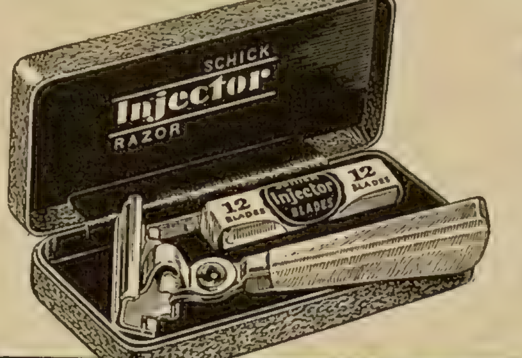
OIL-SEALED BLADES . . . Schick Blades are sealed in this metal Injector cartridge in a bath of oil. Their keen edges are actually suspended in space, where nothing can rub or dull them. You buy blades 20 or 12 at a time. No running out of blades every few days.



AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE . . . A pull and push on Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *instantly*. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to reassemble. Save valuable time every day you shave.



INSTANT CLEANING . . . Nothing to take apart when you clean this razor. A quick flush under the faucet does the trick. No "teeth" to clog up. No wiping is necessary. Another great time saver!



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kids on the bed, looking at a picture book, when the door opened and the Old Man walked in. It was the first time we had seen him since the night he danced with Sheila, just before he sailed for Honolulu. He had a box of flowers, and handed them to Sheila with a bow.

"Just dropped in to see how the little girl is getting along."

Sheila took the flowers and turned away quickly to hide how she felt, then rang for the nurse and sent them out to be put in water. Then she introduced him to the children, and he sat on the bed and kidded along with them, and they let him look at the pictures in the picture book. The flowers came back, and Sheila caught her breath, and they were jumbo chrysanthemums all right. She thanked him for them, and he said they came from his own garden in Beverly.

The nurse went, and the kids quieted down again, and Sheila went over to him and sat down beside him on the bed and took his hand.

"You think this is a surprise, don't you?"

"Well, I can do better."

He dug in his pocket and fished up a couple of little dolls. The kids went nuts over them, and that was the end of talk for about five minutes. But Sheila was still hanging onto the Old Man's hand, and went on:

"It's no surprise at all. I've been expecting you."

"Oh, you have."

"I saw where you were back."

"I got back yesterday."

"I knew you'd come."

The Old Man looked at me and grinned. "I must have done pretty well in that dance. I must have uncorked a pretty good rumba."

"I'd say you did, all right."

Sheila laughed and kissed his hand, and got up and moved into a chair. He moved into a chair too, and looked at his chrysanthemums and said, "Well, when you like somebody, you have to bring her flowers."

"And when you like somebody, you know they'll do it."

He sat there a minute, and then he said, "I think you two are about the silliest pair of fools I have ever known."

"We think so too."

"But not a pair of crooks. . . . I read a little about it in Honolulu, and when I got back I went into it from beginning to end, thoroughly. If I'd been here, I'd have let you have it right in the neck, just exactly where Lou Frazier let you have it, and I haven't one word of criticism to offer for what he did. But I wasn't here. I was away, I'm glad to say. Now that I'm back I can't find it in me to hold it against you. It was against all rules, all prudence, but it wasn't morally wrong. And—it was silly. But all of us, I suppose, are silly now and then. Even I feel the impulse—especially when dancing the rumba."

He stopped, and let his fingertips touch in front of his eyes and stared through them for a minute or so. Then he went on:

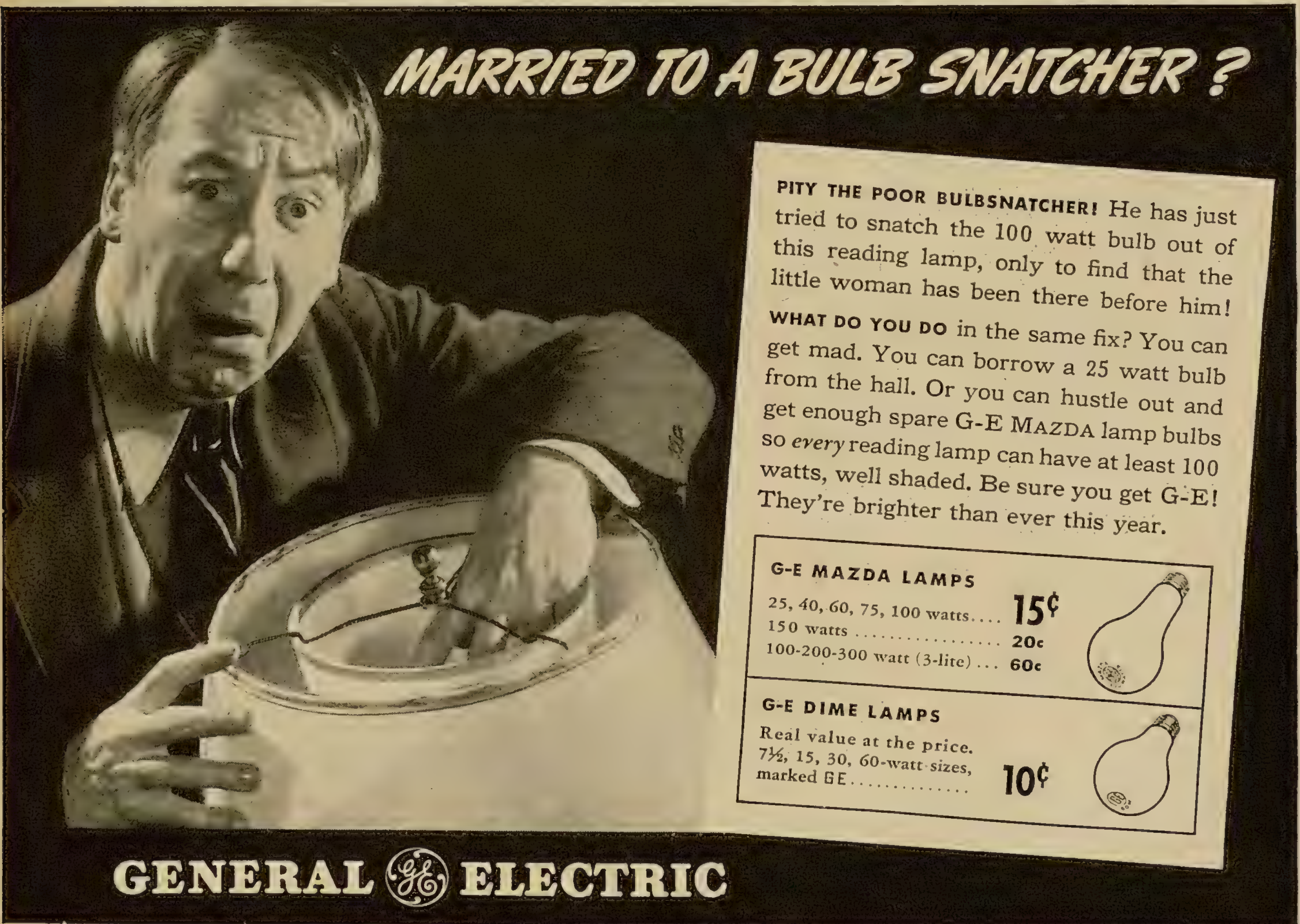
"But—the official family is the official family, and while Frazier isn't quite as sore as he was, he's not exactly friendly, even yet. I don't think there's anything for you in the home office yet, Bennett—at any rate, not until this blows over a little. However, I've about decided to open a branch in Honolulu. How would you like to take charge of *that?*"

Brother, does a cat like liver?

SO Honolulu's where we are now, all five of us, Sheila, and myself, and Anna, and Charlotte, and Arthur, a little number you haven't heard about yet, that arrived about a year after we got here, and that was named after the Old Man. They're out there on the beach now, and I can see them from where I'm writing on the veranda, and my wife looks kind of pretty in a bathing suit, if anybody happens to ask you. The Old Man was on a few weeks ago, and told us that Frazier's been moved East, and any time I want to go back, it's all clear, and he'll find a spot for me in a minute. But I don't know. I like it here, and Sheila likes it here, and the kids like it here, and the branch is doing fine.

And another thing: I'm not so sure I want to make it too handy for Sheila and the Old Man to dance the rumba.

THE END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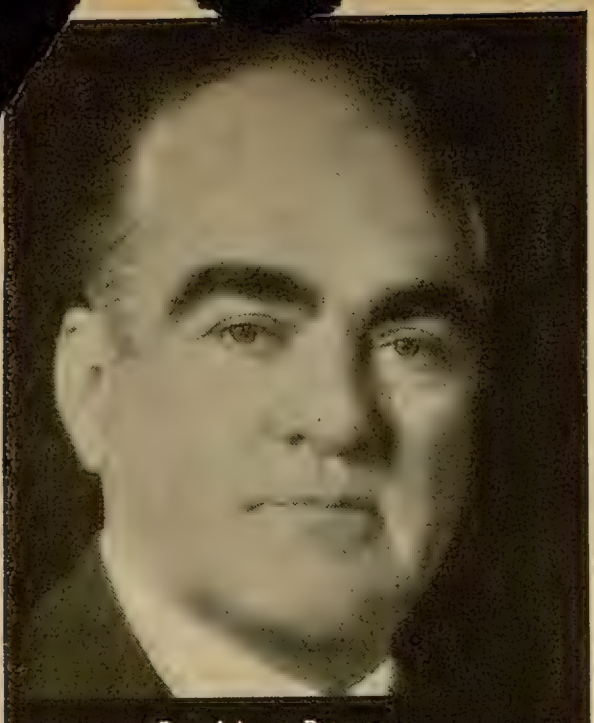
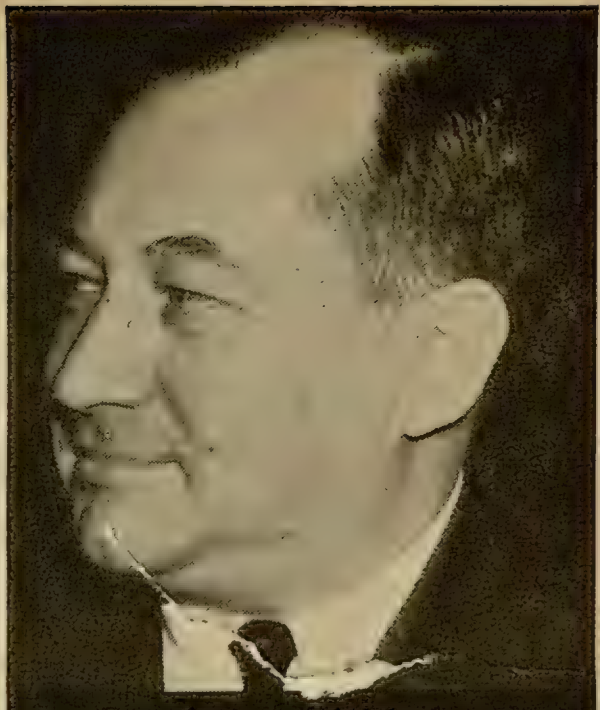
WHY THE YANKEES *won't* BREAK UP


President Barrow —


— Secretary Weiss —

— and Manager McCarthy.

From one who knows.. A defense and a challenge to the world of baseball

BY EDWARD G. BARROW

President of the New York Yankees

as told to

JOHN DREBINGER

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

EVERY fall for the past four years we have been hearing a great hue and cry, "Break up the Yankees!" This last winter the chorus seems to have reached a grand climax following the achievement of the Yankees in winning their fourth American League pennant and world championship in a row.

It is argued, and by some of the leading baseball experts in the country, that this monopoly of top honors is seriously hurting the game.

Now, speaking very frankly, the statement that something should be done about it is one with which I, too, am wholly in accord. In fact, nothing would tickle me more than to see the Yankees tearing down the September stretch all tied in a knot with two or three other clubs. I'm not sure just how our manager, Joe McCarthy, would enjoy the strain. But in the end I'm pretty sure he would survive it, especially if the Yanks came home in front on the final day.

The truth of the matter is that it would be the height of folly to argue that a close pennant race is not of far more interest to the fans than a lopsided one. It would be even sillier to discount the financial benefits that a tight race brings.

When the schedule makers arranged the American League playing dates in January of 1939, they booked the Yankees and Red Sox for four games in the final week of the race—September 26 and 27 in Boston, and the final two days, September 30 and October 1, at the Yankee Stadium in New York. Can you imagine what the attendance figures would have been had the pennant been riding on those four games? The games in Boston would each have drawn at least 40,000, while more than 70,000 would surely have stormed the Stadium gates for each of those final Saturday and Sunday games. But unfortunately it so happened that while the Red Sox were our "closest rivals," the pennant was virtually settled by the end of August, and I do not recall seeing any storming of gates through any part of September.

From this, therefore, I think I must have convinced the reader that I'm hardly kidding when I say something should be done about tightening up the pennant race in the American League.

But if any one entertains the notion that the solution to this perplexing problem lies in a willful wrecking of the Yankees, I can only reply that he is absolutely dead wrong.

To begin with, there are only two ways in which the Yankees can be broken up: From the outside, by special baseball legislation. From within, with the Yankees themselves doing the wrecking.

Let us look at the first method. Just pass enough rules and regulations to hamstring the Yankees, and by next August folks will be saying:

"Wonder of wonders! Just look at what's happened to that wonder team!"

Only a year or two ago somebody came up with the fantastic idea that the Yankees should be dismembered by distributing some of their leading players among the other seven clubs in the league.

Some of the sports writers had a lot of fun with that one.

The reason this scheme would never work is that it would strike at the very root of baseball. It would be nothing but hippodroming, and, next to gambling, baseball can know no greater enemy than hippodroming.

Baseball owes all its success to the great faith the public has in the game's inherent honesty. It has built itself into a structure involving millions of dollars. It holds a place unique in sport, for it is the only sport able to operate on so great a scale, day in and day out, from April until October, without receiving any artificial aid or stimulation from gambling.

All this was accomplished by adhering to the principle that baseball at all times must be kept a clean and open competition that must extend beyond the ball field and right into the club offices. Its system has been that each club must operate as a separate unit and, as such, be permitted to do whatever it can to better itself, so long as it remains within the rules prescribed for all.

Should the Yankees lose the pennant next summer because they have been stripped of, say, DiMaggio, Joe Gordon, Charlie Keller, and Bill Dickey, it would indeed be a pretty hollow and cheap victory for some other club. But let the Yankees, with their full power on the field, go crashing down to defeat next September before a superior rival, and I can as-

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In the general development of major-league baseball the sky has always been the limit. The Yankees at one time paid Babe Ruth $80,000 a year, a higher salary than that of the President of the United States.

The underlying principle of baseball has always been to win as fairly and as decisively as possible, with each club striving to do this solely through its own efforts. And fans know that when a close pennant race is fought right down to the wire, that race is strictly on the level.

But start jockeying ballplayers around so as to insure close races by prearranged design, and you will create an artificiality about the game that soon would have the public losing both its interest and confidence in it.

Bringing down the Yankees by any other legislative means is similarly doomed to failure. Some such effort was made recently when the American League adopted a rule prohibiting the championship club (meaning, of course, the Yankees) from trading with any of its rival clubs. The rule worried us so little we didn't even bother to contest its adoption. But it already seems to be a very unpopular one and quite likely will be rescinded within another year.

In fact, I am still puzzled to know whatever prompted my colleagues among the club presidents to adopt that rule. So far as strapping or muzzling the Yankees goes, our supply of reserve talent has been so strong, we haven't made an emergency deal in years. On the other hand, I could cite a few deals we made in the past which certainly worked no hardship on the other fellows.

A YEAR ago we got Oral Hildebrand from the tail-end Browns for Joe Glenn and Myril Hoag. Quite a squawk went up when this deal was made, on the ground that the Yankees were getting all the better of the trade because Hildebrand was a pitcher of considerable experience. Yet Hildebrand had won only eight games for the Browns in 1938 and the same number in 1937. And while Glenn and Hoag may not be world-beaters, they were good enough to play regularly for the Browns throughout the season.

Now let us examine the other step I mentioned above, whereby the Yankees might insure close pennant races by deliberately weakening their own ranks. This might be legitimate enough. In the past, other clubs, through stress of varying circumstances, have been forced to strip themselves of talent which had made them pennant winners. Connie Mack was forced to dismantle his Athletics in 1915 and again in 1932. The Red Sox had to do likewise in 1920.

But for the Yankees of today such a scheme would also be wholly out of the question. From a purely financial angle the risk would be far too great.

It has been demonstrated endless times that New York must have a winner, and the Yankees, repres[illegible]ing a tremendous investment, can afford to take no chances of losing the patronage which it has founded upon the record of its greatness. Our pay roll runs around $300,000 a year. The upkeep of the Stadium, taxes on property, and the operation of the farm clubs make another staggering sum. The Yankees therefore cannot risk having a poor season that would run into a heavy financial loss.

And so the question arises, Can the Yankees be stopped?

Certainly they can be stopped. But only when rival clubs knuckle down to build up to our level.

We have built up an alert organization that is on its toes every minute. Let the others do the same.

It is argued that our farm system gives us an overwhelming advantage over the others. Maybe so, but it was hard, diligent work that made it so.

THE farm system did not originate with us. In fact, in the '20s the Yankees won six pennants in eight years without any farms at all.

But when we finally became convinced that continued success lay in farm development, we went in for it. That we went in for it more thoroughly than others is no reason we should be penalized for it.

There is no secret key or formula to the Yankees' current string of successes. It is all a matter of efficient organization and hustle. In Joe McCarthy I believe we have one of the great managers of all time. We also have another highly skillful executive in George Weiss, who runs our minor-league clubs.

The efforts of these two through the past four years have kept the Yankees sailing along on an even keel by blending experienced players and rising young talent.

One of the chief reasons two- and three-time winners have cracked up in the past has been because the machine was permitted to run too long without vital replacements. The players lost the keen zest for victory. Overconfidence gripped them, and when opulence and overconfidence fasten on a ball club it scuttles fast. That primarily sank us in 1929.

But the current Yankees are almost continuously being revitalized. For four years there has been a steady flow of young players moving into the front line, such as Joe DiMaggio, George Selkirk, Joe Gordon, Charlie Keller, Atley Donald, and Marius Russo. This infusion of young blood has kept the club at fighting edge.

And so, while every hand may be turned against us, we cheerfully accept the challenge. To defeat the Yankees by breaking them up would be a serious blunder. But to conquer them as they stand today would give baseball one of its greatest shows of all time. At all events, come what may, we'll be in there giving it everything we have to win that fifth straight pennant and world championship.

THE END

"Certainly I have a pass!" I barked. "I have Giese!" I flipped out the letter and shoved it under his nose.

I SAW HELL in GERMANY and RUSSIA

BY KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

A daring American gives you first-hand tidings of life in tragic Poland today

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Mr. Collings told last week how, by means of picture post cards of Hitler, he had succeeded in getting by a passport inspector and into Dirschau, in occupied Poland.

He was Dirschau's first transient visitor since the war had started. A "wholesale and frantic change of nationality" was going on, many Poles having already been deported. He reached Danzig, to find that its night clubs were still staying open till 3 A. M. Herr X, the big-shot Nazi to whom he had an introduction, made an obvious attempt, which failed, to drink him under tables, by way of keeping tabs on him. Ostensibly starting for Berlin, he went to Gdynia, where a young native told him Poles were being sent away to some place called Congress Poland, and where he managed to get a look at the great harbor, quite undamaged. Polish refugees boarded the train he took back to Danzig. He saw German naval officers, one a commander, help a Pole with her big bundle. The commander explained to him that the German navy did not make war on women and children.

Arriving, he was mystified to find that at the Danzig station none of these refugees was to be seen; it was as if the earth had swallowed them. Herr X wanted to know where he'd been. His mendacious explanation was one that reflected on a Nazi campaign against streetwalkers. He then told Herr X he was going to Memel—and started for Warsaw. But this meant another encounter with that passport inspector in Dirschau.

PART THREE—THE BLOOD BATH AT BROMBERG

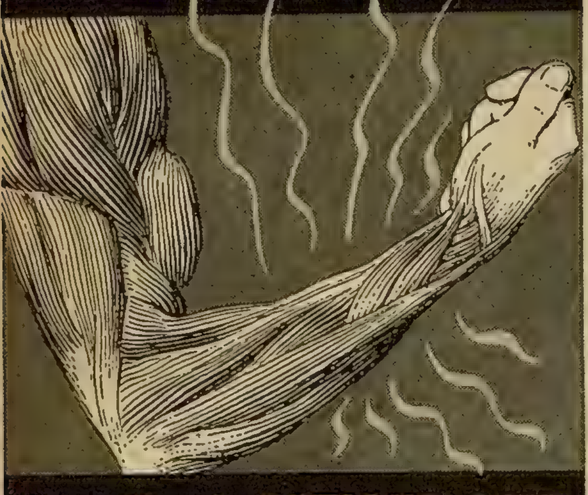
Of course a different passport inspector might be on duty. But I couldn't count on it. And, in any event, I had better do something about my nonexistent credentials. As my train rolled toward Dirschau I went over the contents of my pockets with a fine-tooth comb.

The only thing which offered even a glimmer of hope was my American letter of introduction, the one which now bore the Giese stamp. In appearance it was an imposing document—I had seen to that before leaving the States. As an excuse to get a seal on it I had a notary public swear that the signature of the man who signed it was actually the signature of the man who signed it. Then I had paid extra to have the seal superimposed on a gold star and a pair of red ribbons.

Impressive, all right—but still not the brown cardboard with the red diagonal stripe which that bird in Dirschau would surely demand. The only item which offered possibilities was the Giese stamp—and he had never heard of Giese. Well, he was going to hear plenty about Giese now!

This time I worked everything in reverse. The last time I had passed

ARMS ACHE?



Too Much FATIGUE ACID causes that Pain

Unusual exercise produces fatigue acids in your muscles. They settle inside the muscle sheath, causing swelling and stiffness.

Get those ACIDS out!

Quick relief! Rub on Absorbine Jr. three or four times a day. Accepted laboratory tests prove it speeds the blood through the tissues. Then, as the acids are driven out, pain and stiffness go. You're ready sooner for work or play. Millions of people like Absorbine Jr. because it is

1. QUICK ACTING
2. QUICK DRYING
3. PLEASANT
4. ECONOMICAL TO USE

At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle

Free sample—Write
W. F. Young, Inc.,
360E Lyman Street,
Springfield, Mass.

FAMOUS also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Strains, Bruises

ABSORBINE JR.

GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Feel "Tip-Top" In Morning!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

CENTER OF ST. LOUIS NIGHT LIFE
The New HOTEL Jefferson
800 MODERN ROOMS FROM $3.00

Nazi relief work in Bromberg: needy Germans being fitted out with clothes and shoes. Poles don't get much relief—to say nothing of the "blood bath."

the Dirschau exit gate I had rushed things. Now I approached leisurely, detoured to inspect the damage done by a bomb, tried to act as though I owned the place. By the time I reached the gate I had the field to myself—and I got my first break: a different inspector was on duty.

But he appeared cold and businesslike. "Your pass," he demanded impersonally. "You have a pass?"

"Certainly I have a pass!" I barked. "I have *Giese!*" I lingered on the name, pronouncing it, "*Geeez-eh!*" Looking at the inspector fixedly, I gave the information time to sink in. Then, and then only, did I start feeling in my inside pocket.

But I still did not hurry. "Giese"—I sort of chanted the word. Looking at no one now, I addressed no one—and every one. "With Giese, all things are possible," I droned. "Giese—where is Giese?"

Then, "Here!" I snapped, handing him the pictures of Hitler. "Hold these!" Before he could recover from that surprise, I flipped out the Giese letter, shoved it under his nose, pointed a forefinger.

"There!" I said. "*Giese!*"

He never said a word. Up went his arm in an automatic salute. I picked up my bags and stalked through the gate. I was over the hurdle again, and I knew exactly why. In Nazi Germany people rise to power fast. That inspector had never heard of Giese but perhaps he should have.

By this time I was convinced that continued success depended on moving faster than the ponderous Nazi reporting system could catch up with me. Although I wanted another look at Dirschau, a train was leaving for Bromberg—the Polish Bydgoszcz—in half an hour, and I had better take it.

Buying a ticket offered no difficulties. Apparently, once you were in the occupied territory, the formalities were over. But I kept my fingers crossed—and, as things turned out, advisedly.

On the train platform were bales again, bundles again, a platform full of Polish refugees again. As usual, they had appeared from nowhere. All were waiting for the Bromberg train. And among them were the mother and daughter I had seen two days earlier coming from Gdynia—the ones the naval officers had helped with their bundles.

I took a chance and tried to talk to them, without success. They spoke only Polish.

"You are an American, eh?" said a voice at my elbow.

It was perfect English and the speaker was a deportee, a spare elderly man traveling with a gawky eighteen-year-old boy. Both were plainly but warmly dressed. The old man carried one small paper-wrapped parcel; the boy, a suitcase—and the reason why I specify the amount of luggage transported by the deportees will become apparent later on.

"Where did you learn to speak American?" I demanded.

"In Detroit. I lived there for twenty years. This is my nephew. He was born in Hamtramck."

"Then he is an American citizen!" I gasped. "What is he doing in this mess?" But just at that second a railroad guard came along shouting, "All aboard!" He eyed us suspiciously.

"Listen," I said, addressing the old man. "You get in one compartment. I'll get in another. Somewhere along the way I'll climb out and come into yours. Then we can talk."

I didn't get a chance. I quickly discovered that this was primarily a rtee train and that all the compartment doors were ked on departure. All except mine, that is.

In my compartment were three Polish women. None were Jews. All were deportees from Gdynia. All had railroad tickets to small towns in the Lublin area, southeast of Warsaw.

The young woman sitting beside me spoke some German. She had the clothes on her back, a big suitcase and a bulging sack, and no money whatsoever. I was just getting her to thaw out and talk when the train stopped at a way station and the conductor stamped in.

"You Poles get out of here!" he shouted. "This is second class."

Technically he was right. I had bought a second-class ticket because I was posing as a big shot and had to act the part. But on the platform at Dirschau officials had herded the refugees aboard, telling them to get in anywhere they would fit. Evidently those instructions did not include second class—or perhaps I was responsible.

It was probably the latter. That conductor had heard me talking to the old man in Dirschau. He had seen me trying locked doors. Nevertheless, when he reported, it would surely be to his superiors in the railroad administration. That meant delay, and gave me a chance again. Or I hoped it did.

The trip to Bromberg required four endless hours. The tracks and roadbed—running south through the former Polish Corridor—had been shattered by military operations and hastily repaired. At numerous points the train was compelled to slow to the speed of a walk.

But the country itself was flat, fertile, and desirable. A string of freight cars stood at almost every siding. At this late season of the year the principal crop being loaded was sugar beets, and that helped to explain why there was no sugar shortage in Germany.

ON the platform at Bromberg I waited for the old man and his nephew.

"We have nothing with us because we had nothing to bring," said the uncle dejectedly. "The Germans threw us into prison. When we came out, we could find nothing. Then they gave us railroad tickets and told us to get started."

"But your nephew is an American citizen. Didn't you try to get word to the American consul in Danzig?"

"What was the use? A steamship ticket to America costs money. We have no money."

"Have you had breakfast?"

"No."

"Did you eat yesterday?"

"No."

And then the floodgates burst. "But the thing which worries me most," said the old man, "is my wife. When they took us to jail, we left her behind. I have not seen her since. I cannot find out what happened to her. I hope"—his voice did not exactly break, he was past that stage; he was merely gazing bleakly into the future—"I hope I see her again—sometime."

What can a man say in the face of misery like that? I gave them all the loose marks in my pockets—then paused for a question which I hated to ask. But in fairness I had to ask it.

"Tell me," I said. "After twenty years in America, why did you take your nephew and return to Poland?"

The old man shrugged hopelessly. "I wanted to go home," he said. "And then didn't stay there. Poland had taken this new country from the Germans and it was a big opportunity."

The crowd on the platform was thinning. If I hoped to pass the gate without advertising myself I had to get started. And if it becomes redundant to say over and over again that you were scared, I can't help it. For the past four days I had been scared. For the next week I was scared. But I couldn't back out—not now. If I did, I would never like myself.

Bromberg—scene of the Blood Bath—was normally a city of a hundred and twenty-five thousand people. There was nowhere near that number there now. If the emptiness of Dirschau and Gdynia had been oppressive, this was ghastly. The only place where there was any activity

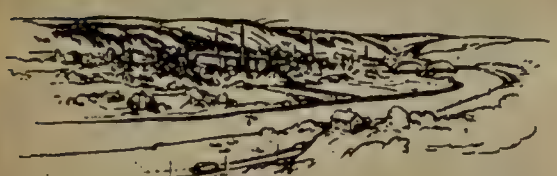
— what have you got against paying less for fine whiskey?

THESE PEDIGREED PUPS SURE COST PLENTY, MR. MATTINGLY.
THAT'S TO BE EXPECTED, MR. MOORE... FINE THINGS ALWAYS ARE MORE EXPENSIVE!
PEDIGREED PUPPIES FOR SALE
NOT ALWAYS, MR. MATTINGLY... OUR M&M, SUH, IS ONE OF THE NOBLEST WHISKIES IN THE LAND... YET ITS PRICE IS MIGHTY LOW... MIGHTY LOW!
...AND ANY MAN WITH WISDOM ENOUGH TO JUDGE BY TASTE INSTEAD OF PRICE, SUH, WILL MAKE M&M HIS BRAND.
Mattingly & Moore
MATTINGLY & MOORE

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof (also 86 proof).
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

Try Flavor-Town's delicious gum and don't be tense when crises come

. . . for Beech-Nut Gum is always refreshing and restful. There are 6 delicious kinds to please your taste — Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 flavors of candy coated BEECHIES, Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin. Below is the "flavor" town of Canajoharie, N. Y., famous for Beech-Nut quality and flavor.



Beech-Nut Gum

PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
BEECH-NUT PACKING CO
BEECH-NUT BRAND CHEWING GUM
ALWAYS REFRESHING
CANAJOHARIE, N.Y.
TO OPEN USE TAB
BEECH-NUT GUM
One of America's GOOD habits

was the railroad station—which was exactly why I wanted to get away from it. Checking my bags, I started down the main street, not knowing what I would do next.

Aside from a shattered bridge, a completely wrecked barracks, and a few bullet-scarred buildings near the station, there was no outward evidence of the slaughter. The trolley-cars were running. To gain time, I boarded one, rode to the end of the line and part way back again. Then—

Something happened regarding which it is impossible to give details.

I uncovered some information which led to more information. But if I were to give any least clue to the beginning of the chain—even to mention a part of the city or describe a face—well, this is a statement of facts, and I have no way of knowing whether the Gestapo could trace my movements or what reprisals it would take upon others if it did. And I would never find out. But my informants would. And those people trusted me.

So suffice it to say that I obtained the Polish version of the Bromberg blood bath at firsthand. I obtained it from a dozen sources. Later I heard the German version. And while there are contradictions—principally in regard to the actual killings—I am confident that time will merely result in a further distortion of the facts, and that the following is the most accurate account which will ever be published.

I will begin with the undisputed items:

Of Bromberg's original hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants, perhaps thirty thousand remained.

Deportations accounted for most of the reductions. Some eighty-five thousand had already been uprooted and thrown out—and if that language seems too strong, here is a copy of a deportation notice (with names and date deleted for the protection of the deportees) :

> Bromberg, ——, 1939.
>
> The Geheime Staatspolizei, Bromberg, has telephonically ordered SS Sturmbannführer that the householder ——, with his family and his sick niece, has twenty-four hours to leave his property. One small hand package may be taken with him.
>
> He will acknowledge receipt of this order by reporting to the Overcommander, Bromberg.
>
> There he will receive further orders.
>
> X——,
> STAATSWEBEL.

In fairness, however, the "one small hand package" frequently turned out to be the enormous bundles and sacks with which every eastbound train was laden; and the personal belongings of the family from which I copied the notice filled the baggage racks of a third-class compartment.

The general destination of the deportees was Congress Poland. That is the new buffer state; it is a reality, and I was later able to see the frontier. On the railroad it is Zychlyn, about halfway from Kut to Lowicz. Farther north it runs between Plock and Plonsk. And although that puts the new line considerably east of Germany's pre-1918 boundaries, the old frontier still plays an important part in the deportation picture.

East of that line, but west of the new, only the Jews are being exiled.

20 QUESTIONS

1—She is not content to bask in the reflected glory of her late husband or that of her famous daughter and son-in-law. Her appointment as interim acting president of Smith College was a tribute from her alma mater to her own achievements as an educator and writer. Who is she?

2—What is the most essential element of a successful soufflé?

3—If you had to have treatment for a foreign object that had lodged in your throat, would a bioscope, a baroscope, or a bronchoscope be used to extract it?

4—What event does Palm Sunday commemorate?

5—Which of these American naval officers was instrumental in establishing the so-called Open Door in Japan: Commodore Matthew C. Perry or Commodore Oliver H. Perry?

6—What have ears but hear not?

7—When in the history of the United States did the national debt fall below a million dollars?

8—What bird can outrun a horse and roar like a lion but cannot fly?

9—How many states have fewer representatives in Congress than they have senators?

10—What country covers one seventh of the earth's land surface?

11—Is the smallest possible division of matter a molecule, an electron, or an atom?

12—Which horses were the leading two- and three-year-olds of 1939?

13—Which country, the Netherlands or Belgium, has the larger population; and which the larger colonial possessions?

14—If you saw three United States' naval vessels, one named for a state, one named for a bird, and the third for a principal city, what types would they be?

15—Who is the only living American woman to be honored with her portrait on a postage stamp, and that not in her own country but Turkey?

16—Maurice Ravel's Pavane pour une Enfante Défunte, the second movement of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, and Debussy's Reverie have been the inspirations for what song hits during the last two years?

17—Who was the master of make-up who played the part of the hunchback in the first movie version of The Hunchback of Notre Dame?

18—Can you name ten constellations north of the zodiac that have the names of animals?

19—How does a bindle stiff differ from any other tramp?

20—What American, first famous as a poet, has gained wider acclaim by writing The Prairie Years and The War Years, a biography of Lincoln?

(Answers will be found on page 46)

There is considerable doubt about their ultimate fate. Without money or household effects, untold thousands of them are being shipped to already overcrowded towns in the Lublin district, southeast of Warsaw.

"All they can do when they get there," say the Poles, "is go out in the woods and freeze—and starve."

West of Germany's pre-1918 frontier—a vast area which includes

Bromberg—the evacuation is more sweeping. With minor exceptions, *all* Poles must get out, and there are exceptions to the principle of the exceptions.

In theory, those Poles who were born in the area could remain. But unless he stood in exceptionally high favor with the Germans, a Polish business man who owned a house in the city of Bromberg has long since come home to find this notice posted on his door:

> This house is confiscated for the use of the State.
>
> Bromberg, ——, 1939.
> by order of the civil
> authority for the city of
> Bromberg and environs.
> Y——,
> Kreisleiter.

And at his office he received this:

> Bromberg, ——, 1939.
>
> Herr ——,
> Bromberg.
> Permission to continue your business is not granted under the law (The law of September 9, 1939, law journal entry k. 2, series 10).
> Your business is to close on ——, 1939.
> Violation of this order will be punished by fine or imprisonment or both.
> Industry and Business Administration of Danzig,
> Bromberg Branch.

After that, if he cared to go out in the surrounding country and grub for a living, he was at liberty to do so. But rather than accept the alternative, many Poles had agreed to depart for Congress Poland "voluntarily." In such cases, they had been granted as much as four months to abandon their houses and furniture, and were being allowed to take as much as seven hundred zlotys—about seventy dollars—with them.

The usual run of deportees, even the non-Jews, got nothing except a railroad ticket to the town where they were born, if it could be located. But, according to the Germans, the fact that in most cases it *could* be located proved that these people were interlopers on German soil. And that was only the beginning of the arguments.

The rest centered about the killings. The Poles swore that between September 3 and 6, 1939, at least 8,000 Bromberg civilians were slaughtered in cold blood. Eight hundred, they added, were herded into a church and mowed down by machine-gun fire.

They were specific as to the time: between the hours of 11 and 12 A. M. on September 6. Most of the bodies, they said, were burned in masses, the rest buried in lime. But when pinned down, the Poles admitted that they themselves had started the affair, hastily adding that their German victims had been few, and all of them spies.

The German version differed. While the Germans admitted the slaughter of some Poles in the church—on the day and at the hour specified—they said that earlier, on September 3, the Poles had ruthlessly chopped up a thousand German civilians. And that the affair in the church was a justifiable retaliation, and the victims exactly forty in number.

Personally, I believe that if you average the two figures you will about hit the mark. Unquestionably there was a lot of killing, with the Germans holding the advantage because they had a longer opportunity.

And of the remaining Bromberg uncertainties, only two are of vital importance, and they boil down to the following:

It is probable that some Polish priests were included in the slaughter. But whether, as claimed by the Poles, their executions were for no greater activity than blessing the Polish colors, could not be verified. And if, as also vouched for by numerous Poles, 120 mutinous Sudeten German soldiers had been marched through the streets on November 23 with their hands over their heads, it would still be unwise to attach too much significance. Only one Sudeten regiment had participated in the Polish campaign. It was undoubtedly sent to do so for political reasons; and mutiny within its ranks might have been no surprise to the German staff.

There was, however, no least doubt

(Continued on page 46)

OLD DRUM
BRAND
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE CALVERT DISTILLING CO. BALTIMORE, MD.
A CALVERT PRODUCT
FULL PINT
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!
OLD DRUM WHISKEY YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

CAL SAYS: I want whiskey that's smooth on the tongue and mellow in the mouth. Old Drum fits my pocketbook and suits my taste.

Old Drum Brand BLENDED WHISKEY—90 Proof—75% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copyright 1940, Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City

THIS IS TOLEDO

. . . City of Steel and Elms where Industry Serves Americ

Toledo is called the world's greatest coal port; across the river from the business district is Presque Island—once a popular summer resort of the 80's—and now a $20,000,000 development of coal and ore docks, hoppers, rail sidings.

TOLEDO is a name long linked with metals Toledo blades, product of the great Spanish swordsmiths, swung at the hip of many a medieval man-at-arms. Toledo, today, means Ohio to Americans swords have become ploughshares of industry—automobiles and parts, iron ore, stampings, spark plugs, safety glass and bottles, scales, spray guns and plastics. Yet Toledo's oldest, greatest newspaper is named "The Blade." And the university uses the coat-of-arms of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Ohio's Toledo boasts more elms than Boston; its trees are reminders of the forest that surrounded the early settlements and forts. The modern Toledo lives on industry, yet has a breadth of wealth and workers which makes it an important measure of magazines. Here, Liberty goes into every sixth home, is read by almost half the membership of important business, social, and civic clubs. In Toledo, Liberty has a slight lead in total circulation among the three weeklies. Liberty, Collier's, and the Saturday Evening Post reach nine out of ten of the better-off families.

If you went to Toledo and interviewed its people, you would sense Liberty's importance in this community. But if you don't know this city, let us bring Toledo to you in this sample of Liberty's readers among the leading citizens. What these people say about this magazine affords some insight into Liberty's character and influence nationally.

Mrs. Charles J. Hartung, former president of the Toledo Federation of Women's Clubs, has a long list of civic accomplishments to her credit, serving at one time or another on most of the civic committees. Always busy, Mrs. Hartung still finds time to read Liberty, says "Mr. Macfadden's editorial *Unionism that Would Sweep the Country Like a Forest Fire* impressed me strongly—as did Herbert Hoover's thoughts on what America must do next."

BLADE
Swindle Gangs' Swag Here Put At $60,000

Grove Patterson, editor of the Toledo Blade, is one of America's great newspapermen. Editor Patterson typed out his opinion of Liberty. Here it is: "I like Liberty for two reasons. First, I like its timely pieces on public affairs because they are condensed for quick reading and yet contain the essential facts. Second, I like its editorial policy because it is vigilant in the defense of democracy and representative government, and it faces the facts."

Ward M. Canaday, Chairman of the Board of Willys-Overland as well as President of U. S. Advertising Corporation, is a leading citizen in Toledo and an important figure nationally in advertising and automotive circles. Says Mr. Canaday, "I think Liberty is a great magazine. The variety and interest of Liberty's editorial content is maintained at an unusually high level."

Photos specially taken for Liberty Magazine by Robert M. Leavitt

Carl F. Weissenberger, Chevrolet dealer, likes Liberty "because it's built for the businessman—it gets valuable ideas across to me in a quick, interesting manner." Mr. Weissenberger is a weekly reader.

William R. McKinl
General Tire dealer, says "B
a sports fan I just can't help
like those baseball articles in L
erty by DiMaggio and McCar
of the Yankees—they hit hom

. McLaughlin, Buick
says, "I read Liberty regu-
lisagree with the editorial
equently . . . but I always
nty of things to agree with
rty."

George J. Miller is president of the Erie Drug Company. Pioneer in super-market drug stores, Mr. Miller recently opened a huge outlet in West Toledo. "You can get more out of Liberty in less time." says Mr. Miller, who likes Liberty's editorial technique for packing much substance into small space.

T. A. Elwood is general manager of the Great Lakes Air-Conditioning Corp., distributors in 21 counties for G. E. air-conditioning units and G. E. refrigerators. Mr. Elwood reads Liberty regularly, thinks it is "a magazine for practical people—made convenient for the reader."

R. A. Stranahan, president of the Champion Spark Plug Company, who started the business in a hay-loft, has done a lot for Toledo, is one of the most honored men in the community. Mr. Stranahan is an advertiser as well as a reader, says, "We here at Champion feel that the editorial content of Liberty is directed to attract and interest the kind of people who are the best prospects for merchandise like ours."

roctor, general manager of the
Edison Company, is outstanding in his
civic betterment in Toledo. Past presi-
the Chamber of Commerce, he now
s city on several civic committees. "I
erty regularly," says Mr. Proctor.
litors think and write clearly on vital
–particularly on the editorial page."

Robert T. Huber operates the Gulf service station, is a regular reader who enjoys "stories like *Rendezvous at Arms* (by Charles Francis Coe) and *Her Gentleman Secretary* (by Dorothy Speare)—they've got plenty of punch," says Mr. Huber.

E. Burde owns a fine grocery out in one of Toledo's exclusive residential districts. Mr. Burde reads Liberty every week, likes "its constructive attitude on government affairs." He enjoys Liberty's good fiction, too.

Museum is important in Toledo:
000 people go through its doors
r to see its 10,000 examples of
and sculpture, to attend classes
ng and design, and to listen to
gers and symphony orchestras
cert hall.

University Hall—the 200-foot Gothic tower at the University of Toledo is a familiar landmark. The school was founded in 1872, has developed into a great municipal university with 3,000 enrolled students.

A. G. Brown is ex-president of the Ohio Citizens Trust Company, now deputy manager of American Bankers Association. An important figure in Toledo finance, he says, "Mr. Macfadden's ideas generally agree with mine—but more important, Liberty puts these ideas into language that everybody can understand."

Downtown Toledo from the air. Edison Building is on the left, and the Ohio Building in the right background.

Liberty

Copyright 1940, Liberty Magazine

(Continued from page 43)

about the fate of the Lord Mayor of Bromberg. One of two official German posters announced that he had been "shot under martial law for failing to show sufficient responsibility in suppressing Polish killing of German civilians."

The other poster stated:

> Those who can prove they are Germans (belonging to the German minority) must be preferred in any situation. Further, Poles are forbidden to greet each other with the greeting "Heil Hitler."

The interview which led to this deluge of information ended—leaving me squarely on the spot. I had promised to cover up my Polish informants. That meant concealing the time I had spent with them, at least until my trail grew cold. The only possible way of doing it was to seek some place where important Germans congregated and convince them I had just arrived. And that was nothing short of sticking my own head in a noose.

But I had to do it. So back to the railroad station I went, timing my arrival to coincide with that of another train from Dirschau. When it pulled in, I got my bags, walked out with the crowd, followed a pair of German officers to a hotel.

Inside were more Germans. Every Nazi bigwig in town seemed to be congregated in the bar and adjoining dining room. The desk was within hearing of both, the proprietor himself was behind it; and for my present purposes, that was a desirable combination.

Yet I couldn't avoid a tingling sensation along my spine as I spouted my information—and all conversation ceased, and all eyes turned to look at me.

"I am an American correspondent," I announced. "I want some lunch; I want a beer; I would like to know when I can get a train to Lodz." Lodz was a town I had no intention of visiting.

The proprietor looked startled, but he answered: "You will have to go via Kutno, and there are no definite schedules beyond it."

That was all right with me. *Kutno was on my way to Warsaw.* Then he promised to find out about trains and send his bellhop for a ticket.

MEANWHILE I eased over to the bar—and right smack into the middle of another drinking competition. So many people bought me so many drinks so fast that I lost count. But this time all they wanted was to pump me for information.

I gave a lot of it—all wrong. And in view of the German liking for liquor, I augmented my credentials by buying a bottle of cognac and stuffing it in my overcoat pocket. Then I started asking questions myself, about Bromberg.

The proprietor took the bait. He fished out documents proving that in 1921 the Poles had grabbed this same hotel from his father, and that in 1939 he had regained possession. I pretended to get all excited, borrowed his typewriter, wrote everything down—and after that Bromberg was duck soup. I spent the two hours until traintime seeing the town all over again, this time under Nazi auspices.

But from Bromberg east I was up against a different proposition. This was the main line of the railway. It was the active military zone. The second-class compartments were crowded with army officers who sat in gray-green rows, while above their heads swung red and yellow spy warnings reading:

> Be careful how you speak.
> The enemy listens in!

There was only one thing to do. As the train started to roll, I located a seat, planked myself down, talked the ears off everybody. In the following ten minutes I volunteered answers to all the personal questions before any one could ask them.

The system worked nicely—up to a point. Meanwhile the senior officer in the compartment, a lean-jawed major who sat in a corner, had stalked out to take a smoke—or something. Anyway, he had not come back. So I pulled out my bottle; a couple of the others accepted drinks; I screwed up my courage to ask a question. It concerned the German land grab—and I got away with it by making the concessions to the German viewpoint which a reporter always has to make if he expects to reach first base.

"Supposing we Americans were to grant," I said, "that Germany is entitled to her old frontiers. What we still do not understand is why you did not stop when you reached them."

"Couldn't," said a captain tersely. "As long as the Polish army was in existence, it was a menace. We could never be sure when it would strike back."

From a strictly military standpoint, that was sound. But the Polish army had since been destroyed. "And with that danger removed," I said, "why don't you voluntarily withdraw to your old frontier?"

They all chimed in on the answer to that: "Because we were compelled to gamble! If England had not backed the Poles, they would have given us what belonged to us—and we would have been satisfied. But Chamberlain forced us to gamble on losing everything. And when you gamble and win, you are entitled to win something."

THE flat fields of Poland rolled by. My companions commented briefly on the prospect of crops. But these were soldiers. There was no barrage of ideological slogans such as I had heard in Berlin, no ranting talk about "Music of the Future" and the "New German Wind" which—Nazi politicians say—is to sweep the world. Then, things started to happen—and—

I knew I was in trouble again! And in the next five minutes it was hurled at me from all sides—and I am positive that that five minutes was the turning point of my entire Polish expedition!

It started when the train slowed for Kutno. We coasted past a string of flat cars loaded with shattered tanks and broken field guns. My officer companions took one look, shut up like clams, eyed me furtively. I knew they were wondering if I was seeing too much; wondering if they had talked too much.

Then the major came back and sat down in his corner, straight as a ramrod.

If that wasn't warning enough, his voice was. When he leaned across the aisle and spoke, his words were measured, his tone calm.

"I presume," he said, "that you would not be here without proper credentials."

And—

For the first time I was up against a really brainy man!

How was such a man to be fooled with "credentials" stamped with the name Giese? And what was and is the actual state of Warsaw, a great city, after the long German bombardment? Correspondents have reported it 90 per cent devastated; is that the case? Learn from Mr. Collings next week—and let him tell you how it was that, making his way to the Russian frontier, his luck turned and he found himself at last in desperate peril!

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 42

1—Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow.
2—Air.
3—Bronchoscope.
4—Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem.
5—Commodore Matthew C. Perry.
6—Cornstalks.
7—During the administration of Andrew Jackson.
8—The ostrich.
9—Six: Arizona, Delaware, Nevada, New Mexico, Vermont, and Wyoming.
10—The U. S. S. R.
11—An electron.
12—Two-year-old, Bimelech; three-year-olds, Challedon and Johnstown.
13—Population, Netherlands, 8,639,595 to Belgium's 8,386,553; possessions, Belgium, 922,617 square miles to the Netherlands' 788,374 square miles.
14—State, battleship; bird, mine sweeper; principal city, cruiser.
15—Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.
16—Ravel, The Lamp Is Low; Tchaikovsky, Moon Love; Debussy, My Reverie.
17—Lon Chaney.
18—The Giraffe, Hunting Dogs, Dragon, Foal, Lesser Lion, Lynx, Winged Horse, Great Bear, Lesser Bear, and the Little Fox.
19—He carries a bedding roll.
20—Carl Sandburg

Looking west across Lake George. N. Y. Bureau of State Pub. photo.

Speed to Vacationland via a Liberty Travel Prize!

AGAIN Liberty presents a contest testing your knowledge of famous watering places, vacation areas, and means of travel to them and offers $2,000 in cash prizes which the winners can apply on transportation or accommodations for their 1940 vacations. Your chance to win a prize this year is excellent. Get into the game today and follow through to the finish. Liberty will undertake to award the prizes in ample time for use this year.

When you have solved the jumbles on this week's coupon, file it away for safekeeping. There will be nine more coupons to complete your official entry and they are to be submitted as a unit at the end of the game. The brief simple rules give complete instructions for capturing a prize. This may be your opportunity to score handsomely. Why not make the most of it?

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks ending in the issue dated May 18, 1940, Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names. Each of these jumbles can be unscrambled into the name of a well known vacation resort, area, or a popular transportation route used by vacationists. Example: NOTADAY—DAYTONA. In the interests of clarity and brevity, River, Lake, Mountains, and Island will be omitted from jumbles in this contest. Example: MANITOULIN ISLAND would appear in this contest simply as MANITOULIN.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list the solution for each jumbled name in the space provided.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Where, in North America, I would best like to spend a vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. Entries will be rated on correctness of solutions and clearness and convincingness of accompanying statement. The entry with the largest number of correct solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be judged the best and will receive a $500 First Prize. The five next best entries will be awarded $100 each. The 200 entries next in order of excellence will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. All winning entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before Friday, May 17, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

NO. 1—USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON

Jumble ***Solution***

1. AEOHT . . . .
2. SORAKZ . . . .
3. BEUEQC . . . .
4. YELLUSVAN . . . .
5. EYTOISME . . . .
6. PITHRUENS . . . .
7. WORPTEN . . . .
8. YGDIB . . . .
9. UKAMTON . . . .
10. RAGASOAT . . . .

Up to the mountains, or

down to the sea

vacations . . .

in Washington

and the Pacific Northwest

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE ST. PAUL AND PACIFIC

Folks who have "been everywhere" vote for Washington. You can have a grand time visiting the snow fields and Alpine meadows of Mt. Rainier and Mt. Baker . . . cosmopolitan Seattle, seaport for Alaska and the Orient . . . the untouched forests, and Pacific Ocean beaches of the Olympic Peninsula across Puget Sound. Stop off at Yellowstone Park en route west.

Low cost luxury on the *electrified* OLYMPIAN

Traveling on The Milwaukee Road's Olympian adds to your pleasure. 656 smokeless, sootless, cinderless miles through rugged Montana Canyon and over the Rockies, Bitter Roots and Cascades. Enjoy the unique thrill of riding in special open observation cars during summer months.

Free illustrated booklet

Plan your trip from *"Pacific Northwest Vacation Suggestions."* It tells how much you can see and do at low cost. Write today to

F. N. HICKS, Passenger Traffic Manager
Room 809, Union Station, Chicago, Ill.

The MILWAUKEE ROAD

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

YOUR habits shape your figure. At any age you can grow a dowager's hump by knitting or reading hunched up under a poor light; by sleeping on wrongly piled pillows. Being sit-down occupations, too many movies or bridge parties tend to balloon your thighs.

All this I learned from Mr. Monty MacLevy, who operates one hundred and four *figure contouring* salons throughout the country, selling his system to many independent beauticians as well. "What few women understand," Mr. MacLevy told me, "is that excess weight settles along lines of least resistance. Wherever you *slump*, you *blimp*. To analyze your *fat*ography, stand stripped before a full-length mirror. First assume your normal customary position; then straighten up, take a deep breath, pull your stomach in and draw your shoulders back. Now look for the bulges. They'll show you all the places where excess flesh has accumulated. And the only real cure for them is proper exercise."

Happily for womankind, the starved gaunt figure of some years ago has gone completely out of style. In fashion now is the slim but healthy figure, which nothing but judicious diet and exercise can develop. You may be interested in some odd reasons why certain people take the slenderizing course. . . . Mothers of overweight debutantes take it to set their daughters a good example . . . corset and lingerie models to regulate their waist measurements within half an inch . . . vacation-bound girls to look their best in bathing suits. . . . And *men*, too! Army officers and college professors particularly—because of their appearance in front of younger males!

☆ King Zog and Queen Geraldine, late of Albania, are grooming themselves in Paris for their forthcoming trip to the United States. *He* is the one who may lecture here at women's clubs, etc., while she is said to have been picked by French fashion masters as a representative *best-dressed-woman-in-the-world*. Both are fond of American slang. "So what?" is her favorite. His choice is, "I betcha!" Because he detests crazy millinery, she has agreed not to wear any hat that doesn't pass his approval. . . . This advance information comes to me from Mary Knight, who contributed the part, Jobless Queens of Europe, to the recently published book, The Inside Story, written by twenty members of the Overseas Press Club of America.

☆ A humbler story of ambition in exile is this one I heard from Hungarian friends. Girl there fell in love with a young man who said he'd marry her if her father and uncles bought him a butcher shop—the dream of his life. Father and uncles raised the cash, but used it to send the girl to America instead of marrying her to the young man, whom they thought too assertive. He came over on the next boat; got a job as a butcher; married the girl right away. Will name the first baby after any relative of hers who sets him up in a butcher shop.

☆ Now I'm collecting recipes tried out by friends of mine from drinks and delicacies mentioned in classic literature. So far, I've had success with three: a champagne cocktail from the thirty-third chapter of Casanova's Memoirs; a cordial from Dickens' Pickwick Papers; and a pie from The Arabian Nights. . . . Mrs. Carlin Coffin of Schenectady, New York, sent in the Arabian Nights recipe.

It is really for little open-faced tarts, and they're very delicious.

Easy enough to prepare yourself, exactly as in the enchanted city of Harun-al-Rashid. Here's how you do them: . . . Make a rich dough of cream cheese, butter, and flour. Form into small tart shells. Fill with mixture of chopped dates, raisins, and preserved ginger, all pounded to a paste, sprinkled with nutmeg and grated lemon rind, and moistened with rose water. Bake 15 minutes in moderate oven. Taste and praise Allah!

"Mr. Perkins, those eggs you sold me—"

☆ Spring novelties feature the blossom motif. Smart now as dress buttons are tiny sprays of bright red flowers and green leaves. (These *Scarlet Pimpernel* buttons cost 35 cents apiece.) . . . To be stylishly seasonable, change your winter perfumes for fresh garden scents like honeysuckle or sweet pea. (In flower-topped crystal bottles, from $1.25.) . . . Even our kitchenware follows the posy trend. Latest casseroles and fireproof dishes are of Finnish make, garlanded with red, blue, and yellow flowers. (They cost about $1 each.)

☆ Good new book for your household library: What Every Woman Should Know About Furniture, by Jeanne Judson. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

☆ "Beware the ides of March." . . . Do you know what *ides* are? I had forgotten long ago until a high-school Latin shark reminded me the other day. Ides are the 15th of March, May, July, and October. In all the other eight months the ides fall on the 13th.

According to old Roman superstition, the ides are our unluckiest days — which probably accounts for the jingo we still attach to number 13.

HARD-BOILED Babes

Are your children that way? Here's an arresting look at one possible reason

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

CHILDREN can be taught that life is hard-boiled, materialistic, selfish. Children can be made to believe that nothing moves men but money, that there is a constant and permanent war between the rich and the poor, between the "haves" and the "have-nots," and that nothing in this world matters but that war.

That is the Marxian "economic interpretation of history." It is the precept of Marx' Communist Manifesto.

But is it what you want your children taught?

Let me give you an example of the materialistic teaching of history, so prevalent today. I am going to quote from a famous textbook by Harold Rugg, Professor of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University. His books are widely used. His Rugg Social Science Series are used in elementary and high schools.

The book from which I am quoting is entitled America's March Toward Democracy and is Volume 4 of the Junior High School Course—for children between eleven and fourteen.

If children of that age are told by their teacher that the fathers of our country were money-grubbing realists who had no ideals save building up fat bank accounts, they are likely to believe it. And if they do, what kind of human beings do you suppose they will be themselves when they grow up?

Rugg, in his account of The Making of the Constitution, says:

"These two classes of speculators were gambling in public lands and public money. They added in no way to the country's wealth. They produced nothing from the earth, manufactured no new goods, suggested no new ideas to benefit the people. They were simply making money by gambling. But to make their speculations profitable a strong central government was necessary. It is easy to understand, therefore, that they would be among those who worked hardest to establish such a government." (Page 110.)

He proceeds to tell how George Washington, James Madison, Alexander Hamilton, John Jay were "determined to bring about a closer union among the states." Then he asks:

"But what of John and Samuel Adams? What of Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson? Were these prominent leaders of Revolutionary days at the Constitutional Convention? Not one. John Adams and Jefferson were in Europe, attending to the affairs of the new country. Samuel Adams had not been elected. Since the days before the Revolution, Sam Adams, as he was known about Boston, had been regarded as a 'fiery radical,' even a crank on politics. Patrick Henry had been elected but refused to attend because he said he 'smelt a rat.' Thomas Paine, the author of the famous Revolutionary pamphlet Common Sense, was absent in Europe." (Page 113.)

I maintain that these two quotations, placed only a few pages apart in this book, would be bound to give a child the impression that the group headed by Washington were related to the speculators, even without the next paragraph which ties the knot:

"The convention was made up chiefly of prominent leaders from the more well-to-do and prosperous classes. It was a convention of intelligent, even brilliant, Americans. The records of the convention as well as the histories of the careers of the individual delegates show clearly that many of them were exceedingly careful men. They were, almost without exception, lawyers, businessmen, owners of great plantations, merchants, and manufacturers."

In the same chapter the child is told:

"The fathers of the Constitution feared 'too much democracy.' They were afraid of what the mass of people, who did not possess property, would do to the few who did. . . . The spoken and written words of the men in the convention show very clearly that they regarded democracy as a dangerous thing. Gerry, for example, said that the unsettled condition of the country 'came from the excess of democracy.' . . . The fathers wished to guard against the dangers of too much democracy. How did they do it?" (Page 119.)

Now, we were taught, we old-fashioned adults, that the system of checks and balances was instituted by the framers of the Constitution to safeguard us from despotism and tyranny. We were told that the heroes of the Revolution, having experienced the despotism of George III, of colonial governors, of a Parliament that was out of touch with the colonies, sought a system of government and a way of life that would forever protect the American people.

But, according to Harold Rugg:

"The fathers of the Constitution wanted the method of changing the government to be a difficult one. Why? If the people of the country became restless and dissatisfied, they would want certain new and, perhaps, dangerous laws passed. To avoid the carrying out of such wishes, the fathers worked out a plan by which the three parts of the government should act as checks upon one another. This form of government would prevent such laws from being made too rapidly or too easily. In other words, *they made it difficult for the mass of the people to get new laws passed in a short time.* This is how they did it." (Pages 119-120.)

BUT that is not enough. Professor Rugg goes on:

"By such provisions as these the Constitutional Convention made of the American government a government of checks and balances. Each department—executive, legislative, judicial—was to act as a check upon the others. Thus the fathers of the Constitution provided for a *strong, stable government that would not change rapidly. They gave us one that would protect property, one that would not grant too quickly any sudden desires of the mass of the people.*" (Page 122.)

And then he summarizes:

"The 'commercial' part of the country—the merchants, shippers, manufacturers, and bankers—were greatly in favor of it. Here was the plan for a strong central government, a government which would see to it that debts were paid and that commerce was protected. Under it, uprisings would be put down and the country would be defended against foreign enemies. It was a government which would prevent the common people from making hasty and rash changes.

"Those who opposed the Constitution were principally the small farmers, the frontiersmen, the artisans, and the poorer people, many of whom were in debt. Generally speaking, the well-to-do classes were in favor of its adoption; the poorer debtor classes were against it." (Page 123.)

Now, there may be those who will say that this is accurate history. And yet, what does a modern child get out of this story? Let me translate it into words a boy would use:

"After the farmers and workers, the Minutemen and Liberty Boys, made the Revolution, rich lawyers, landowners, and manufacturers grabbed the power, wrote a Constitution in such a way that they kept the power, kept the masses down, prevented real democracy from being born and growing in this country. The Constitution is a rich man's document. To hell with it!"

I do not see how a child can reach any other conclusion from these paragraphs. Read them to your own child and ask him or her what it means.

Was there nothing of religion in the heart of George Washington? Was there nothing of a regard for the welfare of his fellow men? Did old Benjamin Franklin forget his moral and ethical creed? Even Jefferson, often called the "father of democracy" in the United States, is debunked in this textbook:

"After all, Jefferson was a Virginia 'gentleman.' In spite of his carelessness in dress and informal manner, he held many of the views of the Southern aristocracy. For example, he distrusted the common people of the cities—the artisans and workers generally. He believed that *upon the farmers rested the happiness and welfare of the country.*

"To a large extent also the Republican party stood for the farming interests, particularly for the interests of the large plantation-owners of the South. Thus *the change that was made in 1801 was not so much from less to greater democracy; rather it was from the party representing the business and commercial interests of the North to the party representing chiefly the Southern-plantation interests.*" (Page 155.)

In a word, there is no one among the founders of this country to hold up as ideal—no one who really cared for the general welfare.

Yet in Volume 2 of this same Junior High School Course, in the book entitled Changing Countries and Changing Peoples, Rugg has this to say of the Russian Revolution:

"It is true, however, that many of the farms have changed little. On these the peasants still work the same strips of land. In some places the same bony, undersized horses drag clumsy plows. . . . However, if you were to stop to talk with one of these farmers, he would probably say that his life has changed in many ways. Perhaps these would be his words: 'We peasants still toil long hours and earn little, but we *are* freer, and some are richer. In the old days I was yoked to the plow, like my horse here. Today I still work hard, but now my neighbors and I own much good land. We are not driven like horses, as we were under the Czar. We feel more like men now, not driven beasts. We work to feed ourselves, and work means bread. But we feel that it is our own land we are working.'" (Page 414.)

I cannot help feeling that few Russian peasants, enslaved to the Communist regimentation, living in fear of the O. G. P. U., dreading the constant espionage which leads to deportations and purges, borne down by high taxes, remembering the great man-made famine, feel as enthusiastic as this picture makes them out to be. I cannot help feeling that the author has some sympathy for the collectivization of agriculture in Russia; whereas in his volume that deals with the making of the American Constitution there is nothing but materialistic realism.

Let me contrast paragraphs from Rugg's description of current Soviet Russia and of current Fascist Italy. Here is current Russia as he sees it:

"Today Russia, with about 170,000,000 people, growing by 3,000,000 a year, is a strong industrial nation and a world power, extending from Poland in Europe across Asia to the Pacific Ocean. Great coal fields have been opened up. Enormous dams have been built on rivers to provide for electric power and irrigation. Giant steelworks have sprung up in several centers. Industry and agriculture by machinery have swept eastward from Europe into Siberia. . . . Today, instead of importing many raw materials, such as cotton, Russia is able to produce almost everything she needs for a fine civilization. . . . Thousands of schools have been started, and all the children and most of the grownups have learned to read and write. In recent years a 'backward' agricultural civilization has been rapidly changing into a modern one!"

And here is Italy:

". . . Outwardly at least Italy seems to have recovered from the crushing effects of the World War. But inwardly many of the people are greatly troubled. Like the French, the British, the Germans, the Japanese, even the Americans, they feel uneasy, uncertain, a little afraid. Afraid of what? Of not having jobs; of not being able to earn enough to keep alive. Of war with other peoples. Of being thrown into jail or killed or sent out of the country. As in certain other countries, something is wrong with the smooth running of the lives of the people.

"What is it that is wrong? It is very difficult to understand what is wrong, and we shall not be able to explain it fully in this book. We shall continue to study this problem year after year in our social studies. About all we can do now is to learn something of the history of how things became as they are."

AND when your child comes home and tells you Soviet Russia is a heaven on earth and most of the rest of the world, including the United States, is a land of fear—and explains, "Teacher told me. It's in the textbook we read"—what will you say? What can you say? You're not a historian. You're not an economist. But you know that we Americans do not live in fear, and that all Russians do live in fear of purges leading to death. You will know your child is being "indoctrinated" against your every conception of what is right.

Yet, when you go to the principal of the school and complain, he is likely to tell you how badly taught you were when you went to school.

You wonder why he talks that way. You wonder why teachers paid with your money and mine, entrusted with the minds and spirits of our children, should be giving them such a brutal picture of our own country and such an idealized picture of Soviet Russia.

That I shall tell you in my next article in Liberty.

THE END

"They have held back the enemy for months with no relief. But to what end?" Left: Liberty's correspondent.

FINLAND IS LOST UNLESS--

THE UNCENSORED FACTS

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

HELSINGFORS—
By wireless to Liberty.

SAY a prayer for Finland, for only through prayer, it becomes more and more apparent, can she be saved from annihilation. Unless some sort of miracle intervenes, the country is surely doomed.

This is the news which hasn't been told but which could be told by any one writing in Finland. This is a truth which every Finn knows and is too proud to admit.

In spite of the unparalleled heroism of the men and women, in spite of the overwhelming victories they have won and the appalling losses they have inflicted on the Soviet war machine, in spite of help received from other nations, they cannot fight on much longer by themselves.

Though Russian soldiers have been slaughtered by the thousand, though whole divisions have been wiped out or captured, Russian planes are blasting Finnish towns and Finns off the earth. Some good-sized cities have been smashed into brick dust and embers. Some are uninhabitable. Some are disintegrating bit by bit.

And thousands of families have fled from their homes. Thousands and thousands are forced to spend their days like hunted animals, hiding in the woods in the snows in temperatures ranging between ten and forty below zero. Hundreds have been killed by exploding bombs or by machine-gun bullets, or have died in the destruction of their homes.

Thousands of Finns have been killed or wounded, and there has been an exceptionally large casualty list among the officer personnel. The military authorities will not release the exact figures. They say, "We haven't lost many." But then, the Finns understate their losses just as they understate their victories.

Their army is weary almost to exhaustion. It has held back the enemy for months with no relief; with no hope of relief. It has put forth almost superhuman efforts to accomplish its ends. But it cannot continue to do so forever. Even Finns wear out. Everywhere they have met the Red forces they have held them back, cut them to pieces, or made them dig in and freeze. But to what end?

Russian planes fly over the Finnish lines every day, demolish Finnish hospitals, schools, churches, public buildings, and homes. Every day the bombers rain high explosives and incendiary chemicals on defenseless Finnish villages and cities. Every day they machine-gun old men, women, and children.

There has been no way to stop this. There is no way to stop it. England and France, Italy and the United States and other countries have sent planes to Finland and guns of all kinds and millions and millions of dollars. But, even so, the Finns cannot cope with the Russian air force.

More planes, more guns, and more money might be sent. Probably will be sent. And still Finland will be unable to stave off the massacre.

Finland must have men—at least three hundred thousand men—and have them at once or she is lost.

And where is she to get them?

If Sweden should declare war on Russia and move her army eastward across the borders, the Finns might be saved—though Sweden has only two hundred thousand soldiers, at the most, to offer. But Sweden isn't going to help in that way. Sweden is afraid of Hitler. Sweden believes that if her army went to the aid of the Finns, a German army would invade her. There could be no resistance. Sweden would become a Nazi province.

"We are fighting your fight as well as our own. Come help us or we both perish," the Finns say. "If we are gobbled up by the Soviet Bear, you are next—or don't you know that? Together, we may win. Apart, each of us must die."

"We are helping you all we can," the Swedes reply. "We are taking care of your refugees. We are sending you at least ten million dollars every month. We are sending you all the guns and ammunition in our power to send. But we cannot go to war for you. That would be suicide."

A Finnish officer estimated there were twenty thousand Swedish volunteers in the Finnish army—a figure I believe much too high. Some are trained soldiers. A few are elderly men. Most are boys who must be trained for a long time before they can be sent to the front. There are some Americans in the Finnish training camps, a number of Irishmen, Italians, Norwegians, and Danes, and a few British and French who could not get into the military or naval services of their own countries.

SPRING IN THE AIR-
AND SANI-FLUSH IN YOUR RADIATOR!
CLEAN OUT ANTI-FREEZE WITH SANI-FLUSH

It's time to remove the anti-freeze from your car! Also a whole winter's accumulation of rust, scale, sludge and sediment! They clog the delicate veins of the radiator. The motor overheats. You waste power. You may find yourself with an expensive repair bill on your hands.

Don't take a chance. Clean out antifreeze with Sani-Flush for 10c (25c for the largest trucks and tractors). Just pour it in. Run the engine, drain, flush and refill *(directions on the can)*. Then your radiator is really clean. And your car runs cool. Do it yourself. Or, if you prefer, have your garage or service station do it for you. Insist on Sani-Flush. It cannot injure motor or fittings. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS
Safe NOT CAUSTIC

It Settles your STOMACH
Alka-Seltzer
AT ALL DRUG STORES

When overindulgence in rich food or drink causes your stomach to be "upset", try a pleasant tasting glass of Alka-Seltzer and see how much better you feel. Alka-Seltzer offers surprising relief because it has more than just a superficial distress-relieving action. Alka-Seltzer contains alkaline buffers which act by holding in check excess stomach acid, usually the immediate cause of distress in "upset" stomach, or acid indigestion.

These might aggregate a thousand men or more.

Finland has little confidence in these volunteers and no hope of obtaining the army she must have.

Some Finnish military leaders believe the Allies intend to make war on Russia, which would be of inestimable help.

" There is a unit of the British fleet off Murmansk now," these officers will tell you. " A couple of cruisers, a few destroyers, and a number of submarines. They are waiting the signal to open fire. The signal will be given in the spring when the Allies start up the Black Sea through Bessarabia to attack the Russians from the south. This will collapse Russia, encircle Germany, and save us—if we are still alive. The Reds will have to withdraw from Finland in order to battle the new enemy."

Most everybody in Europe knows that England and France have concentrated huge masses of men and war matériel in and near Syrian ports. Everybody is sure that " the real war " will blaze in the Balkans this spring and summer. But there are Finnish authorities who feel this would be a miracle too great to expect.

" Britain and France," these men maintain, " cannot save us. They could not save Austria. They could not save Czechoslovakia. They could not save Poland. The miracle that will save us—if there is a miracle—will be a mutiny in the Red forces in Finland, a revolution in Russia, or the possibility that the United States will manage somehow to force Russia to call off her dogs."

Even the most optimistic Finns feel now and then that there is no salvation for them. But they are determined to fight to the last man.

" Our case seems hopeless," a member of the Finnish government confided to me, on my promise not to use his name, " but our courage is still strong and our determination to see it through is still hardheaded.

OUR soldiers are fatigued to an alarming extent, but we can give them no rest. We have no replacements for them. How long they can endure nobody knows.

" When spring arrives there will be new Russian divisions to fight—fresh men, untired men. The deep snows and the terrible temperatures which have done so much to help us will have ended. How could we hold back the flood of Russian reinforcements?

" And our civilian population. How long can they endure the strain? The days are getting longer. More and more hours of clear weather, bombing weather. There will be many more hours of bombing. In December and January and early February there were only a few hours of daylight. Our people spent these hours in the woods or in shelters of some kind. But they could get some sleep between raids. Now they dare sleep only a little while. Presently there will be twenty hours of daylight and more. What will they do then, those who have survived? "

The main objective of the Russian air force, it seems evident, is to terrify the civilian population into demanding peace at any price. Russian aviators do not seek only to blow up bridges or railroad stations or military bases. They *prefer* to wreck and burn the houses of workmen, schools, churches, and hospitals — especially hospitals. The hospital is usually the first place bombed in any town.

The fighting planes which always accompany the bombers frequently fly over towns unequipped with antiaircraft guns, and spray the streets and houses and schools with machine-gun bullets.

" I think we have had harder things to bear, we civilians, than the soldiers at the front have had," a Finnish merchant told me. He kept a shoe store in Hango until the military authorities forced him to get out of town for his own safety. His name is Av Forstrom. And he once had a shop in Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

HANGO is just a little seaside town," he said. " There is nothing here of any military value. Yet we are bombed and machine-gunned nearly every day. Most of our people have gone. Many have been wounded or killed. We all expect to die today or tomorrow or the next day.

" We leave our homes before dawn. Some of us go to our cellars and wait for the planes to come over. Others, mostly mothers and children, go to the woods, taking their lunches with them. They stay out there all day, poor things, huddled in the snow, trying to keep close to their little fires.

" We crawl out of our shelters after dark. The women and children walk in from the woods. Everybody works to repair the damage done during the day. We get a little sleep, and it is all over until the next day.

" But, me, I am the proudest in Hango! I have the biggest crater in Finland right in my back yard! "

This hole was made by a bomb. Forstrom and twenty of his neighbors were hiding in the cellar beneath his store when the bomb fell—about twenty feet from the cellar doors.

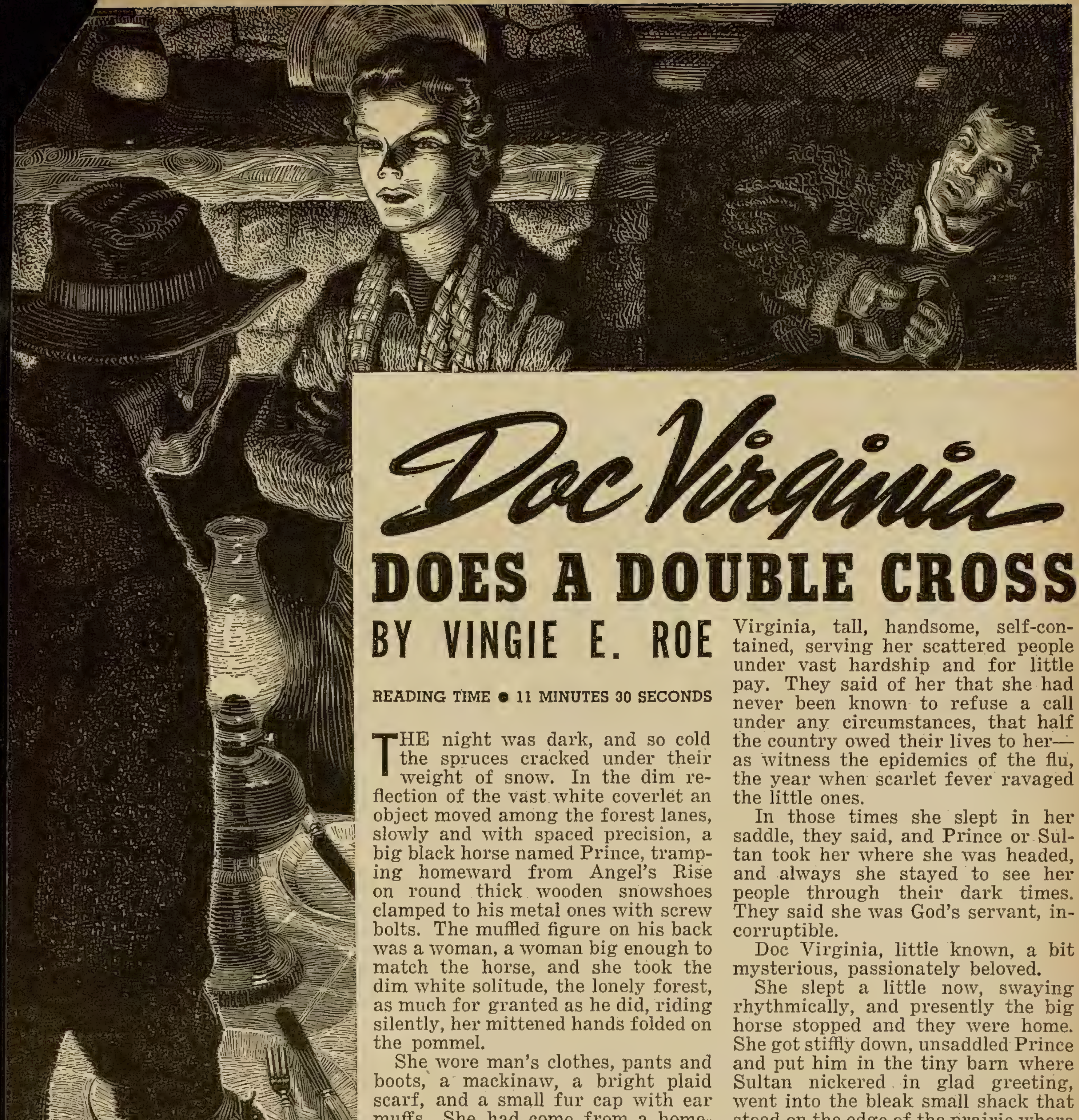
" It was only the providence of God that saved us," the old man assured me; " but His mercy cannot be expected to endure forever. We are all doomed, we little people. If we survive the bombs and do not go crazy, we shall be trampled to death by sheep.

" Sheep, I said! Russian sheep. The Russians are sheep. I feel sorry for them. They don't want to fight us, but they have to. They will be shot if they don't. And they are shot if they do. Our soldiers have slaughtered them like sheep.

" But there are too many sheep, and the butcher gets tired. And the sheep will trample us.

" It's a horrible death to contemplate, isn't it? It will be Finland's death. God help us! "

THE END



Doc Virginia DOES A DOUBLE CROSS

BY VINGIE E. ROE

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THE night was dark, and so cold the spruces cracked under their weight of snow. In the dim reflection of the vast white coverlet an object moved among the forest lanes, slowly and with spaced precision, a big black horse named Prince, tramping homeward from Angel's Rise on round thick wooden snowshoes clamped to his metal ones with screw bolts. The muffled figure on his back was a woman, a woman big enough to match the horse, and she took the dim white solitude, the lonely forest, as much for granted as he did, riding silently, her mittened hands folded on the pommel.

She wore man's clothes, pants and boots, a mackinaw, a bright plaid scarf, and a small fur cap with ear muffs. She had come from a homestead fifteen miles away, and she had had no sleep for twenty hours, and she had seen a child through the crisis of diphtheria.

The shiny old bag that rode on her saddle skirt was stocked with the means of life, here in this lonesome land beneath the line: small simple surgical tools with which she did things that would have made her unknown colleagues of the distant cities gasp; antiseptics, serums worth their weight in any man's gold. She smiled in the darkness now, thinking of the child that could breathe again. Doc Virginia, tall, handsome, self-contained, serving her scattered people under vast hardship and for little pay. They said of her that she had never been known to refuse a call under any circumstances, that half the country owed their lives to her—as witness the epidemics of the flu, the year when scarlet fever ravaged the little ones.

In those times she slept in her saddle, they said, and Prince or Sultan took her where she was headed, and always she stayed to see her people through their dark times. They said she was God's servant, incorruptible.

Doc Virginia, little known, a bit mysterious, passionately beloved.

She slept a little now, swaying rhythmically, and presently the big horse stopped and they were home. She got stiffly down, unsaddled Prince and put him in the tiny barn where Sultan nickered in glad greeting, went into the bleak small shack that stood on the edge of the prairie where the spruce trees ended. She sighed and set her old bag down and struck a match on her breeches, shielding its flame in her hands until it caught on the lamp's wick—and her mouth shut like a trap, for she looked at a man in the cabin's corner, a man who watched her with dilated eyes that sparkled above the old blue Colt in his right hand.

"Damn!" she said thinly. "You put down that gun. What's this, anyway?"

The excited blue eyes flickered. They were very young, she saw, set

Doc Virginia looked at him in angry silence.

A stirring tale of a hunted boy, a woman's pity, and an amazing gamble for freedom

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in a young face that was haggard.

"Excuse me, Doc," he said, "but I'm not takin' chances. I wasn't sure it was you." He lowered the gun.

"So you know me, do you?" she said.

"I've seen you. Who in this country hasn't? I worked in the hay this summer, over at Darline's Dip."

"Come on. What you doing here? You can tell me."

"I know it. That's why I came. Oh, Doc, I'm in trouble! Help me! The sheriff's after me—he thinks I killed a man! Sheriff McKanna."

"He would. And did you, son?"

"No, Doc! I swear before Heaven I didn't! We had a fight—three of us—Slim Swanson and this Canuck and me—in Danton's store—and Slim went down with the Canuck's knife in him—and he shot the Frenchman. I swear he did—with this gun. It's Slim's gun—"

"Then why did you run? Why didn't Slim admit it? He'd be justified with the other's knife in him—"

"He couldn't. Slim's dead, too—and I grabbed the gun and got away. I had to have it. No one will believe me and I'll have to fight—"

He licked his white lips, looking at her. Doc Virginia looked back, a deep, adjudging scrutiny that seemed to probe his shaking soul and lay it bare. At length she said quietly, "I believe you. Now let's get something to eat. You build a fire while I get things going."

The boy laid the gun on the table and did as she told him, and presently the scent of boiling coffee was thick in the small room. He ate ravenously of the warmed-up food she put on their plates, talking fast, giving her all the details. Tragic details of youth and hot-blood tempers and the chances that hang so loosely over life in general.

I GOT to get out, Doc. Over the Line. I can't get there on foot—"

"I see. And you want me to give you one of my horses? You know what they mean in the snowtime, don't you? Life or death sometimes; maybe to a child. And they're my friends."

"I know. But who'd believe— And McKanna, he's a bloodhound—"

"He know which way you went?"

"I think so. I come the short cut, over the dry-wash breaks. He'd have to come around, but he's got a team and cutter."

Doc Virginia sat back, considering. Her handsome dark eyes narrowed. She was seeing Sheriff Buck McKanna and hating him. Seeing the family he'd put off their land because they couldn't pay their debts; seeing the kid he'd shot that Fourth of July three years back because he'd failed to halt at his command. Blustering, hard, a bully, he never should have had the office he held. She'd tended the boy through death and told McKanna what she thought of him, and McKanna had laughed.

"You know, you're a handsome woman, Doc, especially when you're riled?" he'd told her. And years he'd been telling her much more.

"You and me, Doc," he'd "we're alike. Made of th' same s —steel an' speed. Me, I'm hard a fast. Never give up, never go so You're hard, too, when that heart yours gets to lettin' your head wor Yes, sirree, you're my kind of woman."

"Not by a long shot," she'd to him bitterly. "I wouldn't wipe n feet on you."

That had narrowed McKanna eyes, set a cold flame in them.

"Pretty smart, ain't you?" he wanted to know. "Well, maybe you come a-beggin' me some day. Can never tell. I'd like to take you dow a notch or two, an' I will, if I ever g the chance!"

DOC VIRGINIA rose briskly. Sh told the boy to wait, and strod through the snowy darkness to th barn. What she said to the big blac horse she saddled was between th two of them, her arm across the hig arch of his neck, her lips against h forehead. Perhaps it was hope and promise. Perhaps it was a long good by. She led him, swinging on h snowshoes, to the cabin and left hi there while she went in to face th boy again. He had taken up the gu but she shook her head.

"You'll leave me that," she sai "You'd only get in more trouble you took it." Then, as he hesitate "Put it down," she snapped, and h obeyed slowly.

"You—you wouldn't double-cros me?" he asked desperately.

"I never double-crossed any one o any thing—ever—in my life," sh said coldly. "And now you listen t me. I want to know your name, an I want your solemn promise to car for my horse. His name is Sultan an he's a royal creature, willing an proud and honest. He'll do his bes for you, but you must let him take i easy. He'll be swinging snowshoe and he can't hurry. When you cros the line, you take him to Sergean Jord Nelson at the Mountie sta tion—"

"The *Mounted!*" yelled the boy his face sweating. "You mean—?

"I mean he is a friend of mine an he'll see that Sultan gets safely bac to me. I'm only lending him to you— to save your neck from McKanna—

"You call me, Doc?" a voice behind her said pleasantly.

In the noiselessly widened openin of the door the sheriff stood, smiling his small eyes taking in the situatio before him with evident enjoyment The gun in his hand covered the room with expert carelessness. He came in and kicked the door shut with his heel.

"Well, well," he grinned, "Quite a family party. Sorry you didn't call me sooner. I could do with a cup of that coffee."

Doc Virginia looked at him in angry silence. The boy stood in stricken hopelessness.

o th' redcoat is a friend of rs?" McKanna said contemptu- sly. "Perhaps this kid is, too. I've heard of women falling for boys before. Only I thought you'd pick a man, seeing's you're particular."

The woman regarded him with a mixture of emotions playing on her mobile face, anger and revulsion and a sort of wonder at the man's vileness. When she spoke there was no trace of them in her controlled voice.

"No," she said, "no, McKanna. I don't even know who he is, but he says Slim Swanson shot the Frenchman—and I believe him. I'd stake my head he's telling me the truth."

"Truth or no truth, he stands trial. I saw th' bodies and I say a third one did the shooting."

Doc Virginia faced him coldly.

"What chance would he have against you, once you'd made up your mind?" she said. "I've seen its workings before. When you dispossessed the Smiths—when you killed that other boy."

"Line of duty," he said.

"Bullheaded. You'd do anything for power—or maybe for money. I've got some money, Buck. Saved over fifteen years. I'll make a bargain with you. I believe this kid is innocent. I don't want to see him go up against your cut-and-dried decision. Come on, gamble with me. What'll you take to go on back to the Crossroads and forget you found him? You can't prove he fired the shot."

"He can't prove he didn't. And there's th' gun that did it."

"No. It's the gun all right, but it wasn't in his hand. I'd stake a lot on that. My black horse, Sultan, for one thing, and that money in the bank at Sallinaw, for another. What you say? You gamble with me—take a chance?"

McKANNA'S eyes changed. His face took on a light, a cunning, that illumined it with excitement.

"By damn!" he said. "I told you so! Told you you'd come beggin' me sometime! And you're doin' it! For a nobody of a murderin' kid!"

He stood by the door laughing.

"Come on, McKanna," she said steadily. "What will you take to let him go?"

The laughter went off his face, leaving it tight with a wild fire.

"Check!" he said, "I'll take one thing—and it ain't money. You just—invite—me—to—spend the—night—with you—and I'll forget I ever found him. There's your gamble, my lady high and mighty."

Doc Virginia felt the surge of the boy's body behind her, but she put out a restraining hand. Her dark eyes on McKanna's were unreadable narrow slits as cold as the northern lights. They seemed to see away beyond him, down a long vista of years, to calculate and weigh and compromise. Presently she snapped her fingers.

"Done," she said.

But the boy pushed round her, faced McKanna.

"I won't go!" he said, half whim-

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pering, "not at that price! This whole country knows how good she is—how straight—and you'd make her— Oh, you—"

"Son," Doc Virginia said, "you get while the gettin's good—and you remember what I told you. If I'm giving you a break, you pass it on—always—to any one in trouble—any one you feel is right. Get going."

"No," he choked.

"*Get!*" she commanded.

She waved McKanna aside and the boy went out the door. They heard the soft sounds of departure, the creak of her old saddle, the light thud of Sultan's wooden snowshoes.

Then McKanna closed the door, took off his coat and hung it on a peg, unbuckled his holster belt and laid it on the table. A man didn't wear arms at a love tryst!

With arms outstretched and eyes as wild as a fire in grass he came toward her, laughing.

"Attagirl!" he said, whispering. "You did see reason. I thought you would some day. Come here."

Doc Virginia smiled, too, somewhat like the Mona Lisa, though McKanna, never having seen that famous face, would not have recognized the look, and leaned to him. It was as if, at long last, surrendered unconditionally and t man's vain ego burgeoned.

As he leaned to kiss her, her right fist came up with amazing power and took him neatly on the point of his unsuspecting chin.

She knew full well what the blow would do to that sensitive portion of his brain at the base of the skull.

It did it, and as he buckled at the knees and went down in a heap on the cabin floor, the age-old smile broke into silent laughter.

"I don't think, McKanna," she said gently, "you'll ever tell any one about the night you spent with me."

Then she stepped deliberately over him, threw his gun and holster in the corner behind her, poured herself another cup of scalding coffee, and with it and Slim Swanson's gun on the table under her hand, she sat down wearily to watch the hours through.

She rubbed her forehead under the rumpled dark hair, stretched her long legs in their sodden boots.

"All in the day's work," she told herself once more. "But this time I had to double-cross some one."

THE END

HIS BIG MOMENT

Two-Minute Story

NICK GALETTI got up from the couch and began pacing nervously. He stopped in front of a mirror, put two fingers of his right hand in his vest, looked in the mirror with a steady magnetic gaze, and declaimed:

"'Soldiers, every one of you has a marshal's baton in his knapsack!'"

The phone rang with a sharp metallic sound, and Nick answered it.

"Hello," he said. "Oh, it's you, Gene. Back from location? . . . Me? Yes, tomorrow. Got a fitting last week; haven't talked price yet, of course. It is not atmosphere. It's a part. I am playing Napoleon. . . . Yeah. I'll let you know. Might be able to say a word for you. S'long."

Nick hung up, went to the couch, took a book—Ludwig's biography of Napoleon—and became engrossed in it.

Several years before, while working on a set, another extra had remarked: "Nick, you look a little like Napoleon." Nick went to the library and read all the books he could find on the subject of the little Corsican. Before long he became imbued with the idea that no one in Hollywood resembled Napoleon as closely as he did. He had some pictures made, dressed as the emperor, and left them in the casting offices of all the studios. However, despite the fact that a number of Napoleonic pictures had been shot, all Nick managed to get was insignificant atmosphere work.

About a week before this story opens, he was called for an interview. He stood with the rest of the extras on an empty drafty stage while the director looked them over. Nick was not among the fortunate ones chosen, and was about to leave when a voice rang out:

"Mr. Stein! Here's one that could do the Napoleon business!"

One of the director's assistants was pointing at Nick. The director nodded. Nick's name was taken. He was sent to be fitted as the emperor.

When the great day came on which he was to report at Majestic Studios, Nick waited on line with at least two hundred other men for his wardrobe, wig, and make-up. On the set he isolated himself from the rest. As the day went on, and all the extras worked in one scene after another, his hopes rose higher and higher. Evidently his hunch was right. They had something special for him! At last he would have a chance to show what he could do!

A voice interrupted his daydreaming.

"Galetti, they want you!"

Nick made his way toward the camera. The assistant pointed to a mark on the floor. "Stand there!" he said.

Nick obeyed, but wondered why, though the powerful lights were trained on him, he was completely out of the line of the camera's vision.

"Now, Nick," the assistant continued, "put your left foot on the stool, your right hand into your vest, lean slightly forward. That's it! Ready, Mr. Stein!"

"All right, camera!" came from the director.

Nick stood still until he heard the command: "Cut!"

Without comment the assistant signed his check. As he was walking off the set in a daze, he heard the cameraman address the director:

"Shooting Napoleon's shadow was a swell gag, Mr. Stein. Nobody done it before. The shadow was great."—*Georges de Gombert.*

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Ask-him-another KIERAN

BY MORRIS MARKEY

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Photo from RKO Pathé News

IF you are a normal, everyday citizen of these United States, you spend a certain part of your time istening to the radio. By the same oken, you are more or less regularly n attendance when the program called Information Please comes on the air. And so you are familiar with that clipped Tent' Avenoo voice which cuts through the suavities of the proceedings with most of the answers to most of the questions, the voice of John Kieran, ambulant library of useful and entertaining facts.

I have heard a hundred people say, perhaps a trifle irritably, "How did he get all of that stuff in his head? I'm reasonably well educated, but I couldn't make such a score. Must be some kind of freak."

Well, John Kieran isn't a freak. He is not, in the sense of an Edison or an Einstein, a great intellectual giant. But he has been, during all of his forty-seven years, a man of enormous and insatiable curiosity. He has looked for the why and the how of everything that interested him even slightly, and he has stored the results of his searching into a prodigious and uncommonly well arranged memory.

Still, that does not quite dispose of the matter. There are deep-seated reasons for the distinctions possessed by every unusual person. And in Kieran, these things begin with his breeding.

His father was James Michael Kieran, scholar and teacher of the classics, a man of factual and analytical mind who was president of Hunter College in New York City when he died. His mother was almost the precise opposite temperamentally. She was a romantic who loved music and poetry. When winter came, it was her custom to settle down in her upstairs sitting room with a table full of books beside her, have all her meals brought by the maid, and read during most of her waking hours. It was not unnatural, in the circumstances, that she could quote verses by the hundred.

But this does not mean that John and his six brothers and sisters led a subdued, bookish life. The Irish was in them, and fun was for the making, and they were boisterous enough.

By the time John had graduated *cum laude* from Fordham, however, the inquiring mind of his father and the poetic mind of his mother were beginning to appear in him. Already books were his constant companions—books of poetry and the books of the prose classics, and also books of the most rare and special students.

He got a job teaching school in Dutchess County, New York, and learned that among his other duties he would have to teach his six pupils to identify the native birds. Knowing nothing whatsoever about birds, he sent to the State Department of Education for enlightenment, and back came a series of colored plates.

So began his interest in bird life, which he has continued ever since, with long walks in city parks and over the countryside, until now he can identify the plumage and the call of nearly every bird in eastern America. Furthermore, you cannot go out hunting for birds without seeing trees and flowers and insects. And, being Kieran, he did not simply look at such things. He undertook to find out the facts about them.

One year as a rural pedagogue was enough for him, and he came down to the New York Times to get a job writing about golf. Now, the Times was not a very promising paper for sports writers. Sports occupied one stodgy page, there were no signed articles, and humor was most definitely in bad taste.

About that time a thing called wrestling had one of its periodic spurts in the city, and its current hero was a bonebreaker known as the Masked Marvel. John dropped around to see the Marvel ply his trade one night and decided to write a piece about him. All the other papers in town were taking the mystery man with dead seriousness. Who was he? What celebrated backbreaker was hidden behind the disguise?

John just wrote a piece saying he didn't care, saying it made not the slightest difference in his life who the Masked Marvel might be, and why all the excitement anyway?

To the astonishment of everybody in the Times Building, letters from the readers began to pour in. Many thousands of them applauded the humor of John's story (humor which had been too subtle to attract the blue pencils of the editors). And suddenly the Times saw the light, recognizing the public interest in sports articles written well and amusingly. John was promoted to the reporting of baseball.

Now began in earnest the curiously dual nature of his career. Here was a scholar chewing the rag with shortstops and understanding the vagaries of southpaw pitchers, and going right ahead with his own education at the same time.

I SPOKE of the dual nature of his career. As a matter of fact there is a third aspect, and it is equally important.

In 1915 John rented from the city the rowboat concession in the three lakes of Central Park. There were twenty-five rowboats and one swan boat (you know, those marvelously fancy affairs, shaped more or less realistically like a swan). He paid $600 for the concession and $900 for the boats. A trusting banker enabled him to buy 200 more rowboats on credit, and three more swan boats, and two electric motor launches. John hired a manager and told him how to run things and then went off with the Giants for a swing around the ball parks.

Eight years later the business had prospered to this extent under the Kieran supervision: John's bid to the city was $22,000 for the concession he once got for $600. That wasn't enough. Somebody else bid $29,000. But John sold his boats to the new owner.

Which is to say that he is a sterling business man. In his private affairs he is thrifty to the point of frugality. His two sons, nineteen and eighteen (both at Yale), and his sixteen-year-old daughter do not receive big allowances, despite the fact that father's earnings from his daily sports column in the Times and his $500 a week from Information Please are, as the saying goes, something more than timothy.

He got into the war early. He enlisted in the National Guard for General Pershing's expedition against Villa in Mexico, and then, when the more serious affair came up overseas, he switched to the Eleventh Engineers. He went with them to France, and was promoted from private to corporal, to sergeant, and to lieutenant. But you may be sure that this matter of fighting a war did not cause him to neglect his reading. He had carried along pocket editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Shakespeare, Keats, and George Borrow, favorites all, and thumbed their pages day in, day out.

One of his most assiduous and satisfying pursuits is the study of languages. He speaks French with fluency and his Latin is just about as good. "I simply happened to like French and Latin," he says. "They are interesting languages. I decided it would be a good idea to know them."

HIS knowledge of Latin once fathered a most excellent joke. He had been invited to address the senior class of an upstate college on sports and journalism. A professor introduced him and concluded his remarks with three or four Latin sentences which had for their meaning the wonder that a sports writer could also be an educated man.

John got up. "I am sure," he said, "that you will forgive me for correcting one conjugation and one case in your quotation." He corrected them. And then he delivered his speech, about thirty minutes of it, and every word of it Latin, extemporized on the spot.

He is able to read six or seven other languages. He has learned them laboriously, simply because he wished to read certain books in the original rather than in translation. The Kieran home is in Kingsbridge, forty-five minutes from the Times office. Therefore John has his hour and a half of traveling every day.

He buys a book in Swedish or Polish or German—whatever it may be—and he takes the book and a translating dictionary to his subway seat. After four or five trips he has gathered the book into one ear. And we know enough about Kieran to be sure that it will never come out of the other.

He is not a wisecracker or quickwit. About the only flash that has come over the air was his lugubrious observation when his son, John, Jr., sent in a question which caught the experts in a mood to be stumped. Jackie wanted the first lines of The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, Who Is Sylvia? and Gray's Elegy, and he didn't get them. When the name of the questioner was read, Kieran shook his head. "How sharper than a thankless tooth it is to have a serpent child!" he said, turning Shakespeare inside out for his chuckle.

Legends have come down about the original idea for the Information Please program, and they are many. But the most credible to my mind is this: At the Dutch Treat Club luncheons, once a week Kieran table is always the sa about ten men, editors and explore scientists and architects and writers The talk is of adventures and of facts that are odd and astonishing. One day the young man who really started Information Please was of the company. He talked idly of the question-and-answer programs then starting on the air—wherein the victim was drawn from the audience and often shown up to be something of a chump. He said this seemed to be in doubtful taste and not likely to endure very long.

The conversation changed, and Kieran began telling how you calculate the weight of a whale, given two dimensions of the bulk. All of a sudden the young man said: "That would be a real question hour! You men at this table could answer nearly anything anybody could ask. How about a board of experts, with the public trying to make *them* out as the chumps!"

Kieran does not, I assure you, bore his acquaintances with his accumulated knowledge. At rare times, of course, the immediacy of the occasion draws an observation from him. Of such is the day at Tropical Park, in Miami, when John was down for the races. The fifth race winner was a long shot, named Holluschickie. John could not resist that name. There was a murmur:

"'He'll have no more of the crawling sea
that made him suffer so,
But he'll lie down on the killing-grounds where the holluschickie go.'"

And a moody voice: "I wonder what breeder read that out of Kipling's Rhyme of the Three Sealers, and whether he knew that holluschickie are baby seals."

WHEN his memory lapses, as of course it must sometimes, it lapses most thoroughly. He has a younger brother, Leo, who is aviation reporter for the Times. Not long ago there arrived at LaGuardia Field in New York, where Leo is stationed, a doctor named Sobol, from New England, who is a most exceptional athlete. Dr. Sobol had a broken ankle, result of a ski accident. Leo remembered that John had written a column about the doctor two or three years before, applauding the Sobol skill at water polo, and essaying the opinion that water polo was the roughest sport of all.

So Leo telephoned John and said, "Tell me some more about that guy Sobol you wrote up in your column."

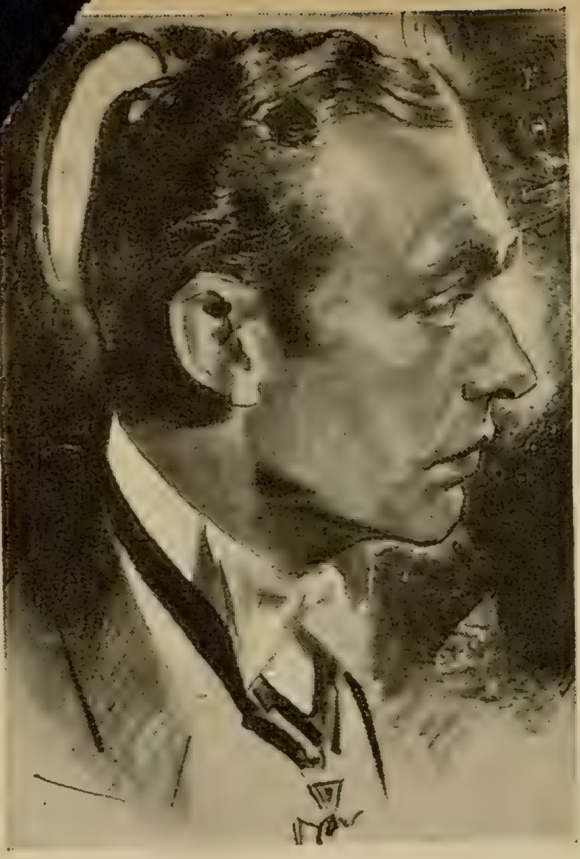
John said, "Sobol? Water polo? Never heard of him."

"But you wrote the column. I remember it."

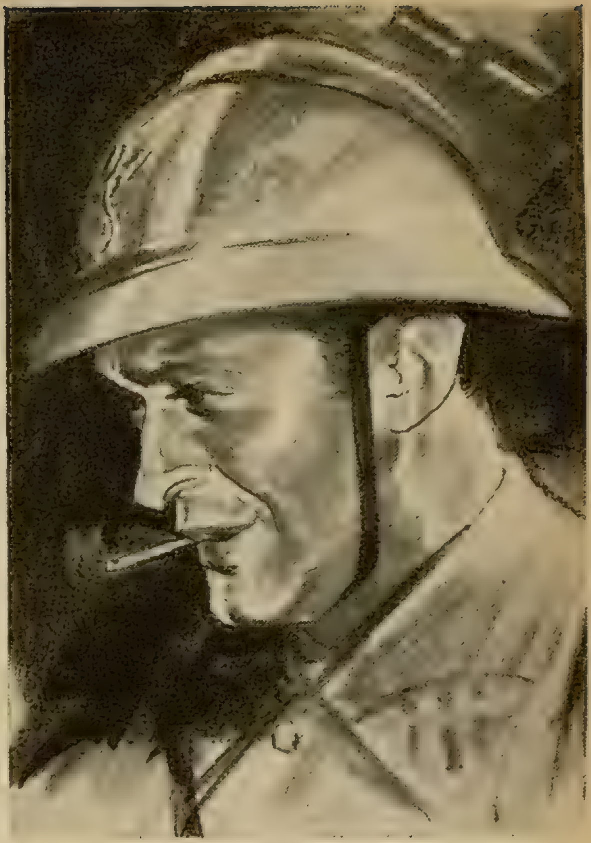
"You remember it. I don't. What do we do now?"

"I don't do anything. You send along the ten bucks, and don't forget a set of that Encyclopedia."

THE END



WHY WAS *Charles Boyer* SENT BACK TO HOLLYWOOD?



Is he war propagandist or envoy of art?—New light on a much debated riddle

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

LAST November, when Charles Boyer returned abruptly from the war front to his American screen and radio career, he riveted America's attention to the potentialities of Hollywood as a fount of subtle Allied propaganda in the United States.

Boyer had left Hollywood for his annual trip home. The outbreak of Hitler's war had caught him in Nice, halfway through a French film production, Le Corsaire. He had promptly junked his make-up kit to join his reserve army class in the Thirty-seventh Colonial Artillery at Agen on the first day of the war. His fate masked by army censorship, he had disappeared for weeks from all knowledge of his millions of screen devotees in this country.

Then suddenly, mysteriously mustered out of his regiment, the greatest foreign movie idol since Rudolph Valentino arrived in New York, wearing mufti but still a private in the army of the Republic of France. Smilingly explaining, he said, "All in my section were temporarily released from the army on the grounds that we were no longer needed at this time. Since I have been instructed to return to my career as an actor, and since that lies in Hollywood, I have returned to America to resume work before the cameras. How long I shall be able to stay here is for the government of France to say."

But as he sped west to Hollywood, Charles Boyer faced the growing American suspicion that France had sent him back to build vital good will in this country. The first news dispatches from Europe had hinted at a propaganda mission here. The New York Times, in an editorial entitled The Case of Charles Boyer, commented in part: "In counting horses in France, Mr. Boyer was obviously far less useful to his country than he is as an actor in Hollywood. . . . He is a very important ambassador of good will here."

These rumors spread in the nation's press: That he would make a lecture tour of American women's clubs in behalf of France. That his radio programs would be devoted to French flag-waving dramas. That he would make pro-Ally war pictures.

Charles Boyer denied them. "Reports that I am here for propaganda work are entirely unfounded," he declared. "I am an actor, not a propagandist." There is no evidence that he is either a paid propagandist for France in Hollywood, or an instructed one. Nevertheless he is an effective one, whether he realizes it or not. Nor is he the only foreign star serving his country in this fashion.

"Propaganda" is currently a horrid word in Hollywood. Yet Hollywood is still the greatest propaganda mill the world has ever known. That churches, states, civic organizations, dictators, and foreign governments long ago recognized its weighty influence is proved by the measures they have taken to control that influence.

In the first World Wartime it didn't matter much as a propaganda medium. Major screen personalities were American or Americanized. What war-picture propaganda attempts were made were obvious.

But in the present wartime Hollywood matters very much indeed. Today 85,000,000 people in the United States view Hollywood films each week, according to figures compiled by the Hays office. And both NBC and CBS estimate a daily listening audience of 50,000,000 for their Hollywood-originating programs.

On this vast and intimate stage, personalities have become real and vital as never before. Charles Boyer's personality comes almost undiluted to the millions of American women voters who idolize him. Sympathy for the France he personifies is inevitable, whether he realizes it or not.

He does realize it, however. Since his return he has stated he now feels he should play only dignified roles. The same concern is manifest throughout Hollywood's populous British acting colony. For a long time there has been a tacit agreement among the top ranking English stars in Hollywood not to play any role reflecting upon the character of England or Englishmen. That grand old lion of Empire in Hollywood, C. Aubrey Smith, has refused more than one part he regarded as disparaging to his native isle.

The English invasion of Hollywood came with the advent of the talkies. It has grown steadily, until now English actors, both male and female, hold a definitely commanding position. And Hollywood's elite circles are thoroughly dominated by His Majesty's loyal though professionally expatriated subjects, and as society leaders they are prime targets for the news gatherers and photographers. The other night at the Cocoanut Grove the photographers worked hard as the highest salaried male chorus ever assembled sang and danced in white ties and tails. From left to right, the gentlemen of the ensemble were Ian Hunter, Herbert Marshall, Nigel Bruce, Ronald Colman, Ralph Forbes, Charles Laughton, Alan Mowbray, Laurence Olivier, Charles Boyer, Reginald Gardiner, Adolphe Menjou, Richard Barthelmess, and William Powell.

While they capered and sang, an equally famous platoon of richly gowned cigarette girls strolled among the Grove's guests, dining at ten dollars a plate, and sold cigarettes for as much as fifty dollars a pack. Among

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(DUE TO COLDS)

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Stimulates your system to produce more protective secretions in your throat and upper bronchial tubes . . .

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Depend on Piso's for both *local* and *inside-working* systemic effect—for adults and children—35c & 60c bottles.

PISO'S FOR COUGHS DUE TO COLDS
(PIE-SO'S)
EXPLODES THEORY THAT COUGH MEDICINE ONLY SOOTHES THROAT!

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

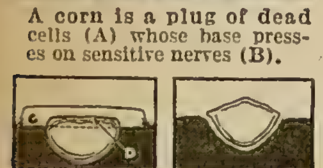
It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

Brush Away
GRAY HAIR
.. and look 10 Years Younger

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

TRUTH ABOUT CORNS

A corn is a plug of dead cells (A) whose base presses on sensitive nerves (B).



● Corns are caused by pressure and friction. But now it's easy to remove them. Fit a Blue-Jay pad (C) over the corn. It relieves pain by removing pressure. Special formula (D) acts on corn—gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out. Get Blue-Jay today—25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

these were Vivien Leigh, Madeleine Carroll, Claudette Colbert, Maureen O'Hara, Annabella, Binnie Barnes, Joan Fontaine, and Myrna Loy.

The tables were jam-packed with Hollywood's elite who scanned entertainment programs fat with advertisements sold by Charles Boyer, Ronald Colman, Benita Hume, Pat Paterson, and Madeleine Carroll to Los Angeles merchants at a hundred dollars a page. Inside the covers of these programs were printed greetings and expressions of gratitude from the Marquess of Lothian, Britain's ambassador in Washington, and the Comte de Saint-Quentin, France's.

This Franco-British War Relief Dinner Dance netted some $12,000 for the war relief funds—also nationwide publicity for the Allied cause.

Both the British War Relief Association and the French War Relief, Incorporated, were formed in Hollywood immediately after the outbreak of war. Alan Mowbray is president of the former, as he is of the British United Service Club, a five-year-old southern California social organization of former officers in His Majesty's military and naval services. Basil Rathbone, Herbert Marshall, Leslie Howard, Michael Brooke (the Earl of Warwick), Nigel Bruce, and C. Aubrey Smith are among the United Service Clubbers.

The rosters of the brand-new war relief groups, however, are longer and more studded with names of prominent Englishmen and Frenchmen in Hollywood, as well as with those of several American stars known to be fervent Anglophiles. Ronald Colman, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Laurence Olivier, Charles Boyer, Merle Oberon, Wendy Barrie, Anna Neagle, Claudette Colbert, Olympe Bradna, and Maureen O'Sullivan are only a few of the former on the boards of governors and advisory committees. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Robert Montgomery, both frank American Anglophiles, also serve, as do Jeanette MacDonald, Kay Francis, Rosalind Russell, Norma Shearer, Myrna Loy—and even such strictly home-grown girls as Alice Faye and Ann Sheridan!

ALTOGETHER, the Franco-British War Relief Fund is sitting pretty in Hollywood. At this writing a movie-star golf tournament is scheduled in February for the cause. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is chairman of a mammoth benefit project to come off in March on a Twentieth Century-Fox sound stage, donated rent free. Elsa Maxwell is to run the party, open to the public at a price. For April a benefit ice carnival is scheduled, under the aegis of Dolores Hope, wife of Bob Hope, British-born screen and radio comedian.

That all of these will be adequately publicized goes without saying.

Almost every man in the Hollywood British and French colonies volunteered for army service the moment war began. Practically every male star who was a British or Fren subject was tagged for the trenche —Errol Flynn, Patric Knowles, Richard Greene, and all the rest.

But all Britons who volunteered from Hollywood received the same courteous but curt reply from England's War Office: Stay where you are. Only one, David Niven, is in uniform. And though he is the son of a British general and is a Sandhurst man himself, Niven had to pull wires desperately to get accepted.

Jan Kiepura, Poland's pride, was good-naturedly frank about it when he returned to Hollywood recently from as brief an army sojourn as Charles Boyer's. "I was a better singer than I was a soldier," he explained. "If I could serve Poland on the front in France, I'd be there."

ONE consideration which quite possibly had something to do with Kiepura's return is his cash value to his homeland. Every French or British star in Hollywood who is not here on a permanent visa (and that includes such big money-makers as Laughton, Olivier, Leigh, Rathbone, and Boyer) pays taxes to his own government as well as to Uncle Sam. Thus hundreds of thousands of dollars pass into foreign government exchequers every year. Charles Boyer made over $400,000 one year and managed to keep only $50,000. And, as the New York Times noted: "His Hollywood salary is capable of creating a tidy sum of foreign exchange for France. Such potential exchange can be used by France to buy more airplanes or other equipment here than Mr. Boyer could possibly directly build or fly. . . ."

As for actual Allied propaganda in Hollywood-made pictures, the Hays office has already placed a strong unofficial taboo on it. The only frank war-propaganda film yet released in the United States is The Lion Has Wings. Hollywood had nothing to do with that. But its producer, Alexander Korda, who made it with his own money in technical collaboration with the British Air Ministry, is a fifth owner in Hollywood's United Artists Corporation, as well as head of London Films. He is returning to Hollywood to produce two pictures. On his contract list are British subjects Sabu, Merle Oberon, and Vivien Leigh.

In Hollywood Korda will join Herbert Wilcox, Alfred Hitchcock, and Erich Pommer, leaders in Britain's film industry, all of whom are now making pictures in Hollywood studios and have contracts for future ones. Also, Hollywood producers will send money to Britain to produce American movies there. These will be exhibited over here.

All of which constitutes an unmistakable one-sided foreign influence on our supposedly neutral nation. The only "Aryan" German star of any consequence in Hollywood is Marlene Dietrich, and she is a naturalized American.

THE END

SECOND FLIGHT

Mr. Robinson launches a new celluloid career with a fine impersonation in a daring picture

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ★ DR. EHRLICH'S MAGIC BULLET

THE PLAYERS: Edward G. Robinson, Ruth Gordon, Albert Basserman, Otto Kruger, Donald Crisp, Maria Ouspenskaya, Montagu Love, Sig Rumann, Donald Meek, Henry O'Neill, Edward Norris, Harry Davenport, Louis Calhern, Louis Jean Heydt, Charles Halton, Irving Bacon, Douglas Wood, Theodor von Eltz, Hermine Sterler. Screen play by John Huston, Heinz Herald, and Norman Burnside. Directed by William Dieterle. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 104 minutes.

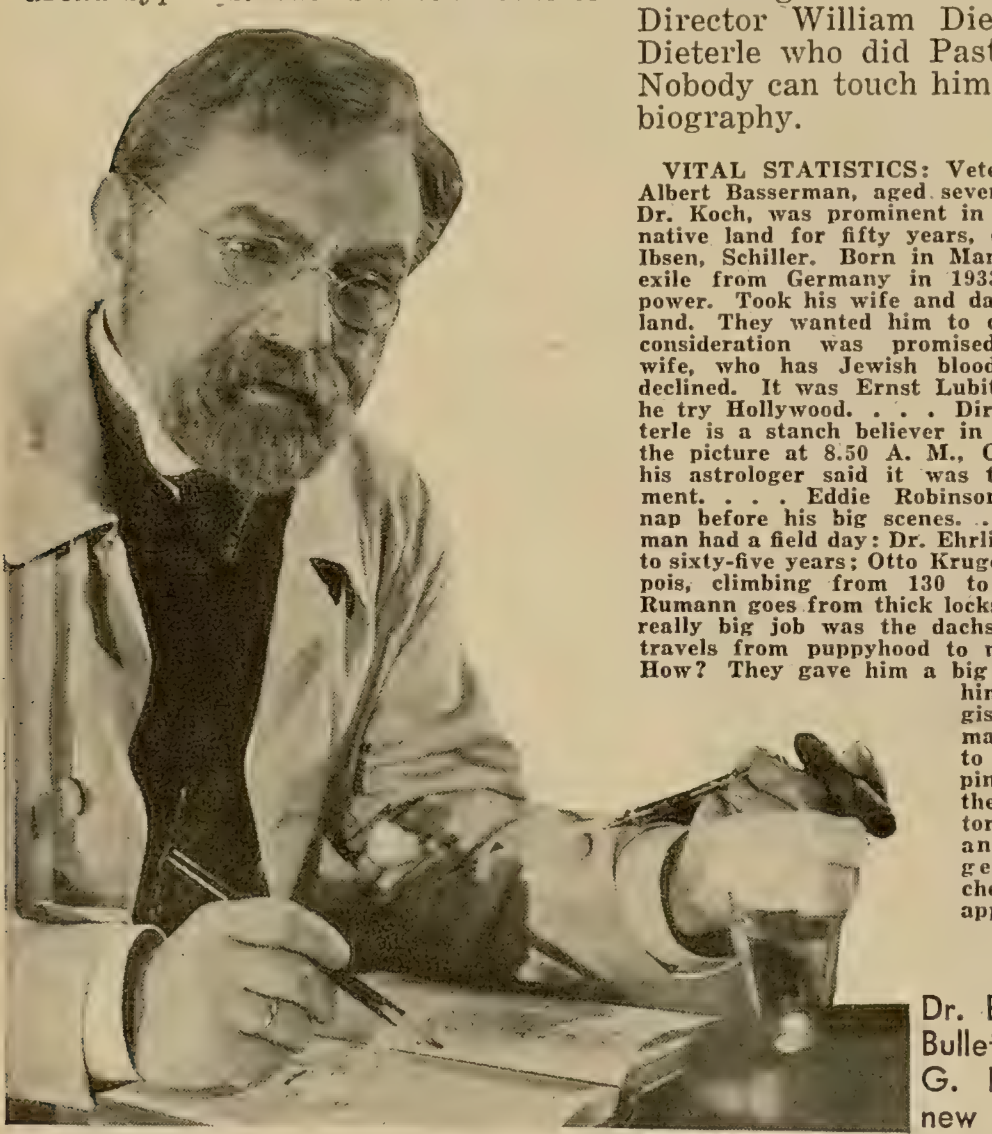
ONCE again the Warners rush out to meet the facts of life. These distinguished Hollywood pioneers again snap their fingers at taboos as they tackle another celluloid biography, the story of the German scientist who fought the scourge of social disease. Paul Ehrlich was the man who discovered that by shooting salvarsan into the blood stream of infected humans, he could combat dread syphilis. He is best known to the world of science for this, but he also worked with the famous bacteriologist Robert Koch in his war against tuberculosis, and through his serum discoveries he successfully battled diphtheria and saved vast millions of defenseless children who would have died but for him. Through all his career his most serious obstacle was the pettifogging doctor who backed away smugly from any adventure in medicine.

This is an adult motion picture, but do not be afraid that it is dull or overscientific. It packs a sustained interest, it has high moments of drama. A great deal of this is due to Edward G. Robinson, who, in doing a Paul Muni, starts a brand-new celluloid career. The panorama carries Ehrlich — riding his intense, fixed, lonely purpose to better humanity—over a span of thirty-five years, and Robinson makes every inch of the way keenly interesting.

A newcomer to Hollywood, Albert Basserman, an aged German actor outcast from the fatherland, invests his brief moments as the old pioneer in medicine, Robert Koch, with singular drama. Here is a brilliant interlude in an extraordinary picture.

Passing tribute should be paid to Director William Dieterle. It was Dieterle who did Pasteur and Zola. Nobody can touch him in the field of biography.

VITAL STATISTICS: Veteran German actor Albert Basserman, aged seventy, who scores as Dr. Koch, was prominent in the theater of his native land for fifty years, doing Shakespeare, Ibsen, Schiller. Born in Mannheim. Voluntary exile from Germany in 1933 when Hitler hit power. Took his wife and daughter to Switzerland. They wanted him to come back; special consideration was promised to Basserman's wife, who has Jewish blood. But Basserman declined. It was Ernst Lubitsch who suggested he try Hollywood. . . . Director William Dieterle is a stanch believer in astrology. Started the picture at 8.50 A. M., October 23, because his astrologer said it was the propitious moment. . . . Eddie Robinson always takes a nap before his big scenes. . . . The make-up man had a field day: Dr. Ehrlich goes from thirty to sixty-five years; Otto Kruger acquires avoirdupois, climbing from 130 to 220 pounds; Sig Rumann goes from thick locks to bald pate. The really big job was the dachshund Pretzel, who travels from puppyhood to mature age of ten. How? They gave him a big meal, which made him soggy and sluggish. . . . It was prop man Bob Clark's duty to put spots, drippings, blotches around the Ehrlich laboratory. Here, too, was another tough job, getting the exact chemical and medical apparatus of Ehrlich's



Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet puts Edward G. Robinson in a new type of role.

The
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

M-G-M, the lionized company, has embarked upon an interesting film project of which you've probably had some inklings.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is a screen biography of a great American—one who has had more to do with modern progress than any other person in our encyclopedia.

★ ★ ★ ★

Name? Thomas Alva Edison.

★ ★ ★ ★

This "life" has fallen naturally into two parts and accordingly, two important M-G-M productions are on the way.

★ ★ ★ ★

The first (YOUNG TOM EDISON) deals with the "boy wonder" in his Port Huron days. It is a story typical of American opportunity. There is something of Mark Twain, something of Tarkington, and something of Horatio Alger in it; but its episodes lead directly to the final achievements of EDISON THE MAN, which is the title of the second production.

★ ★ ★ ★

As Mickey Rooney unfolds the character of the boy who was known in his teens as "Addle-pated Tom," one thrills with delight, one's interest is keen, one's response is unrestrained.

We know you will like YOUNG TOM EDISON and that you will enjoy, as well, the later story of a great American.

★ ★ ★ ★

For Mickey Rooney as Young Tom, passes on the role to that remarkable artist and two-time Academy-Award-winner, Spencer Tracy, who portrays EDISON THE MAN.

★ ★ ★ ★

After you have seen Mickey Rooney as YOUNG TOM EDISON, won't you write to Leo, Dept."L," Culver City, Cal., and tell us what you think of it?

★ ★ ★ ★

And in response we will send you a very interesting booklet giving the story of YOUNG TOM EDISON and EDISON THE MAN—illustrated with actual scenes from both pictures.

★ ★ ★ ★

COUPLET:

In closing, hail the greatest trio—
Mickey, Spencer, also—Leo

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

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Delicious
MACARONI-AND-CHEESE
COOKING TIME
7 MINUTES
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USE MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM to help you obtain a fresher, smoother, lovelier complexion. It flakes off the duller, darker, older superficial skin in tiny, invisible particles. You will be thrilled with the wonderful improvement in your appearance. Try Mercolized Wax Cream today.

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REMOVES superfluous facial hair quickly and easily. Skin appears more attractive.

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SAXOLITE Astringent refreshes the skin. Delightfully pleasant to use. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and pat briskly on the skin several times a day.

Sold at all Cosmetic Counters

day. Some are real museum pieces. . . . Sig Rumann was a bacteriologist before he was an actor. Too, he's an expert photomicrographer. . . . This is Ruth Gordon's second film role. Was Mary Todd in Abe Lincoln in Illinois. Started on the stage in Peter Pan with Maude Adams.

★ ★½ SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON

THE PLAYERS: Thomas Mitchell, Edna Best, Freddie Bartholomew, Terry Kilburn, Tim Holt, Bobby Quillan, Christian Rub, John Wray, Herbert Rawlinson. Screen play by Walter Ferris, Gene Towne, and Graham Baker, based on Johann Rudolf Wyss' novel. Directed by Edward Ludwig. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 93 minutes.

WHEN those veteran scenarists, Gene Towne and Graham Baker, turned producers, they selected the 127-year-old work of a Swiss professor as their first effort. In brief, they picked that child classic, The Swiss Family Robinson, which tells of the Utopian quest of the Swiss clockmaker for a sanctuary far from the threats of the then current dictator, Napoleon Bonaparte.

If you remember your childhood books you recall how the Swiss took his wife and his four sons from the shallow evils of London society, embarked for the Antipodes, and was shipwrecked on an uninhabited isle.

Even with as stupendous an electrical storm as Hollywood has yet manufactured, during which the Robinsons' ornate tree home is demolished by a super-bolt, the regeneration of the family grows thin and not a little tiresome.

Thomas Mitchell is the upright, moral, and dull Mr. Robinson, and Edna Best is the wife who doesn't know she's happy, what with the family wash and kindred annoyances, until a rescue ship arrives.

Chiefly for children.

VITAL STATISTICS: Note the spoken foreword. The voice belongs to Orson Welles. For this he received twenty-five dollars, which he donated to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. . . . That lush and overcrowded South Pacific isle was built on the RKO ranch at reputed cost of $400,000. Anything in the way of flora and fauna went as far as the prop department could travel. Even tried to borrow a baby panda. House of the shipwrecked family was built in a tamarind tree, twenty-five feet in diameter. Most of the odd animals came from Los Angeles' Zoopark. . . . Tech director was Major C. S. Ramsay-Hill, who once operated a 5,000-acre farm in Africa. . . . Thomas Mitchell hates animals, so you can imagine his feelings nursing a whole menagerie. . . . Two-year-old Bobbie Quillan is a nephew of Eddie and a son of John, former actor. . . . The RKO-Radio prop chief, Charlie Sayre, had to find a young goat that would register dislike for homemade soup.

★ ★½ LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

THE PLAYERS: Alice Faye, Fred MacMurray, Richard Greene, Brenda Joyce, Andy Devine, Henry Stephenson, Fritz Feld, Ward Bond, Hummel Wilson, Robert Middlemass, Roger Imhof, Theodore von Eltz, Arthur Aylesworth, Vir Brissac, Stanley Andrews, Ben Carter, O. Hendrian, Harry Tyler, Victor Kilian, Pa Sutton, Tyler Brooke. Screen play by Harr Tugend, story by John Balderston, based on a play by Rida Johnson Young. Directed by Henry King. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 100 minutes.

ROBERT FULTON was forty-two when he sailed his first steamboat, the Clermont, up the Hudson from New York to Albany. Also he lacked the super-dimples with which Richard Greene endows the celebrated American. In brief, this is a slender bonbon almost completely alien to fact.

This once was a silent film starring Marion Davies. Here it is a mild fable about Robert Fulton and his love for lovely Harriet Livingston. There is a cute, roguish barmaid done by Alice Faye who thinks she loves him, when really she cares for brawny shipbuilder Fred MacMurray.

Another step in Darryl Zanuck's diabolical plot to turn famous men of history into stalwart young juveniles who dare all for Alice Faye.

VITAL STATISTICS: Blonde Brenda Joyce is the pretty girl who was discovered in The Rains Came. Second film was a college yarn, Here I Am a Stranger. This is her third picture. . . . Director Henry King, his assistant, Bob Webb, and a camera crew spent several weeks photographing scenes along the Hudson and in New York harbor. Then the studio experts built a three-acre 1807 duplicate of the harbor on the north lot. Replica of the Clermont built to scale. . . . Up to now Alice Faye has spurned the popular upswept hair-do. Then, for her role here, she had to go in for it. You see, the upped hair was worn in 1807 just about as now.

Short Review:

★ THE SAINT'S DOUBLE TROUBLE (RKO Radio). Fourth in the Leslie Charteris series about the exploits of that benevolent swank baiter of the police, the Saint. Not the best, by any means. With George Sanders playing the altruistic Saint as well as a gangster who looks exactly like him. They're twins save for a pinstripe suit and ethics. (68 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Grapes of Wrath, Abe Lincoln in Illinois, Gone with the Wind, Gulliver's Travels, That They May Live, Ninotchka, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Babes in Arms, Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came, The Wizard of Oz.

★★★½—His Girl Friday, Of Mice and Men, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Great Victor Herbert, The Light that Failed, We Are Not Alone, First Love, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Eternally Yours, Disputed Passage, Golden Boy.

★★★—The Shop Around the Corner, The Fighting 69th, The Blue Bird, Slightly Honorable, The Earl of Chicago, Everything Happens at Night, Remember the Night, Destry Rides Again, Geronimo, Four Wives, Tower of London, That's Right, You're Wrong, Drums Along the Mohawk, The Roaring Twenties, Hollywood Cavalcade, Espionage Agent, Thunder Afloat, Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, Dust Be My Destiny, Nurse Edith Cavell, The Star Maker, The Under-Pup, When Tomorrow Comes, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics.

FOOLISH

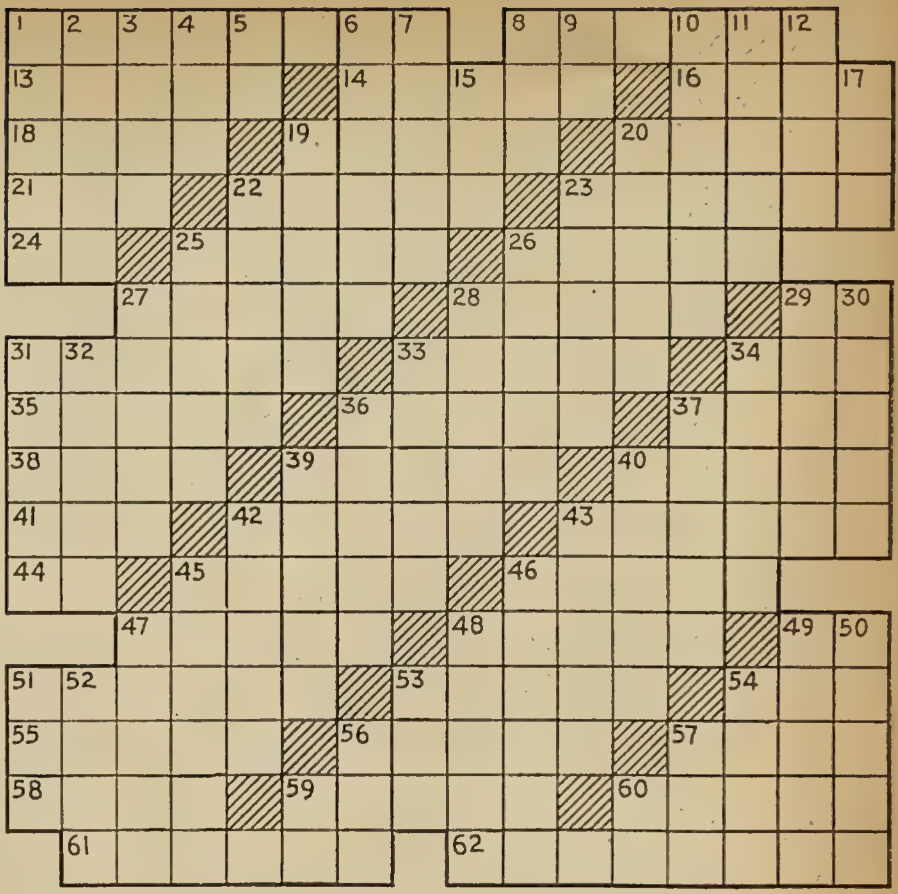
It's foolish not to seek prompt relief from a cough due to a cold. Get Smith Bros. Cough Drops. Two kinds:—Black or Menthol, 5¢.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.

CROSSWORDS

By Lee Pasquin



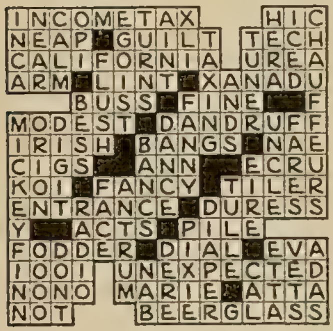
HORIZONTAL

1 Pertaining to the eardrum
8 Higher intellect
13 Kingdom
14 Giant armadillo
16 Very dry
18 Drunken revel
19 Proofreader's mark
20 Old
21 Charm
22 Legislator
23 Pasteboard box
24 Parent (colloq.)
25 Cloth
26 Division of plants to which seaweed belongs
27 Kind of lens
28 Crawl
29 On the point of
31 Very minute
33 Kind of seedcase (pl.)
34 Couple
35 Pale, livid
36 Java silk-cotton
37 Fraud
38 Central column of a plant
39 Tendon
40 Thin
41 Knowledge
42 Channel
43 Part of a play (pl.)
44 Suffix
45 Carp
46 Make amends
47 Fanatic
48 Fish
49 Oriental appellation for a woman
51 An instrument to reverse telegraphic current
53 Two-legged animal
54 Transgression
55 Solos
56 Rain
57 Mass of floating ice
58 Chilly
59 Anxious
60 African badger-like animal
61 Old Testament songs
62 Open-air night song

VERTICAL

1 Unit of cavalry
2 Paraguay tea
3 Wise men of the East
4 Work on assiduously
5 Part of to be
6 Kind of type
7 Billiard shot
8 Procured
9 Greek letter
10 Despotic subordinate official
11 Angry
12 Fodder container
15 Cardinal number
17 Lair
19 Cone-shaped
20 Learned men
22 Kind of finch
23 Office employee
25 Rounded tops
26 Weapon
27 Poison produced by bacteria
28 Shallow porous vessel
29 Cognizant of
30 Large volumes
31 Conscious
32 Accused
33 Showing no taste
34 Old Anglo-Saxon title
36 Unit of force
37 Exhausted
39 Flavor
40 Berate
42 Shuts up
43 To set a direction for
45 Locust
46 Unit of electrical measurement
47 Pail handle (pl.)
48 Locations
49 Stuck in the mud
50 A certain point of view
51 Cyst
52 A source of support
53 Container
54 Slender prickle or bristle
56 Existed
57 To forbid authoritatively
59 Printer's measure
60 Note of the diatonic scale

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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			B	U	S	S	■	F	I	N	E	■	■	F
M	O	D	E	S	T	■	D	A	N	D	R	U	F	F
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Last week's answer

INTERNAL BATHS END YEARS OF DISTRESS

Baffled at 47—Feels Like a Young Man at 77

Imagine how thrilling it must be for a man, feeling half-sick, half-alive for years, suddenly to find himself restored to new happiness and vitality. How wonderful he must feel to realize at last he may be able to say good-bye to the headaches, biliousness, sluggishness, that all-in feeling, due to chronic constipation suffered through many years.

But such a man was Leopold Aul and as explained in his own words, "One day when I was feeling especially bad and as nervous as a cat, I met an old friend of mine. He noticed how fagged out I looked and how rapidly I seemed to be aging. 'Why don't you take Internal Baths?', he asked, 'they did wonders for me.' "

WHAT IS AN INTERNAL BATH?

Thereupon Mr. Aul began investigating Internal Baths. He found a bona-fide Internal Bath to be the administration into the lower intestine of pure warm water—Nature's greatest cleansing agent—to which is added J.B.L. Cleansing Powder. Through the use of the J.B.L. Cascade five quarts of the cleansing solution is sent gently swirling throughout the entire length of the colon. In fifteen minutes your impacted colon is thoroughly cleansed of its whole foul mass; the putrefying, delayed waste is loosened and washed away. Often the relief is immense—often a new sense of vigor and well-being sweeps over you.

Naturally, Mr. Aul did buy a J.B.L. Cascade. It proved a turning point in his life. Gone, according to his testimony, was the worry and distress that had hitherto overshadowed his whole life, sapped his ambition.

Read Mr. Aul's Astounding Letter

"I am now 77 years young, have owned a Cascade for over thirty years. When I first started using the J. B. L. Cascade I was a victim of constipation and at my wits' end as to what to do about it. Tried most everything that was recommended and prescribed for me for years without results. I now feel that Internal Bathing was responsible for bringing back my health and for keeping it ever since. I use the Cascade occasionally now, but I would not part with it for $1,000. Have sincerely recommended it to everyone suffering from the ill effects of constipation."

(Signed) Leopold Aul

SEND FOR THIS *FREE* BOOKLET

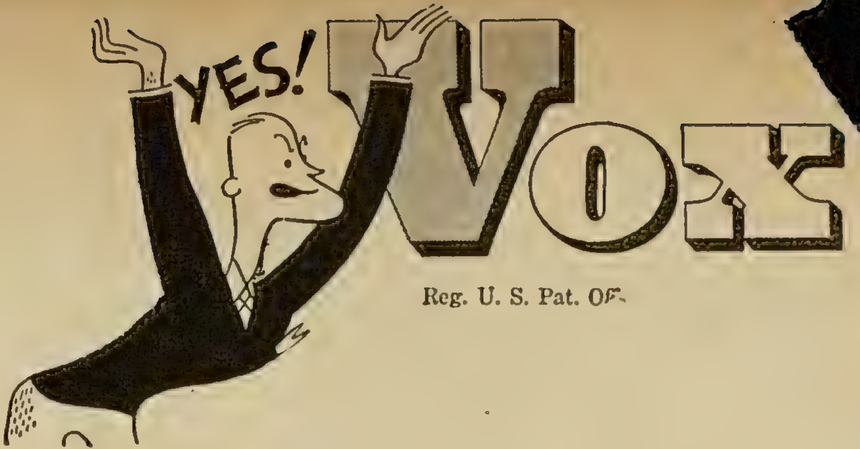
Investigate yourself the merits of Internal Bathing. Simply fill in and mail the coupon below and receive, absolutely FREE, your copy of "Why We Should Bathe Internally." This instructive 24-page booklet may open your eyes to many surprising facts about constipation and its many attributed ills; reveals, too, how many thousands of Internal Bathers have gained new health and vigor through this drugless treatment. MAIL YOUR COUPON TODAY—

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.
152 West 65th Street, Dept. L. 316, New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated book on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name ....

Street ....

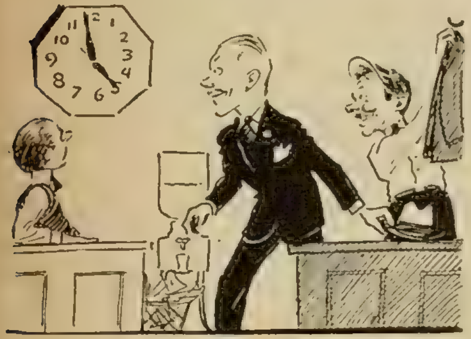


Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"WATCH THE CLOCK AND DON'T WORK HARD"

DES MOINES, IA.—Is the Wage and Hour Law in keeping with the American way? I have asked myself many times lately. I have asked other young men and women —and I have yet to find one of them in favor of the setup as it stands.

This grand country of ours was built on the premise that the harder you worked, the greater the accomplishment—and the harder the job, the greater the satisfaction of finishing that job! Be that as it may, the Wage and Hour Law has suddenly put the dampers on my job and the jobs of thousands like me.



I have been told that I can no longer work more than forty-two hours during the week. I have been told that I must punch the clock in and out, as well as fill out a time card each day. I must be careful not to take my work home with me—"for it is prohibited." Nor am I able to "bull session" with the boss after hours about the things that some day will enable me to hold down a more responsible job. Not on your life! Instead, I'm suddenly turned into a clock-watching clerk—forced to do the bidding of a law that my company must abide by, even though they know it places a handicap on the young men and women in the organization.

What does it all boil down to? As I see it, in attempting to do something for those in need of shorter hours for various reasons, they have put a halter on those of us who want to continue as before because it is the only way we can accomplish the things we want to. To become a success in business, you must put forth just a little more effort and time than the next fellow.

But if some of us want that sort of thing, why, in all that's American, must the government step in and say, "You can't do it—it can't be done"?

Is the Wage and Hour Law fair to those who see more in a job than showing up for work each day and collecting a pay envelope on Fridays? Is it the American way to say, "Regardless of your feeling in the matter, you can't put forth extra effort to do your job better—unless you collect for it"?

I say No! in a loud voice.

Of course we realize the aims of the bill—shorter hours for those whose jobs require it; more people needed to fill jobs in those companies that will have to add another shift, etc.—but, without being selfish about it, we aren't concerned about these things. We feel that they have gone too far—and while the idea is right, the classifications are all wrong. In other words, they put restrictions on some of us when they shouldn't. The young people in business —and I think that most of them can be included—aren't so much interested in working less as they are in having the right to earn their place in the sun. We realize that our mothers and fathers didn't make a go of it by quitting on the clock—and we are convinced that we can't either.—*Jack Barlass.*

CAN SING ALL 4 VERSES

PARSONS, KAN.—Robert H. Schafer's letter (January 27 Vox Pop) burned me up. He said, "Nobody knows the words of The Star-Spangled Banner anyway." Any time he's down in this neck of the woods I'll sing *all four* verses for him. I know 'em.

As a matter of fact, I can sing in any *flat* if I have the *key*. (Get it?)

If I don't have the key, I whistle.

On top of that, I know two other national hymns. So why doesn't our Mr. Schafer learn The Star-Spangled Banner so he'll have something to brag about too? It won't hurt him to learn it. It didn't hurt me. —*Mrs. Walter Mahler.*

OH! SAY CAN YOU SEE

IS HE KIBITZING TOO?

BATON ROUGE, LA.—For twenty years or more I have been interested in and inspired by the physical culture teachings of Mr. Bernarr Macfadden. On this subject he is supreme and unique.

I want to suggest to him that he confine his editorials to this subject, rather than branching out into fields in which he is not considered an authority.

There are many times too many kibitzers on the national policy, but not nearly enough writers with an innate ability to inspire others to happier lives through clean living and exercise.—*H. A. Stroube.*

¶ "The knack with the safety pin pays much bigger dividends than being a star typist!" vouches Mrs. Minnie Martin Shank of Portland, Oregon.

FUN INTENDED, NOT RIDICULE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Many dentists have written to us condemning the cover on February 3 Liberty.

According to your survey (which we are printing this week) 54 per cent or over 35,000 dentists are subscribers to your magazine. We also noticed that most of the dentists have Liberty in their waiting rooms.

With these thoughts in mind, we cannot conceive why you allowed a cover of this type to be printed. As an adult we can understand the comedy of the picture; but when we criticize the cover we are thinking of the thousands of children who will see it. Their minds never can grasp the subtlety as expressed by the picture.

The reason why we are concerned about the children of America is that preventive dentistry starts with them. Today the dental profession is interested in preventive dentistry as a means of eradicating caries—the cause of all dental ills. How can the profession continue this work if publications like yours print pictures to nullify this work?

So, in fairness to the dental profession that is honestly striving to promote a better understanding between patient and dentist, we ask you never to print anything—pictures or words—that will hold them up to ridicule.—*S. P. Nash of Dental Observer.*

GIFTS TO MOVIE STARS

MEDFORD, ORE.—I would like to suggest a story be written by some one in the "know" on Do Hollywood Stars Dare Eat and Use the Gifts that Are Sent to Them by Admiring Fans?

Coming from the world's pear center, I know that several crates of gift boxes of pears are sent to stars every year. It would be an interesting story to me (as well as to other readers, I believe) to know if they eat them or if they are afraid to because of crank reaction, etc.

I really think Liberty readers would be interested. I know I am.—*Jack Matlack.*

Yes, what do the stars do with the tons of candy, fruit, and other good things to eat and drink sent to them? Come on, flicker folks, 'fess up!—Vox Pop Editor.

CAN YOU DO IT?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Maybe your little son can tell you, right off the bat, how to divide a $75,000 inheritance among three sons and four

daughters so that each daughter will receive one third more than each son. But can you do it? Let's hear from you.—*Marden Jones.*

AS BAD AS THIS? YES!

CHICAGO, ILL.—On Mr. Oursler's page in our great little Liberty of January 13 I noticed some comments on a previous article, namely, Is It as Bad as This? I say, Yes, and then some! I was a college girl, so know a few things firsthand.

"It" happens not only in colleges but in a lot of high schools also. Only, most of it is covered up, so only those who are in on the know hear of it. The lame-brain nitwits who won't admit it are perhaps some of the very ones who support our ever-growing killer, the quack M. D. who gets rich from the illegal practice that has sprung from this great thing we call college.

Let's have more of your lid lifting. I'm for you 100 per cent. May Liberty always be able to keep on in that great path that it is carving, so that our children will learn from you what we as older folks missed.—*A College Girl (but not proud of it).*

ROYAL FLUSH

HANNIBAL, MO.—My congrats on January 6 Liberty.

It is more like it used to be, say six or eight years ago, at which time I deemed it the best magazine in America—at least, of the weeklies. With the dramatic James M. Cain story, the Gungirl installment, article on Chinese girl trade, and the thriller of the White Knight War Ace, topped off by Bert Green antics, you have more than a full house—you've got a royal flush.—*Ed Swigert.*

¶ "Why should women voters escape a poll tax if they are privileged to vote?" inquires F. E. Talty of Arlington, Massachusetts.

CHIEF SOURCE OF IODINE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In January 13 Twenty Questions section, Number 16 reads: "What is the chief source of iodine for antiseptic purposes?"

The answer offered for this one is: "Kelp (ashes of seaweed)."

To the best of our information, only about 5 per cent of all the iodine used in the world, for antiseptic or any other purpose, comes from kelp. A somewhat larger percentage comes from oil brine, principally from the United States and Java. But most of the world's iodine—considerably over half—comes from Chile and is a by-product of Chilean nitrate of soda.

No iodine is produced from kelp in the United States.

In other words, to say that kelp is "the chief source of iodine for antiseptic purposes" is just so inaccurate that I don't understand how any writer could be guilty of such a mistake.—*K. H. Rockey, Chairman of the Board, Chilean Nitrate Sales Corporation.*

¶ "Mea culpa!"—Twenty Questions Editor.

LIKES THE TURNTABLE

BALTIMORE, MD.—That review of the latest records, titled The Turntable (February 3 Liberty), I hope will continue in your future issues. Records are back to stay, and it is so much easier to refer to an article of this kind than to try to remember what you hear, or depend on the taste of a salesman.—*Marie S. Quandt.*

A REDSKIN PALEFACE

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Thanks for those stars in Beverly's review of my picture, Geronimo (January 13 Liberty). If he or she wants some idea of how his or her stuff gets around, he or she should be sitting at my phone today. It hasn't stopped ringing since Liberty hit the stands. "Yes, I've seen the review—yes—isn't it—yes—yes—" My voice is gone!

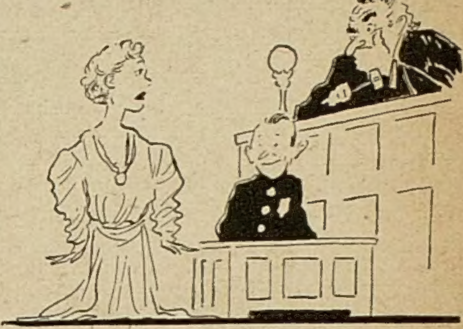
But where, oh, where did that old nom de script get that biographical sketch—especially that blurb about my having lectured on the redskin? He's ruined and completely demoralized my life! My brat calls our lovely home "the tepee" and wants next week's allowance in wampum; my squaw has hung a side of jerky outside my study window; and Jackson (he's the original of Jack Benny's Rochester) brought my coffee up this morning with a "How, chief! Ugh!" and told me in sign language that we were out of eggs!

Look. I was born and brought up on Al Smith's sidewalks of New York—same district, same school. All I know about Indians I learned by very intensive cramming and research just before I wrote Geronimo's story. There it began and there it ends.—*Paul H. Sloane.*

¶ "There are only three issues for the next election: Balance the budget, reduce unemployment, sales tax," says Johnny Green of Memphis, Tennessee.

FIT

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—A woman charged with the theft of a dress stood before one of our magistrates here.

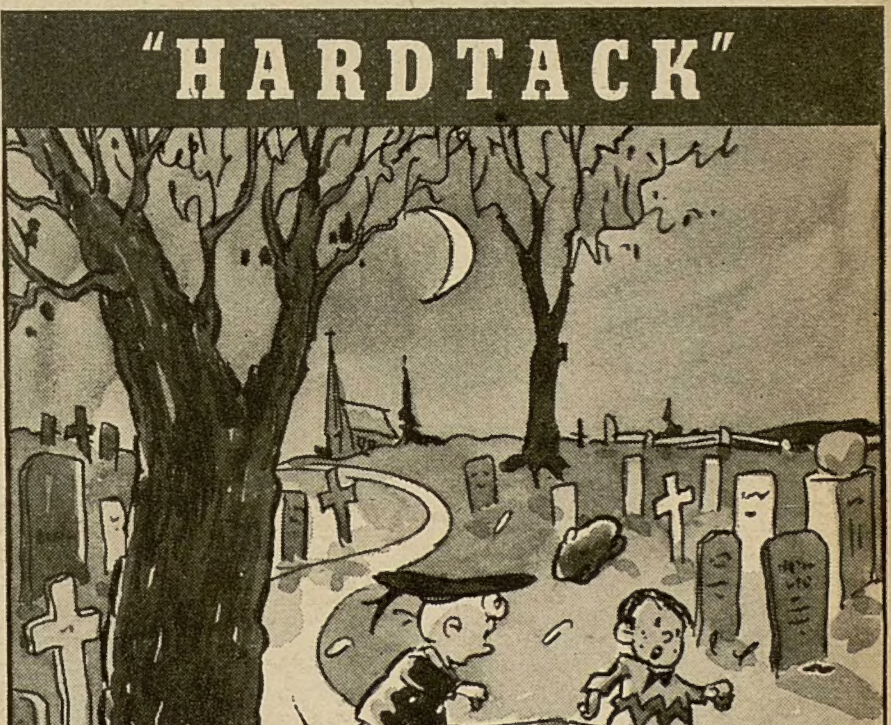


"Did you steal the dress?" asked the judge.

"No," said the defendant; "I bought it."

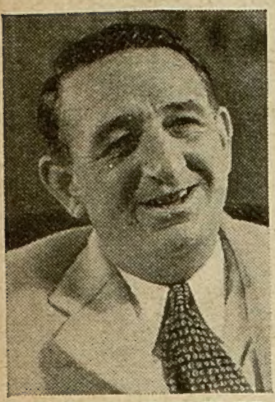
"If the dress fits you, you can have it," ruled the judge.

The woman retired from the room to don the garment. When she returned wearing it, the judge looked her over. "Fifteen days in jail," was the sentence.—*Pye Jacks.*



"Hereafter let's go round the long way—this short cut wears me out!"

Eddie Doherty Under Battle Fire



FULTON OURSLER
Photo by Marjorie Collins of Black Star

THESE ARE NOT prosperous days for war correspondents. In olden wars a reporter at the front was a dashing adventurer, forever typed by Richard Harding Davis. Today, when war is largely a stalemate, when great armies bombard each other with radio programs and publicity has taken the place of pugnacity, the reporter waits for handouts from the Ministers of Propaganda. To get the truth nowadays is a greater challenge to journalistic skill than ever was demanded of the melodramatic correspondents of yore. Today's foreign correspondent is an authority on international affairs in his own right, and must be able to sift the false from the true by the exercise of knowledge and keen intelligence. The men who are so reporting the war for the American magazines and newspapers are pretty generally doing a fine job of it.

NOT ONE OF THEM, however, but would like a taste of front-line action. One of them—and, fortunately for us, one of our own—has just had that grilling experience. Eddie Doherty, cozy in London, slipped away and got to Helsinki. By what exercise of his native Irish charm, deponent saith not, but anyway he further managed to travel with the heroic Finnish troops, and finally the day came when he had his baptism under fire. His story of that brush with death, speeded to America by trans-Atlantic wireless, will appear in Liberty next week—Under Fire at the Front. It is told as only Eddie can tell such a story; with a fine disregard for radio tolls, he sent it all, just as it happened.

AMONG THE OTHER exciting items in the forthcoming table of contents will be an article about King Carol of Rumania and his present difficulties. The author, who is intimately acquainted with the King, is Archduke Franz Josef of Austria. Recently the Archduke was in this country and I spent several entertaining hours with him. This man, who is in the succession to the throne of Austria—wherever that throne may be just now—feels as if he has been born again, into a new world for which he was never prepared, and yet to which he has adjusted himself with good-natured grace. What he has to tell about the problems of Rumania and its king makes a revealing glimpse into Balkan politics. Can Carol Survive? by Archduke Franz Josef, should be a "must" for reading next week.

SO INDEED, in our opinion, should many other Liberty features. Among your required reading there is, for example, that juicy tidbit of modern Americana, called More Secrets About Blondes and Me, by Tommy Manville, Jr. And there is an article by Rupert Hughes which we recommend to all flabby-hearted Americans and starry-eyed idealists and defenders of Youth Congresses and handshakers with misleaders of the people, the article which Mr. Hughes calls When Tolerance Is Treason. It is a challenging piece, and will make you wonder how long we are going to tolerate certain aspects of our life today. We are ceaselessly being told that we must be tolerant, as if that were the distilled essence of democracy. To tolerate means primarily, according to the Oxford Dictionary, to endure; and the simple fact is that the endurance of many of us Americans of certain obnoxious persons, practices, and doctrines is wearing mighty thin. Mr. Hughes tells who, what, and why. It is an extraordinarily frank utterance.

WE MUST NOT FORGET to remind you also to read the first installment of a really thrilling new novel by Edison Marshall, one of the best storytellers of our time, called Calcutta Adventure; and also to read several tasty short stories, including Doc Gleason Finds Wings, by Frank Richardson Pierce, and Night-Club Miracle, by Roger Garis; a fine sports article called Chain-Gang Baseball by Frederick R. Bechdolt; all the regular features; and generous installments of The Girl Next Door, by Eric Hatch, and I Saw Hell in Germany and Russia, by Kenneth Collings.

FROM AN EDITOR'S MAIL: Jean C. Littlejohn of Columbus, Ohio, writes: "In your issue of September 30, 1939, there appeared an article entitled Shall We Fire the Married Women? written by Clara Belle Thompson and Margaret Lukes Wise. As a result of that article, there has been organized here in Ohio the United States Chamber of Commerce for Women, with offices at Room 206, 33 North High Street, Columbus, Ohio. The Chamber is designed to answer the challenge of that article, to aid the married woman in her search for happiness and in the effort to retain her present independence." . . . Good luck, ladies! . . . From Ted Shane and Lowell Thomas, a copy of their new book on softball—mostly a history of Mr. Thomas' Nine Old Men, but with some fine information about softball for everybody—a worth-while book for all interested in this popular sport. . . . From Price Alexander Crow of Chicago: "We are enamored by the motivation of heroism, courage, and faith as evidenced in each issue of Liberty. You have caught the Daniel Webster spirit, 'Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote.' More power to your arm!"

GRAMERCY! Thanks to Ned Gray of the Eupora, Mississippi, Weekly Progress. He awards us an accolade for the proper use of an expression often ascribed in distorted versions to Southerners—"you-all." . . . Thanks to Daniel L. Marsh, President of Boston University, for his endorsement of our definition of Americanism and for a copy of his book The American Canon. . . . In this remarkably fine patriotic work Dr. Marsh shows the development of the American way of life from the Mayflower Compact, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address, and ot of our historic documents and speech a book every American should know . . . Thanks to Ben Greenough, Wagon Boss of the Montana-Wyoming National Cowboys Association, for making me an honorary member of this famous organization. . . . I can't even rope a steering wheel, but I do treasure this act of friendship. . . . Thanks also to the Chitterling Eaters Association for their invitation. . . . Thanks to Mary Morrison, Monty Woolley, Edith Atwater, Virginia Hammond, and all the others of the cast of The Man Who Came to Dinner, reigning smash hit of the Broadway stage; they autographed a printed copy of the brilliant comedy by George Kaufman and Moss Hart and sent it to me on what would have been my birthday if I had not long ago abolished that anniversary.

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
The American Way of Life

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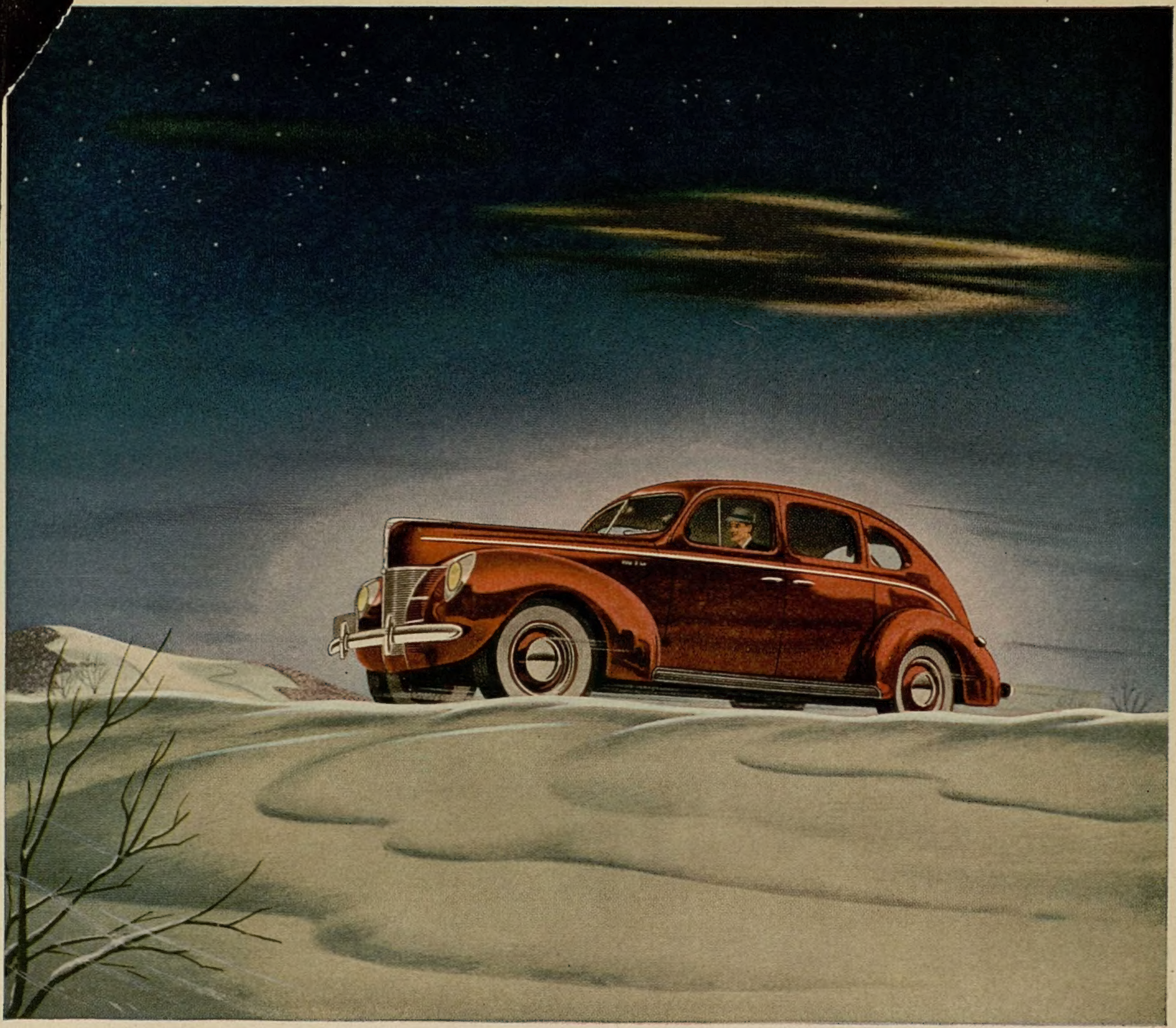
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY ARTHUR SMITH



We curved a wheel to hush a WHISPER!

It seems like a little thing—changing the curve of a bright steel wheel to hush the hum of tires. But it's typical of the careful research that has made the 1940 Ford V-8 cars so *quiet*.

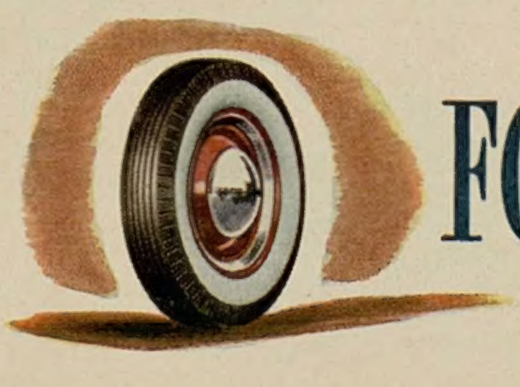
Of course, you have to know what a noise is before you can get rid of it. Ford engineers spent months sleuthing for the sources of the smallest sounds.

They applied sensitive stethoscopes and microphones all over moving cars—even rode in roomy luggage compartments with sound-detecting equipment. They tested many types of soundproofing materials—found some 15 times as effective as others!

The new Finger-Tip Gearshift and improved transmission eliminated sources of noise. Ingenious rubber joints were built into choke and throttle rods to keep operating sounds from being carried up into the body.

Years ago motorists expected to pay a high price for quiet operation. But the low-priced Ford today is engineered for the quiet you expect in a quality car.

Quiet makes a smooth ride seem even more comfortable. It adds to the comfort provided by improved cushions, springs and shock absorbers—accents the smoothness of the famous Ford V-8 engine. *Extra quiet, extra comfort, extra cylinders reflect the extra value built into every inch of this big, substantial car!*



FORD V-8

Three of the country's smartest fashion models
SUSANN SHAW
FLORENCE DORNIN
DANA DALE
Chesterfield Girls for March

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
FINEST TURKISH AND DOMESTIC TOBACCOS
Chesterfield

Smart Girls

YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER CIGARETTE

When you ask for Chesterfields the dealer will say with a smile...*They Satisfy.* You will find that Chesterfields smoke cooler, taste better and are definitely milder...*for Chesterfields have the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.*

Make your next pack
CHESTERFIELD

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